FOREST AND STREAM.

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FOREST AND STREAM OFFICE

346 Broadway

NEW YORK LIFE BUILDING

Present Entrance on Leonard Street

The reproductions are to me most satisfactory; they lack color, of course, but in every other respect are the best we have ever seen, and I think I may say that those of the Audubon family still remaining are much gratified with the first of the series. M. R. AUDUBON.

AUDUBON BIRD PLATES.

THE first subject of the series of half-tone copies of Audubon's famous bird portraits was that of the Black Duck, in the issue of Sept. 26. The second one, the Prairie Chicken (pinnated grouse), is given to-day. Others which will follow on dates to be announced are:

SHOVELLER DUCK.
REDHEAD DUCK.
CANVASBACK DUCK.
AMERICAN WHITE-FRONTED GOOSE.
PURPLE SANDPIPER.
AMERICAN GOLDEN PLOVER.
WILLOW PTARMIGAN.

The illustration pictures the combat of two rivals for the possession of a hen, as described in the text; it is one of those incidents in bird life which Audubon had noted in his close and patient study during the many years spent in the wilderness. In keeping with Audubon's practice in his bird plates, the illustration is more than a mere portrait of the birds depicted; it gives us a picture of the prairie chicken country "of our original Western meadows," and there is a drawing of the tiger lily. Audubon's great work is thus rich in delineations of natural scenery, trees, and shrubs and flowers, for it was always his aim to show not only the bird, but its surroundings.

Hardly less interesting than the illustration is the naturalist's written account of the ways of the prairie chicken as he had observed them; and very suggestive too are his notes upon the disappearance of the bird from Kentucky. Even so early as his time the work of destruction had been begun, with a force and rapidity which were significant of the extermination which was to be wrought within the century.

Audubon writes of the prairie chicken and the heath hen as the same bird, although they have since been classed as distinct forms. The heath hen, which in his day was common in the Eastern States, has been obliterated save for that remnant on Martha's Vineyard of which recent numbers of the FOREST AND STREAM have contained some notes. The spring and summer shooting "by persons such as in England are called poachers" has long since done its perfect work. No fact impresses itself more constantly and forcibly upon the reader of Audubon's volumes than his accounts of former abundance and reports of the diminution of the game bird supply, which was proceeding at such a startling rate even in his day, and he lived in a time which we are disposed to regard as the golden age of American game. The contrast between that time and this is brought out with startling distinctness, when these chapters which he has written and the facts recorded therein are compared with the conditions which exist in our experience at this day. The Audubon who wrote in the early decade of the nineteenth century would be an impossible personage in these closing years of the same century. An Audubon of to-day might possess equal enthusiasm and devotion and skill; but the rich abundance of material for his study has long since passed away, and with the meager supply remaining he could neither draw the pictures nor write the chapters which should charm the world as have these. Audubon, the ornithologist and artist, was one of the rich gifts of his time to the generations which have followed. It should be to us an occasion of abiding gratitude that such a man was found, while the opportunities were yet afforded, to depict with pen and pencil the birds of the continent.

YELLOWSTONE PARK ENLARGEMENT.

THE proposition to enlarge the Yellowstone National Park, brought forward by Mr. Cowan's letter, printed in another column, ought to receive the support of every one really interested in this National preserve. A good many years ago such enlargement was advocated by the FOREST AND STREAM—at a time indeed when very few people knew much about the Yellowstone Park, and long before its buffalo had been destroyed or its mountains burned over. At that time nothing was done, for the Park had but few friends in Congress, though those few were earnest and untiring. Only a few years ago the Park was practically enlarged on the east, and to some extent on the south, by the establishment of the Yellowstone Park Forest Reservation, which the Secretary of the Interior put in charge of the Superintendent of the Park. The upper part of the Jackson's Hole country so far south as to include the southernmost of the Tetons ought to be within the Park, and the same may be said of much of the country on the west as far as Henry' Lake. Much of this region contains surpassingly fine scenery, and it is all of it a natural range for game. As Mr. Cowan suggests, the extension of the Park would protect the few remaining buffalo ranging on the borders of the Park or in eastern Idaho. The matter, however, is one that ought to be taken up by the residents of the States adjoining the Park. No portion of our people have so real an interest in the Reservation as those who live about it. It is to their interest more than to that of the people of any other section to protect it and all that it contains. We have little doubt that the time will come before very long when such an enlargement will be made, and the sooner it comes the better for all of us. We urge Mr. Cowan to endeavor to interest the people of his own section in this subject, and assure him that there will be hearty and earnest support for such a project among those best qualified to express an opinion about the matter.

This is something which, if to be done at all, should be done quickly, for every year adds to the obstacles which stand in the way; more settlers are moving in, and with them antagonistic interests are growing; the game range is narrowing, a vast area has been ruined this year by the sheep men taking their herds over the new trail; and so in one way and another the park scheme is being hampered with new embarrassments.

FLUCTUATIONS OF THE GAME SUPPLY.

REPORTS from different sections of the United States and Canada indicate that quail, ruffed grouse, ducks and other birds dear to the sportsman's heart are in greater abundance this year than they have been in several years, though as a matter of course, owing to local advantages and disadvantages, some sections are more favored than are others in this abundance.

And in this abundance the sportsman will find much cause for rejoicing; in it the alarmist, who, when his forebodings are excited in the years of dearth and who is then impelled to foretell the quick extermination of all game, will find much in refutation of his teachings, since there seem to be years of abundance and years of dearth alternating at irregular periods, independently of the destruction caused by man.

The shooting in each year may be accepted as a constant factor in bird destruction. Yet the quantity of birds killed by sportsmen in any one year and the birds left to breed are very imperfect data from which to estimate the next year's game supply. Shooting of course lessens the birds' numbers, but the extent of the shooting does not explain the fluctuating abundance of one year and the dearth of another.

There are laws governing the propagation of animal life of which we know but little. We may explain that the season was a good breeding season for birds because it was dry and that the eggs or birds thereby escaped destruction from wet, but that does not explain the cause, because a dry season does not always produce an abundance of birds. A coincidence is often mistaken for a cause. In some wet seasons game birds are abundant, though if it be too wet in the nesting season many eggs and young birds may be destroyed.

Above all conditions of weather, in the consideration of abundance and scarcity, is the astonishing fertility which a species may exhibit at the beginning of a season, regardless of weather conditions. In the whole length and breadth of the continent this fertility may be uniform while the weather and climatic conditions are distinctly different and variable.

Why there should be this natural impulse toward a rapid multiplication of a species in one season, and extraordinary fertility and a loss or moderate gain in numbers in other seasons, is a matter of speculation.

This intermittent manner of reproduction is not confined to the animal world. No farmer counts on growing a good crop of wheat, or cotton, or corn, etc., each year; yet in certain years, in sections widely distinct in climate, soil and weather conditions, there will be general abundance of a certain crop and a flooded market. The farmer explains that the season was wet or dry, according to which is coincident, but that in no wise explains why there should be the universal natural impulse, at the outset of a season, toward the unusual multiplication of a species, though it may coincidently affect multiplication for better or worse.

This of course is considering species in a general way. There may be local conditions in certain sections which affect the local game supply, as there may be too many persistent gunners in a locality who exterminate its game; or the ground in a certain locality may have so little watershed that a heavy rain will drown or drive out all small animal life, as it may man and beast if the overflow becomes too great, but special local conditions do not affect the great whole.

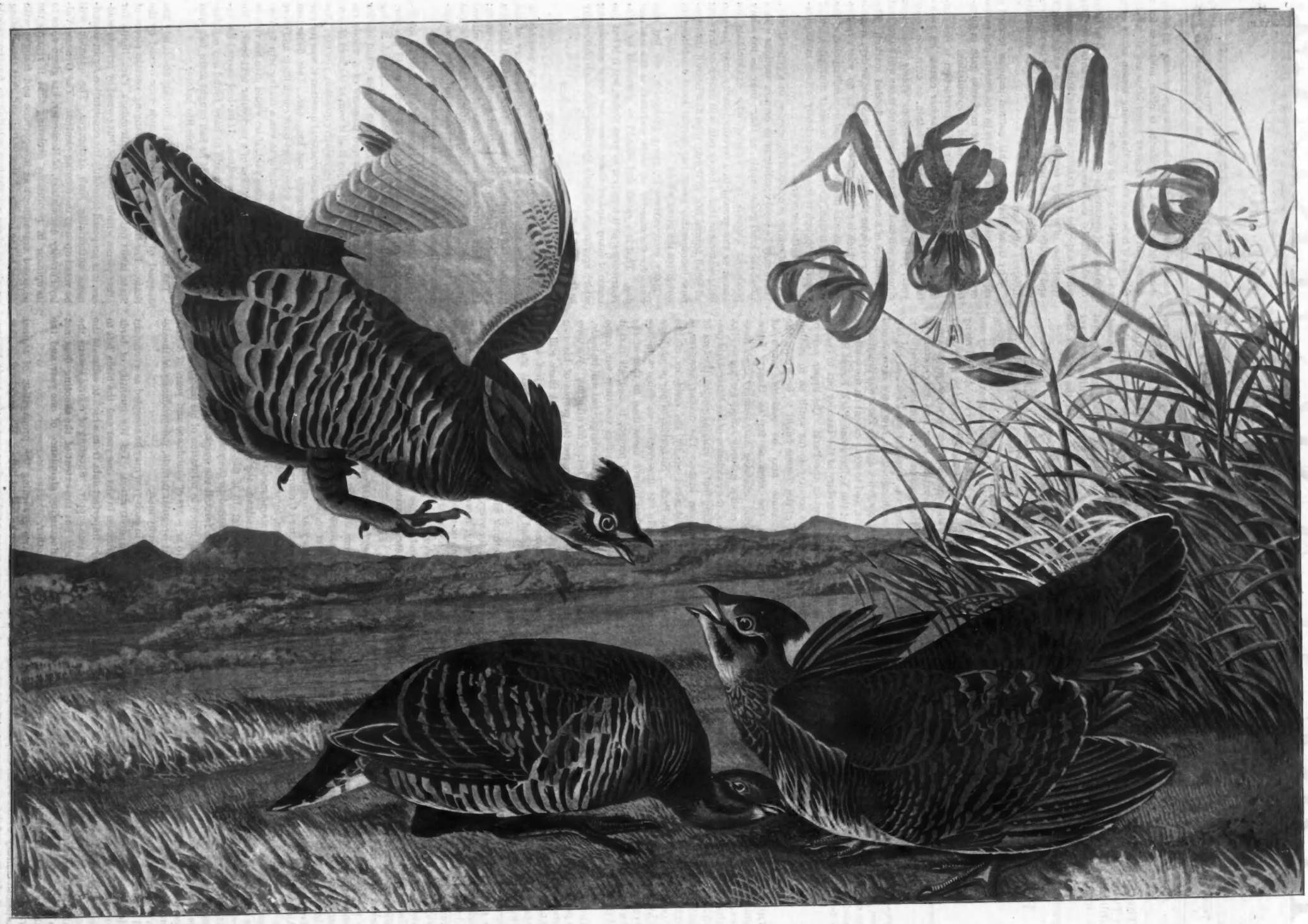
Many men, earnest in game protection, see but one cause for the scarcity of birds, and that is the gun and dog. That is a cause and should be governed by wise restrictions, as it legally is in most States, but it is but one cause of many, and of these there are some concerning which sportsmen can only speculate with such philosophy as they may have.

SNAP SHOTS.

Among those who have been mentioned as possibly to succeed the late Dr. Goode as Assistant-Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution in charge of the National Museum are President Jordan, of the Leland Stanford University; Dr. C. Hart Merriam, ornithologist of the Agricultural Department, and F. W. True, curator of mammals, and now in temporary charge of the museum. The appointment will probably be made in January.

Given a camp site set amid scenery of inspiring loveliness, a camp equipped with all that heart could ask for, waters full of magnificent fish, camp equipment, fishing tackle—every material thing that an angler could ask for to make certain the success and pleasure of a woods vacation—and could he enjoy it all if won at the cost of conscience? An useless by speculative question, you say. Not a bit of it. A direct and practical question it was for one angler in Massachusetts not long ago. This fisherman was a member of a school text-book committee; and there came to him an opportunity to win a fishing trip to Vermont, with all expenses paid, if he would give his vote in the board for the adoption of a particular text-book. He did not accept the proposition. If he had earned his vacation in this manner, would he have found any satisfaction whatever in it, even if he had caught more fish and bigger fish than ever in his whole life before?

The constitution of New York forbids absolutely the disposal of any of the forest lands now owned by the State. For the purpose of exchanging certain pieces of State lands outside of the Adirondack Park limits for other pieces within the limits, but owned by private holders, it is proposed to modify the constitution by an amendment authorizing such exchanges. The question will be voted upon at the coming election. The Genesee Valley Forestry Association, of Rochester, has given voice to its opinion in resolutions declaring that it regards the proposed amendment as inopportune and fraught with danger to the forests of the State; and that the existing provisions of the constitution relating to forestry should not be changed until the forests of the State can be placed under expert forestry administration.



AUDUBON'S PORTRAIT OF THE PRAIRIE CHICKEN.

The Sportsman Tourist.

CAMP SIXTEEN.

At the foot of what is known as the Sixteen-Mile Level of the St. Regis River, near Spring Cove, N. Y., is located a permanent camp, consisting of two substantial log houses, well roofed and lighted, and fitted up with enough conveniences to insure the pleasures of camp life without its discomforts. It is the center of a region famous for deer, and friends of mine who had just vacated this camp had killed five. Having failed as yet to bring in any meat, we had left Camp Saints' Rest, as chronicled in a previous paper, and transferred our duffle to this spot.

About a mile below the camp there is another short level, on which, so far as I know, no boat had ever floated, and as the signs of deer were plentiful here we decided to give the longer level a rest, and put our Saranac boat on this one. The trail was fairly good, and Martin's tough muscles made light work of getting our craft to this quiet bit of water, where we intended to jack that night. Thus far we had confined ourselves almost exclusively to still-hunting, but with the end of our vacation near at hand, no meat in camp and the possibility of a blank score staring us in the face, things seemed sufficiently serious to warrant us in taking all the chances there were. We paddled up the winding river for the purpose of studying geography a little, when, on rounding a turn, we came to a big fallen spruce whose roots were imbedded in one side of the river and whose top lay in the bushes on the other side. Here was a serious barrier to our proposed night hunting; but necessity is said to be a near relative of invention, and after putting half a dozen .44 bullets through the trunk a few feet from the shore we were enabled to break off the top and make space enough for the boat to run past. Then we took the rifles and went still-hunting, intending to return after dark and run the level. But fate had decreed otherwise, for at dusk the flood gates of heaven were thrown wide open, and Jupiter Pluvius was the only one who fired any guns that night.

The next day we pulled the boat up through the rapids to the Sixteen-Mile Level, caught a fine mess of trout, harvested some frogs' legs, cut some firewood, and prepared for the night's work. I say "work," because jacking comes pretty near being that. It is a novel and exciting experience—especially for the beginner—and there is a weird beauty and strangeness about the woods and waters at night which one sees at no other time; but to sit motionless for hours in a boat with no back to the seat you occupy, to go through all the incipient stages of curvature of the spine, to feel the jack gradually taking on weight until you suspect that your backbone will ultimately be driven through the bottom of the boat; and, above all, to feel the cold night air soak through your clothes and clutch your very marrow—these are the things which the man who jacks will recognize as akin to work. Nevertheless we went jacking. Salt pork is good fare for a week or more, but after that venison tastes good.

It wasn't Martin's fault that we neither saw nor heard a deer that night, for his paddle was as silent as the grave, and we covered a good many miles before we finally started homeward in the small hours of the morning. A gentleman from the West—Beecher by name—with his guide, Wes. Davis, was also hunting the river that night, and we had heard a shot from him, fired, as we afterward learned, at a big buck that is still roaming the woods unharmed. As we neared the foot of the level this party came down behind us, and the slight sound of Davis's paddle caused both Martin and me to turn at the same moment and look backward. Then a funny thing happened—that is to say, it strikes me now as being funny! The cranky Saranac boat, which possesses all the merits and the one fault of the best boats made, responded to our simultaneous movement with uncalled-for suddenness and startling results. Martin and I had been thinking for a day or two that we needed a bath, so we took one then and there. I do not, as a rule, wear a jack on my head when I bathe, and I am not addicted to the habit of diving with a gun in my hand and with heavy clothes and wading boots on; but it suddenly occurred to me that these were eminently proper things to do, and Martin seemed to coincide with my views. If either of us hesitated about going overboard, the other didn't notice it. We had been working in concert for two weeks, and there seemed no good reason why we shouldn't act together now. Besides, we were cold, and the water was warmer than the air. For these and other good and sufficient reasons we vacated the boat.

Although our mishap was plainly visible to Beecher and Davis, they made no move to assist us, but commenced telling about the big buck they had missed, as though that information possessed any interest to men overboard in the middle of the night in 15ft. of swift water. Whether their bad luck had warped their judgment, or whether they feared a submarine explosion from the gun I was trying to save, it is hard to say, although they did relieve me of it when I swam to their boat and handed it in. We worked our boat toward the shore, and after getting a foothold righted it and rocked the water out. The seats and paddle were picked up in an eddy below, and we finally got back to camp, shuddering with cold, but none the worse for our accident. Imagine our surprise on taking the cover from the jack to find that it was still lighted, although I had twice been under water with it. So far as I am able to learn, that is the only absolutely waterproof jack in the Adirondacks. There was white frost on our clothes when we got in, but Luques had a good fire going, and we were soon laughing at what might have been a tragedy, but turned out to be merely a comedy. In speaking of the deer he missed, Mr. Beecher said he wished to have it distinctly understood that he came into the woods not to kill deer, but to gather gum!

We then turned our attention once more to still-hunting. Near Camp Sixteen there is a large tract of burnt ground, something more than 1,000 acres, and here the deer come out at dusk to feed, returning to the green timber and the mountains early in the morning. Two or three old log roads and several deer trails run through it, and this burnt ground is one of the best hunting grounds in Franklin county. Luques and Mrs. R. struck in on the north side, and here the former got his first shot at a deer. It was a long and difficult shot, however, and he ailed to hit, much to his disappointment.

Martin and I went into the edge of the green timber on the south side, and just before sundown posted ourselves where we could look over considerable ground. It was almost dark when there was a crackling in the brush, and a small buck and a doe came out of the woods within easy shooting distance from me. These were not the big deer I had been looking for, but this was my last day in the woods and no time for sentiment. Three shots laid both of them down. The first bullet went through the buck's head, the second was a clean miss, and the third went through the doe just back of the shoulder.

By that time it was dark and we were in a nasty piece of country, half a mile from the trail and three miles from camp. We cleaned the deer, made packs of them by slitting the forelegs and thrusting the hind feet through them, slung them on our shoulders and started out. Through bog and brush, over rocks and fallen trees we scrambled, and I was soon reconciled to the fact that the deer I was carrying was not a very large one. Dripping with perspiration, we finally struck the trail. The road through the burnt ground was plain sailing, but the last mile to camp was through thick woods, and the only way we could keep in the trail was by lighting birch bark which we stripped from the trees. It was 10 o'clock when, tired, wet and famished, we saw the welcome glimmer of lights from the camp. But we had gotten what we went after, and a big meal and a smoke soon put us in that blissful state of relaxation which only the tired and successful hunter knows.

The next day I pulled out of camp, leaving Luques and Martin to make one more trial. Luques got a shot at a fine buck and wounded him, but it was then too dark to follow his trail, and a heavy rain during the night washed the signs away and they never found him. A little later Martin paddled Mrs. R. up to a big doe on the river bank, and she succeeded in putting the lead where it would do the most good. With the exception of one large buck this doe was the biggest deer brought in to the hotel up to Sept. 23.

Thus ended our Adirondack outing, and this meager chronicle by no means portrays the pleasures of our experiences among the woods and waters of that glorious country.

The time spent at the primitive little hotel was scarcely less enjoyable than that passed in the woods. Most of the guests were congenial people, and Darwin J. Day, the good-natured and accommodating giant who keeps this place under the shadow of Blue Mountain, has a heart as big as an ox, and not only likes to see people enjoy themselves, but insists that they shall.

From now until next spring we shall feast on reminiscences of the woods, and from then on to the hunting season of '97 we shall indulge in the pleasures of anticipation.

Arthur F. Rice.

TOMAHAWK LAKE.

I had been contemplating a trip to the Tomahawk Lake in northern Wisconsin the past summer, ever since the first appearance of spring had gladdened the heart of the fisherman and naturalist, so that when I received word from my brother B. in Chicago that he had been thinking of the same trip and asking me to accompany him, it was an easy matter to decide. Early in June we started, going to Milwaukee by boat and getting a foretaste of the pleasures to come in the sparkling, blue waters and clear, bracing air. What a relief it was to be away from our routine of office work in the crowded city, those who have experienced can alone tell.

From Milwaukee we traveled to Oconomowoc, that beautiful little watering place, with its sparkling lakes, Fowler and La Belle, their bosoms flecked with picturesque fleets of pleasure craft and waters well stocked with fish, certainly an alluring spot for the tired business man and of easy access.

From here we went to Kilbourn City to visit the world-renowned Dalles of the Wisconsin, of which it has been truly said: "For wild and picturesque scenery they far excel anything else so near to civilization," and while this was considerably off our road yet we felt amply repaid.

Our next stop was at the beautiful island city Minocqua, surrounded by beautiful lakes well stocked with bass of different kinds, pickerel and that magnificent game fish which we were now to "tackle" for the first time, the spotted muscalonge, and well do I remember my first capture as I was trolling from a rapidly propelled boat—the strike, the fight for supremacy and final landing of my captive, which proved to be a handsome 10-pounder; how we held him up and surveyed his shining sides while our heart beat with ecstacy and our pulses bounded with joy; but you all know the symptoms, so why continue. After that it was our pleasure to make several fine catches, but none could take the place of that, our first muscalonge. Doubtless in the years to come we will look back to that pleasant June day on the lake, surrounded by towering forests of pine, the sleepy village nestling on the island and the numerous fishing craft cutting the transparent waters, with the same thrill, and wish for the moment that we were there again with line in hand and landing net ready for the final effort.

We had not yet reached the end of our journey, however; so one morning we took our way northward fifteen miles to the village of Tomahawk Lake. Here we camped out for a few days, and such delightful days as they were seldom come in this busy, toiling world. Lulled to sleep by the dreamy lapping of the waves upon the shore, the soughing of the winds through the dark pines, and the noisy although not altogether unmusical piping of the myriads of frogs, rising with the sun, bathing in the translucent waters, and fishing to our hearts' content. Such appetites as we developed and such capabilities for long wanderings naturalizing and botanizing, and here were good opportunities for each.

The Fourth of July we spent in Minocqua participating in some of the numerous games and observing the sports of the lumbermen, such as log rolling, tub racing, swimming races, etc., and very interesting and novel we found them.

Upon some of our rambles we met with coveys of grouse, composed apparently of the parent birds and their numerous progeny, while along some of the rivers squirrels appeared quite numerous. One morning upon going outside the tent we found a flock of geese circling around the lake, upon other occasions we saw small flocks of summer ducks, and the surrounding marshes were alive with herons, bitterns, red and white-winged blackbirds and rail. The latter were very noisy, and we sometimes amused ourselves by tossing in pebbles and listening to the hoarse cries that arose from the hundreds of startled throats.

At last came the time to return, and with a farewell ramble and a swim in the lake we bade good-bye to our pleasant summer camp and started upon our return down past the rivers filled with floating logs and their accompaniment of loggers, steering pikes in hand, guiding them on their winding way down to their destination—the great lumbering camps; on down till we leave the pines behind us, on and on past lovely lakes, sleepy towns, until the conductor shouts "Milwaukee!" Here we leave the train for another breezy trip down the lake, and so our trip ends.

Chas. K. Muchmore.

Indiana.

Natural History.

THE PINNATED GROUSE.

BY JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.*

It has been my good fortune to study the habits of this species of grouse at a period when, in the district in which I resided, few other birds of any kind were more abundant. I allude to the lower parts of the States of Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois and Missouri. Twenty-five years and more have elapsed since many of the notes to which I now recur were written, and at that period I little imagined that the observations which I recorded should ever be read by any other individuals than those composing my own family, all of whom participated in my admiration of the works of nature.

The Barrens of Kentucky are by no means so sterile as they have sometimes been represented. Their local appellation, however, had so much deceived me, before I traveled over them, that I expected to find nothing but an undulated extent of rocky ground, destitute of vegetation and perforated by numberless caverns. My ideas were soon corrected. I saw the Barrens for the first time in the early days of June, and as I entered them from the skirts of an immense forest I was surprised at the beauty of the prospect before me. Flowers without number, and vieing with each other in their beautiful tints, sprung up amidst the luxuriant grass; the fields, the orchards, and the gardens of the settlers presented an appearance of plenty scarcely anywhere exceeded; the wild fruit trees, having their branches interlaced with grape vines, promised a rich harvest, and at every step I trod on ripe and fragrant strawberries. When I looked around an oak knob rose here and there before me, a charming grove embellished a valley, gently sloping hills stretched out into the distance, while at hand the dark entrance of some cavern attracted my notice, or a bubbling spring gushing forth at my feet seemed to invite me to rest and refresh myself with its cooling waters. The timid deer snuffed the air as it gracefully bounded off, the wild turkey led her young ones in silence among the tall herbage, and the bees bounded from flower to blossom. If I struck the stiff foliage of a black-jack oak, or rustled among the sumacs and brambles, perchance there fluttered before me in dismay the frightened grouse and her cowering brood. The weather was extremely beautiful, and I thought that the Barrens must have been the parts from which Kentucky derived her name of the "Garden of the West."

There it was that, year after year, and each successive season, I studied the habits of the pinnated grouse. It was there that, before sunrise or at the close of day, I heard its curious boomings, witnessed its obstinate battles, watched it during the progress of its courtships, noted its nest and eggs, and followed its young until, fully grown, they betook themselves to their winter quarters.

When I first removed to Kentucky the pinnated grouse were so abundant that they were held in no higher estimation as food than the most common flesh, and no hunter of Kentucky deigned to shoot them. They were, in fact, looked upon with more abhorrence than the crows are at present in Massachusetts and Maine, on account of the mischief they committed among the fruit trees of the orchards during winter, when they fed on their buds, or while in the spring months they picked up the grain in the fields. The farmer's children or those of his negroes were employed to drive them away with rattles from morning to night, and also caught them in pens and traps of various kinds. In those days, during the winter, the grouse would enter the farmyard and feed with the poultry, alight on the houses or walk in the very streets of the villages. I recollect having caught several in a stable at Henderson, where they had followed some wild turkeys. In the course of the same winter a friend of mine, who was fond of practicing rifle shooting, killed upward of forty in one morning, but picked none of them up, so satiated with grouse was he as well as every member of his family. My own servants preferred the fattest flitch of bacon to their flesh, and not unfrequently laid them aside as unfit for cooking.

Such an account may appear strange to you, reader; but what will you think when I tell you that in the same country where twenty-five years ago they could not have been sold at more than one cent apiece scarcely one is now to be found? The grouse have abandoned the State of Kentucky and removed (like the Indians) every season further to the westward, to escape from the murderous white man. In the Eastern States, where some of these birds still exist, game laws have been made for their protection during a certain part of the year, when, after all, few escape to breed the next season. To the westward you must go as far at least as the State of Illinois before you meet with this species of grouse, and there too, as formerly in Kentucky, they are decreasing at a rapid rate. The sportsman of the Eastern States now makes much ado to procure them, and will travel with friends and dogs, and all the paraphernalia of hunting, an hundred miles or more to shoot at most a dozen braces in a fortnight, and when he returns successful to the city the important results are communicated by letter to all concerned. So rare have they become in the markets of Philadelphia, New York and Boston that they sell at from $5 to $10 the pair. An excellent friend of mine, resident in the city of New York, told me that he refused $100 for ten braces, which he had shot on the Pocano Mountains of Pennsylvania.

* From the "Ornithological Biography," Vol. II., Edinburgh, 1834.

On the eastern declivities of our Atlantic coast, the districts in which the pinnated grouse are still to be met with are some portions of the State of New Jersey, the brushy plains of Long Island, Martha's Vineyard, the Elizabeth Islands, Mount Desert Island in the State of Maine, and a certain tract of barreny country in the latter State lying not far from the famed Mar's Hill, where, however, they have been confounded with the willow grouse. In the three first places mentioned, notwithstanding the preventive laws now in force, they are killed without mercy by persons such as in England are called poachers, even while the female bird is in the act of sitting on her eggs. Excepting in the above-named places, not a bird of the species is at present to be found until you reach the lower parts of Kentucky, where, as I have told you before, a few still exist. In the State of Illinois, all the vast plains of the Missouri, those bordering the Arkansas River, and on the prairies of Opellousas, the pinnated grouse is still very abundant and very easily procured.

As soon as the snows have melted away, and the first blades of grass issue from the earth, announcing the approach of spring, the grouse, which had congregated during the winter in great flocks, separate into parties of from twenty to fifty or more. Their love season commences, and a spot is pitched upon to which they daily resort until incubation is established. Inspired by love, the male birds, before the first glimpse of day lightens the horizon, fly swiftly and singly from their grassy beds, to meet, to challenge and to fight the various rivals led by the same impulse to the arena. The male is at this season attired in his full dress, and enacts his part in a manner not surpassed in pomposity by any other bird. Imagine them assembled to the number of twenty by daybreak, see them all strutting in the presence of each other, mark their consequential gestures, their looks of disdain and their angry pride as they pass each other. Their tails are spread out and inclined forward to meet the expanded feathers of their neck, which now like stiffened frills lie supported by the globular orange-colored receptacles of air from which their singular booming sounds proceed. Their wings, like those of the turkey cock, are stiffened and declined so as to rub and rustle on the ground as the bird passes rapidly along. Their bodies are depressed toward the ground, the fire of their eyes evinces the pugnacious workings of their mind, their notes fill the air around, and at the very first answer from some coy female the heated blood of the feathered warriors swells every vein, and presently the battle rages. Like game cocks they strike, and rise in the air to meet their assailants with greater advantage. Now many close in the encounter; feathers are seen whirling in the agitated air, or falling around them tinged with blood. The weaker begin to give way, and one after another seeks refuge in the neighboring bushes. The remaining few, greatly exhausted, maintain their ground, and withdraw slowly and proudly, as if each claimed the honors of victory. The vanquished and the victors then search for the females, who, believing each to have returned from the field in triumph, receive them with joy.

It not unfrequently happens that a male already mated is suddenly attacked by some disappointed rival, who unexpectedly pounces upon him after a flight of considerable length, having been attracted by the cacklings of the happy couple. The female invariably squats next to and almost under the breast of her lord, while he, always ready for action, throws himself on his daring antagonist, and chases him away never to return. Such is the moment which I have attempted to represent in the plate which you will find in the second volume of my "Illustrations."

In such places in the Western country as I have described the prairie hen is heard booming or tooting not only before break of day, but frequently at all hours from morning until sunset; but in districts where these birds have become wild in consequence of the continual interference of man they are seldom heard after sunrise; sometimes their meetings are noiseless, their battles are much less protracted or of less frequent occurrence, and their beats or scratching grounds are more concealed. Many of the young males have battles even in autumn, when the females generally join, not to fight, but to conciliate them, in the manner of the wild turkeys.

The pinnated grouse forms its nest, according to the latitude of the place, between the beginning of April and May 25. In Kentucky I have found it finished and containing a few eggs at the period first mentioned; but I think, taking the differences of seasons into consideration, the average period may be about the first of May. The nest, although carelessly formed of dry leaves and grasses, interwoven in a tolerably neat manner, is always carefully placed amidst the tall grass of some large tuft in the open ground of the prairies, or at the foot of a small bush in the barren lands. The eggs are from eight to twelve, seldom more, and are larger than those of the *Tetrao umbellus*, although nearly of the same color. The female sits upon them eighteen or nineteen days, and the moment the young have fairly disengaged themselves leads them away from the nest, when the male ceases to be seen with her. As soon as autumn is fairly in the different families associate together, and at the approach of winter I have seen packs composed of many hundred individuals.

When surprised, the young squat in the grass or weeds, so that it is almost impossible to find any of them. Once, while crossing a part of the barrens on my way homeward, my horse almost placed his foot on a covey that was in the path. I observed them and instantly leaped to the ground; but notwithstanding all my endeavors the cunning mother saved them by a single cluck. The little fellows rose on the wing for only a few yards, spread themselves all round, and kept so close and quiet that, although I spent much time in search for them, I could not discover one. I was much amused, however, by the arts the mother employed to induce me to leave the spot where they lay concealed, when perhaps I was actually treading on some of them.

This species never raises more than one brood in the season, unless the eggs have been destroyed, in which case the female immediately calls for her mate and produces a second set of eggs, generally much smaller in number than the first. About Aug. 1 the young are as large as our little American partridge, and are then most excellent eating. They do not acquire much strength of wing until the middle of October, and after that period they become daily more difficult to be approached. Their enemies are at this season very numerous, but the principal are the polecat, the raccoon, the weasel, the wildcat and various hawks.

The pinnated grouse is easily tamed and easily kept. It also breeds in confinement, and I have often felt surprised that it has not been fairly domesticated. While at Henderson I purchased sixty alive that were expressly caught for me within twelve miles of that village, and brought in a bag laid across the back of a horse. I cut the tips of their wings and turned them loose in a garden and orchard about four acres in extent. Within a week they became tame enough to allow me to approach them without their being frightened. I supplied them with abundance of corn, and they fed besides on vegetables of various kinds. This was in the month of September, and almost all of them were young birds. In the course of the winter they became so gentle as to feed from the hand of my wife, and walked about the garden like so many tame fowls, mingling occasionally with the domestic poultry. I observed that at night each individual made choice of one of the heaps in which a cabbage had grown, and that they invariably placed their breast to the wind, whatever way it happened to blow. When spring returned they strutted, "tooted" and fought as if in the wilds where they had received their birth. Many laid eggs, and a good number of young ones made their appearance, but the grouse at last proved so destructive to the young vegetables, tearing them up by the roots, that I ordered them to be killed. So brave were some of the male birds that they never flinched in the presence of a large turkey cock, and now and then they would stand against a dunghill cock for a pass or two before they would run from him.

During very severe weather I have known this species to roost at a considerable height on trees, but they generally prefer resting on the ground. I observed that for several nights in succession many of these grouse slept in a meadow not far distant from my house. This piece of ground was thickly covered with tall grass, and one dark night I thought of amusing myself by trying to catch them. I had a large seine and took with me several negroes supplied with lanterns and long poles, with the latter of which they bore the net completely off the ground. We entered the meadow in the early part of the night, although it was so dark that without a light one could hardly have seen an object a yard distant, and spreading out the leaded end of the net, carried the other end forward by means of the poles at the height of a few feet. I had marked before dark a place in which a great number of the birds had alighted, and now ordered my men to proceed toward it. As the net passed over the first grouse in the way, the alarmed bird flew directly toward the confining part of the angle, and almost at the same moment a great number of others arose, and, with much noise, followed the same direction. At a signal the poles were laid flat on the ground and we secured the prisoners, bagging some dozens. Repeating our experiment three times in succession, we met with equal success, but now we gave up the sport on account of the loud bursts of laughter from the negroes, who could no longer refrain. Leaving the net on the ground, we returned to the house laden with spoil, but next evening not a grouse was to be found in the meadow, although I am confident that several hundreds had escaped.

On the ground the pinnated grouse exhibits none of the elegance of manner observed in the ruffed grouse, but walks more like the common hen, although in a more erect attitude. If surprised it rises at once with a moderate whirring sound of the wings; but if it happens to see you at a distance; and the place is clear, it instantly runs off with considerable speed and stops at the first tuft of high grass or bunch of briar, when it squats and remains until put up. In newly plowed grounds I have seen them run with all their might, their wings partially expanded, until suddenly meeting with a large clod, they would stop, squat, and disappear in a moment. During the noontide hours several may often be seen dusting themselves near each other, either on the plowed fields or the dry sandy roads, and rearranging their feathers in a moment, in the same manner as the wild turkey. Like the common fowls, they watch each other's motions, and if one has discovered a grasshopper, and is about to chase it, all the rest within sight either fly or run to the place. When the mother of a brood is found with her young ones she instantly ruffles up her feathers, and often looks as if she would fly at you; but this she never ventures to do, although she tries every art to decoy you from the place. On large branches of trees these birds walk with great ease, but on small ones they require the aid of their wings to enable them to walk steadily. They usually, if not always, roost singly within a few feet of each other, and on such little eminences as the ground affords. I have found them invariably fronting the wind, or the quarter from which it was to blow. It is only during the early age of the young birds that they sit on the ground in a circle.

The flight of the prairie hen is strong, regular, tolerably swift, and at times protracted to the distance of several miles. The whirring of its wings is less conspicuous than that of the ruffed grouse or "pheasant" (*Tetrao umbellus*), and its flight is less rapid. It moves through the air with frequent beats, after which it sails with the wings bent downward, balancing itself for a hundred yards or more, as if to watch the movements of its pursuer, for at this time they can easily be observed to look behind them as they proceed. They never rise when disturbed without uttering four or five distinct clucks, although at other times they fly off in silence. They are easily shot down by a calm sportsman, but are very apt to deceive a young hand. In the Western country they rarely stand before the pointer, and I think the setter is a more profitable dog there. In the Eastern States, however, pointers, as I am informed, are principally employed. These birds rarely await the approach of the sportsman, but often rise when he is at such a distance as to render it necessary for him to be very prompt in firing. Unlike other species, they seldom pass over you, even when you surprise them, and if the country is wooded they frequently alight on the highest branches of our tallest trees, where they are usually more accessible. If shot almost dead they fall and turn round on the ground with great violence until life is extinct; but when less injured they run with great celerity to some secluded place, where they remain so quiet and silent as to render it difficult to find them without a good dog. Their flesh is dark and resembles that of the red grouse of Scotland or the spotted grouse of North America.

The curious notes emitted in the love season are peculiar to the male. When the receptacles of air, which in form, color and size resemble a small orange, are perfectly inflated, the bird lowers its head to the ground, opens its bill and sends forth, as it were, the air contained in these bladders in distinctly separate notes, rolling one after another from loud to low, and producing a sound like that of a large muffled drum. This done, the bird immediately erects itself, refills its receptacles by inhalation, and again proceeds with its tootings. I frequently observed in those prairie hens which I had tamed at Henderson that after producing the noise the bags lost their rotundity and assumed the appearance of a burst bladder, but that in a few seconds they were again inflated. Having caught one of the birds, I passed the point of a pin through each of its air cells, the consequence of which was that it was unable to toot any more. With another bird I performed the same operation on one only of the cells, and next morning it tooted with the sound one, although not so loudly as before, but could not inflate the one which had been punctured. The sound, in my opinion, cannot be heard at a much greater distance than a mile. All my endeavors to decoy this species by imitating its curious sounds were unsuccessful, although the ruffed grouse is easily deceived in this manner. As soon as the strutting and fighting are over the collapsed bladders are concealed by the feathers of the ruff, and during autumn and winter are much reduced in size. These birds, indeed, seldom if ever meet in groups on the scratching grounds after incubation has taken place; at all events, I have never seen them fight after that period, for, like the wild turkeys, after spending a few weeks apart to recover their strength, they gradually unite, and as soon as the young are grown up individuals of both sexes mix with the latter and continue in company till spring. The young males exhibit the bladders and elongated feathers of the neck before the first winter, and by the next spring have attained maturity, although, as in many other species, they increase in size and beauty for several years.

In the Western country at the approach of winter these birds frequent the tops of the sumac bushes to feed on their seeds, often in such numbers that I have seen them bent by their weight; and I have counted more than fifty on a single apple tree, the buds of which they entirely destroyed in a few hours. They also alight on the high forest trees on the margins of large rivers, such as the Mississippi, to eat grapes and the berries and leaves of the parasitical mistletoe. During several weeks which I spent on the banks of the Mississippi, above the mouth of the Ohio, I often observed flocks of them flying to and fro across the broad stream, alighting at once on the highest trees with as much ease as any other bird. They were then so abundant that the Indians, with whom I was in company, killed them with arrows whenever they chanced to alight on the ground or low bushes.

During the sowing season their visits to the wheat and cornfields are productive of considerable damage. They are fond of grasshoppers, and pursue these insects as chickens are wont to do, sometimes to a distance of 30 or 40 yds. They drink water like the common fowl when at liberty, and, like all other species of this family, are fond of dusting themselves in the paths or among the earth of the fields

I have often observed them carry their tail in the manner of the common hen. During the first years of my residence at Henderson, in severe winters the number of grouse of this species was greatly augmented by large flocks of them that evidently came from Indiana, Illinois, and even from the western side of the Mississippi. They retired at the approach of spring, no doubt to escape from the persecution of man.

It would not perhaps be proper that I should speak of the value put on the flesh of these birds by epicures. All that I shall say is that I never thought much of it, and would at any time prefer a piece of buffalo or bear flesh; so that I have no reason to regret my inability to purchase prairie hens for eating at $5 the pair.

The Frog-Rail Theory.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The beliefs that frogs turn into sora rail, that horsehairs become hair-snakes, that barnacles breed brant, that eels spring from clams and that a dead greaser becomes a burro, are all interesting to the anthropologist as indicating a primitive type of mind in methods of searching for knowledge. Compare the horsehair snake mythologist, for instance, with the naturalist who traces the gordius through all of its immature stages, and we have a valuable object lesson in types of mind. How easy for a frog-rail theorist to turn to any authoritative book and learn all about the rail, and yet our educators in a proud land have not succeeded in teaching the average laboring man how to teach himself in such a very simple matter. The belief that deer do not eat lilypads represents the sort of mind that does not wish to acquire knowledge. The possessor of that sort of a mind need not go very far to learn that almost any hunter looks at cut lily stems to see whether they were bitten off at one nip by deer or by two or three nips by muskrats. He may argue that the deer do not hold the lily pads down and that they step behind a tree and spit them up, but almost any deer hunter who is quick has managed to kill the deer before they could spit up a whole paunchful of lilypads and buds. The frog-rail theorist represents a man who cannot learn because his methods are incomplete. The man who deprives deer of their reputation for good taste in diet represents the type that will not have knowledge because he prefers not to have it.

R. T. M.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Seeing the article written about the rail bird in this week's issue, I thought I would send you a clipping cut from the Philadelphia Sunday *Times*, June 21, 1896, which may throw a little more light on this mysterious bird:

LOWER ALLOWAY, June 20.—It has always been the general belief among sportsmen that rail birds do not breed in this section of the country, but the finding of a rail bird's nest with three eggs in it proves the falsity of the belief. Howard Harris, of this place, has the nest, and as he saw the mother bird fly from it there is no doubt but they occasionally rear their young in these parts. The nest and eggs are on exhibition in this place and are quite a curiosity.

A friend of mine killed a rail bird in Christmas week, 1895, on a fairly cold day—too cold for a frog to come out of the mud, much less a bird of this species to be this far North; the bird was shot on the marsh above the Philadelphia Gun Club's grounds, on the Pennsylvania shore, Delaware River.

A READER.

Migrating Bluebirds.

SHELDON, Vt., Oct. 10.—During the past week both night and day flocks of bluebirds have passed here southward from their more northern breeding places. Those observed during the day a portion of the flock was going on at a steady flight, while the others, evidently the young birds, were flying along, chasing each other in a frolicsome kind of way, as though they considered this migrating business a great lark. As these are the first bluebirds seen here this season, the spring flight northward must have passed here in the night, otherwise we would have been sure to have seen or heard some of the birds. A day or two before the last big storm we saw high in the air a flock of sea gulls going south. STANSTEAD.

Audubon Copper Plates in the Smithsonian.

WASHINGTON.—There are in the Smithsonian six of the original copper plates of Audubon's birds: the Virginian partridge, whooping crane, "hooping crane," scarlet ibis, chuck-will's-widow and the American robin.

Besides the copper plates there are a number of the prints.

The plates were presented by a Mr. Stuart, of New York, and a patron of the American Museum of Natural History. B. A. BEAN.

Cats and Coyotes.

BOSTON, Oct. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* E., writing from Shirley Basin, Wyo., in your last number, wants to know what to do with the coyotes that kill his cats. I would suggest the sending them to large cities and towns to be turned loose in back yards at full moons. If they are good jumpers they might possibly end a long-suffered nuisance and sleep-disturbing cause in thickly settled communities. REIGNOLDS.

Game Bag and Gun.

Our readers are invited to send us for these columns notes of the game supply, shooting resorts, and their experience in the field.

SOME AMERICAN GAME BIRDS.*

IV.—The Snipe.

ACCORDING to the writings of ornithologists, the breeding grounds of the snipe begin from about 42°, which would be from a parallel drawn through the northern part of Nebraska, Iowa, etc., thence north to the Arctic Circle. It migrates leisurely southward as the winter season approaches, feeding on the available grounds, ultimately going as far south as the West Indies and northern South America. It is a bird of the wet lands, and, as with the woodcock, the available area entire for a food supply is small as compared with the earth's surface; such area being the places which are soft enough to be bored with its sensitive bill, and also containing food to its liking and enough of it to supply its needs. As much soft and wet land may also be gravelly, or sandy, or clayey, etc., either unfit to sustain the animal and vegetable life on which the snipe subsists, or from its refractory nature being impervious to the delicate weapon with which nature has provided the snipe for the capturing of its food, it is apparent that of all the wet land there are only certain parts which are available to the bird in securing a food supply. Of the places which afford it food, some are permanently good throughout the whole season, as, for instance, the sloughs and marshes and parts of river valleys of the prairie country wherein it makes its summer habitat; while other places are but temporarily available, as land made soft and wet by heavy rains, though such places may serve it well for many weeks, as in Louisiana and Texas in the fall and winter months, during the rainy season, which in those States is largely the equivalent of winter. It may seek its food in places which are quite wet, as in some of the large marshes—places too wet for the shooter to venture into without rubber boots if he value dry feet—and again in some other sections it may make its haunts on land so firm and dry that the hunter may walk on it pleasantly and dry shod in ordinary shoes.

While the woodcock, its long-billed brother, is a bird of the covert, the snipe is a bird of the open; and on both birds nature lays a more severe restriction on a late stay in the North than she does on any other game bird, for a snipe or woodcock attempting to gain a subsistence in a frozen country would be a pathetic sight indeed.

Its food is said to be the larvæ, tender roots of plants and worms, which it secures by boring, and such insects and other eatable food as it can secure on top of the ground.

To the local sportsman its habits in the shooting season—which is mostly the migratory season—seem erratic and unknowable, if its unstable characteristics may be called habits at all. It is in one place to-day, another to-morrow. To-day there may be an abundance, to-morrow not one. Or it may go contrary to its erratic reputation and remain a number of days about the same grounds. Still, the shooter is largely in ignorance of what the snipe will do next. The weather and food conditions may be the same so far as observation can determine them, and yet the birds may come and go in their own whimsical way regardless of conditions. Apparently some mysterious impulse seems to seize the birds of a certain locality either to come or go, though not in the manner of birds which go in flocks wherein all fly as a part of the flock. Snipe fly mostly in ones or twos or threes, sometimes more, but always in small numbers, and being thus independent in flight it is difficult to understand how the common impulse to seek other grounds is at the same time felt and acted on by all the birds of a certain neighborhood, or at least most of them, there being many exceptions as a matter of course, as for instance in a section where there are birds in abundance on a certain day they may not all leave at the same time, and indeed some scattered birds may be found on certain ground throughout the whole season. However much the exception may affect the few, the greater part of the birds are erratic and lawless most of the time.

No doubt that which seems whimsical and mysterious in the life of the snipe is really in harmony with the needs of nature. The bird being largely nocturnal in its habits, it is difficult to learn its ways, and it is specially difficult for the resident of one locality to observe its habits with any degree of precision. Seeing it in but one small corner of its habitat, the local sportsman can at best gain but a fragmentary knowledge of its needs and its habits, though he may infer that the small part which he sees is really the whole.

Being swift of wing and enduring of flight, the snipe undoubtedly feeds over vast areas in grounds many miles apart, twenty or thirty miles being of no more moment to it when in search of food than twenty or thirty rods between wheat fields would be to the prairie chicken. Moreover, when snipe invade fields in vast numbers, as is frequently the case, the ground is soon thoroughly bored, and no doubt all the food within reach near the surface is consumed, and thus it may be a necessity for the snipe to seek food elsewhere till the grounds have had time to rest and to replenish.

Many writers lay great stress on the difficulties of the shooting of snipe, treating of it as a bird of phenomenal swiftness and erratic flight, and the shooting of it as requiring something extraordinary in the matter of skill. Such savors of limited experience as to number of birds shot, the brief part of a season in which they were shot, and the limited opportunity in which to observe their habits. As a matter of fact, snipe shooting at certain times is the easiest of shooting, as on warm days, when the birds are fat and lazy, flying slowly and tamely, with pendulous bills, as is often the case in the fall in the South when they are in good feeding grounds. They are then disinclined to move, and indolently lie to the dog's points till the shooter walks them up.

The books teach that the snipe rises with a zigzag flight against the wind, darting to right and left with such rapid flashes of speed that the best of shooters are puzzled, and often miss. The snipe, it is true, rises against the wind when there is a wind, and zigzags a few times to get up speed and a straight course. Many writers on snipe shooting lay it down as correct that the shooter, to take advantage of the snipe's peculiarity in rising, should shoot down wind, or advance to the dog's point down wind, so that when the snipe is flushed it will fly toward him. All such savor of the novice, or of a skill which needs nursing; and all the difficulties are greatly exaggerated—zigzag, swift flight and all. No bird of the open is so difficult to shoot as is the bird of the covert. The zigzag of the snipe is in the beginning of its flight, and nothing is easier than to wait on it a moment till it straightens out on a straight flight before shooting at it; and then it is a matter of shooting on the wing, as other wing shooting is.

As to walking down wind to secure a better shot, the sportsman need not concern himself about it in the least, excepting perhaps on such days as are cold and windy, and days when the birds are very wild and rise at the extreme range of the gun. As with pigeon shooting, the really good shot does not let his birds get hard if they rise within range. He doesn't care a sou whether they zigzag or not, for he snaps them as soon as they are on the wing; or being well on the wing, he permits them to get into steady flight and then delivers his fire. There is on the part of the experienced shot no particular attempt to reach the bird from a weak quarter. He takes the shooting as it comes. Snipe shooting is open shooting, and there is nothing whatever about the bird or its flight which makes it a phantom.

On windy days, or when it is cold weather, it may be very wild and rise at extreme ranges, and shooting then is quite as much a test of the gun as it is a test of the shooter's skill; though few writers pay any heed to the distinction, and consider it all, far or near, as a matter of skill alone. At best, walking down wind on snipe is an uncertain advantage, for be it known that a snipe can fly down or across wind with a swiftness and ease which disposes very quickly of any trifling advantage of a few yards taken up wind for a start.

The habits of snipe as oftenest described are their habits when they are lean and wild, or wild from a change from warm to cold, or from still to windy weather. But to teach that such is their regular manner of flight would be on a par with teaching that quail live in the tree tops because they sometimes take refuge therein.

Even when lean and wild, on a calm day the snipe does not strain the skill of a good shot, but on a windy day the wild, lean snipe can dart very swiftly across or down wind, and if to this be added rises at long range the shooting is then really difficult, though then, as mentioned before, it is also a test of the gun. When thus wild, the snipe is exceedingly restless and moves about a great deal. It then takes alarm quickly, flies with its bill extended straight ahead, flying so high as mostly to be out of range. It can pitch to the ground from its highest flight, darting to the ground with stiffened wings and lighting with the greatest ease.

In the course of migration the birds stop in favorite places where food is abundant, and sometimes remain till the weather becomes too unpleasant to remain longer. As a rule they arrive in the South in a lean condition, and in such condition the snipe is at its best as a flyer.

Shooting experience limited to times when the snipe are wild is an experience with the snipe in its most difficult moods. But, as mentioned before, such parts of snipe shooting are not all of snipe shooting. When the birds are lean they are also wilder, regardless of weather conditions.

Snipe shooting as to quantity varies one locality with another more than does any other kind of shooting, for one locality may contain but a few birds to reward the shooter's efforts, while in other localities they may fairly swarm, as in parts of Louisiana and Texas in the fall and spring months, when the birds are migrating, where they generally remain several weeks enjoying the food abundance and becoming very fat, and some scattered ones may be found all through the winter. The heavy rains of fall and spring, frequently a downpour of days, soften the fat alluvial prairie lands so that hundreds of square miles are fitted for the snipe's habitat. In particularly favorable sections of the prairie, cotton, corn and sugar fields, they may at times be found in thousands. A dog in such shooting is in the way except to act as a retriever. There is no woodcraft necessary in such shooting. The shooter walks along till the birds fly up, and so rapidly will he sometimes flush them that at every step or two it is fire and load and fire and load again. At such times the gun becomes too hot to hold in the hands, and the shooter must perforce stop till it cools sufficiently to handle.

Enormous bags have been made on snipe, particularly in Louisiana and Texas, where the greater part of the snipe of North America congregate for a few weeks in their period of migration. One of the greatest, and I believe that it is referred to now as the greatest, was made many years ago by Mr. Pringle, a wealthy sugar planter of Louisiana, who had great fame as a sportsman of rare skill, and who bagged 400 and some odd snipe in a day. This is a large bag indeed, but it is but one of thousands of others large in themselves, but so common as to excite no special comment in that section.

I have told of these matters to gentlemen in the North, whose success was measured by a dozen birds, more or less, as the result of a day's shooting, and such being outside of their personal experience they have been pleased to consider it an idle tale, assuming a ludicrous astuteness in respect to what should be true the world over from their narrow experience in shooting a few birds over a few acres of ground each year.

In regard to the big bag made by Mr. Pringle, it may be added by way of explanation that he had negroes to assist him, some to carry his spare guns, others again to carry the ammunition and retrieve the dead birds. I have been told by men who have hunted with him that he is a most indefatigable walker and possesses extraordinary quickness and accuracy in the use of the shotgun, snapping the birds almost on the instant that they take wing. In that land of abundance at that day it was not considered unsportsmanlike to kill all that the sportsman was pleased to kill, for after all were done shooting there was no apparent diminution in the abundance of the birds. If they killed many, their neighbors derived the benefit of it; and the killing was at irregular intervals, differing from the steady drain made on the bird supply day after day by those who shoot for market. This circumstance of the record bag was a happening of many years ago, when the sentiment concerning game preservation was different everywhere North and South from what it is to-day.

As to snipe shooting and the way of it, the proper manner to shoot them is to go forth and shoot them—in other words, the set manner of doing this thing and that thing as taught by some writers is all very well if they can do no better. There is no rule whereby snipe shooting can be made soft and easy, and there is no sportsman with proper ambition who will care to have his skill less than the best test that the bird can offer. If it is unequal to the test, practice will improve it; and if it will not, there is at least the pleasure of trying to cope with the bird. The proper skill is that which takes the shooting as it comes instead of picking out the easy shots or easy combinations to secure them.

The difficulties of snipe shooting in general have been greatly exaggerated. The lightning zigzag up wind at the start and the swiftness at all times as set forth in print would lead the novice to believe that it was almost beyond the skill of any one without a special "gift" to

* Other papers of this series were: The Woodcock, Sept. 12; Ruffed Grouse, Oct. 10; Quail, Oct. 17.

kill snipe. The books prescribe that the shooter should walk down wind, so that when the snipe rises it will come toward the shooter, and the zigzag is dwelt upon as a thing to make much of. As a matter of fact, the true snipe shooter walks in any direction which seems favorable to find snipe, regardless of the wind, and he shoots with no more heed of the zigzag than that it is but a momentary flurry of the bird in starting its flight, and if it zigs too long he just snaps it in its zigging. On the raw, windy days, particularly when the snipe are lean and wild, and flush at long ranges, it is then hard shooting, and success is, as it may happen, regardless of rule or no rule, though a small matter of skill is much more successful than is a large matter of rule.

The best gun for snipe shooting one day with another is one that is moderately choked or one which is a true cylinder bore, though, as it is all open shooting, and therefore not so difficult as shooting in the covert, good work may be done with a full choke, since the shooter can pick his distance to shoot his birds. However, it is not every man who can wait on his bird or estimate distances at a glance, so that it is better to have a gun which will be available for instant use when the bird rises if one can have it. A 12-bore is most commonly used, and as for the size of shot, No. 8s or 9s or 10s are good, the latter being quite large enough when the birds are fat and lazy. As snipe shooting is open shooting, the length of the barrels is of no importance in the manner in which it is important in shooting in covert.

As a bird to shoot over dogs the snipe is inferior; decidedly so. Sometimes it is in such abundance that a dog is unnecessary. At other times it is so wild that it will not lie to the dog at all; or being fat and tame, it may lie too well. Again it will be in marshes so wet, cold and rank with marsh grasses that it is impossible for a dog to do satisfactory work, however good his intention may be and however good his ability. Very few dogs have a natural fondness for work on snipe. It is acquired in most instances, and some dogs, good on upland game birds, so thoroughly detest the snipe that they will refuse to recognize it. On the other hand, some dogs like the snipe very much as a bird to work on, though such are the exception.

Considered strictly as a bird of the open, the snipe affords the best of all open shooting, since there is something to test the sportsman's skill in it at times, though there is never the weird uncertainty about it that some writers have discovered in its shooting; no doubt an easy and safe explanation of the difficult shooting being found in the manner in which the shooter handles his gun rather that in the manner of the bird's flight.

When the birds are in such great abundance and can be bagged with little effort by walking them up and shooting them, the sportsman soon tires of it. It is too easy and certain to be a sport. On the other hand, when they are scarce and wild, and the weather is windy and the birds will not lie to a dog, it is too difficult and uncertain. The dog is eliminated then as a factor, and the shooting is largely a matter of taking chances. When the happy medium is found, the birds not too plentiful, neither too wild nor too tame, lying fairly well to the dog, it is excellent sport indeed, though in Louisiana I noted it as a remarkable fact that where there were an abundance of both snipe and quail, the sportsmen tired soon of snipe shooting and gave the quail the preference. Yet all sections are not so fortunate, for all the game birds combined afford but a moderate opportunity for sport in some sections.

B. WATERS.

Game in Central New York.

ITHACA, N. Y.—Prime ruffed grouse shooting may be had in this part of central New York at the following points: Peruville, West Groton, East Homer, Freeville, Harford Mills, Danby, Enfield, Hector, and along the east side of Cayuga Lake between Lake Ridge and say Union Springs.

The sky is now of the deepest blue, the landscape in its loveliest attire, the atmosphere is softly tempered with influences which make men healthy and happy, and every condition is perfect for the enjoyment of ideal sportsmanship. And the grouse, ah me! how like a thunderbolt in gray do they flash across one's vision. Unfortunate indeed is the man who never goes afield in quest of the intrepid grouse.

The black and gray squirrel, hare and rabbit season, which opened to-day, the 15th, bids fair to nicely reward the sportsman who fancies this kind of shooting. Rabbits abound all around this city in covers easy to reach, and eight or ten miles out in almost any direction will disclose them in plenty. Near White Church, and in cover not far south of Caroline Depot on the D., L. & W. R. R., a good number of hares—big, white, bounding fellows—may be found. Gray squirrels have been unusually plentiful, but it is charged that a good deal of illegal shooting has been persisted in on this game, with the result that in some sections, notably near Genoa, eighteen or twenty miles north of here, the supply has been tremendously reduced. I have this on the authority of a well-known resident of that town. Other localities furnish reports of illegal shooting on both squirrels and rabbits. Gray squirrels should be found near Caroline, Speedsville, Etna, South and West Danby, in the vicinity of Mecklinburg, along through the western part of the town of Lansing and extending well into Cayuga county, parallel with the lake. Woodcock shooting has not been up to the average.

M. CHILL.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

SHOOTING PRAIRIE CHICKENS.

FROM boyhood I have been a great sportsman, and have enjoyed many a pleasant trip through the West with rod and gun. Many a day I have tramped across the great stubble fields behind my well-trained dogs in search of a covey of chickens, or a stray one to knock down in front of my gun. I have also wandered through the wild forest laying in the northern part of Minnesota, where the historical Lake Itasca lies sleeping in its beauty, filled with fish of the choicest kind and swarming with wildfowl of all descriptions, and whose shores are alive with otter, muskrat and mink.

On Sept. 14, 1895, in company with my brother Bob, fully equipped with our hunting traps and two finely broken dogs, we left our city of St. Paul at 8:30 in the evening on the Great Northern train, and after a journey of eleven hours reached our station, Ada, Minn., a stop well known to the sportsmen of that State, as the country surrounding this town is said to be the best chicken fields now known on the continent.

We were there provided with a team and wagon to haul us to our camping grounds, and soon had our outfit, consisting of a boat, tent, and a fair supply of provisions and other things necessary to the hunter, piled on the wagon, and in a few minutes later we were making our way along the road. An hour and a half of steady traveling along the muddy road brought us to the Marsh River, where we camped.

After breakfast Bob suggested to paddle down the river and take a look at our neighborhood before tramping the fields for birds. I sat in the bow with the paddle, steering the boat as it cut down the current, while Bob was placed in the stern with his trolling line. The boat went drifting along with the current, winding in and out between the narrow channels as smoothly as an arrow.

Now and then from in front of us would jump from beneath the tall rushes that were thickly set around the shore a flock of jacksnipe and go darting away, sending out their little call, *swack-swack*, as they quickened their flight. Now and again in front of us would rise from the water a duck or two and go quacking away, frightened by the sight of the boat. Hundreds of large gray hawks went sailing over our heads, with their cruel, sparkling eyes fixed upon the water, and their curved bill pointing downward, searching for a wounded duck or a dead fish to make their prey.

The everlasting cawing from the crows rang through the woods, and the humming of the partridge mingled with many other sounds that come upon the ear from the forests.

After drifting down the river about six miles we turned and started back against the current, and after a long struggle landed our little boat in front of where our tent loomed up among the trees; it was about noon, and we had a handsome string of fish. Bob and I soon had a hot fire of dry pine, and in a few minutes there was ready a delicious meal of the fresh fish we had just drawn from the stream.

After stretching out on the grass and finishing our smoke, we loosened the two setters and started through the woods for the stubble fields, making our way stumbling over fallen trees and winding in and out through the thick underbrush until we finally reached the edge of a big wheat field, where we set the dogs working, much to their delight. Old Cap, a big, staunch English setter, was soon on his old natural run, backed up by my fine little Lewellyn bitch Quail, searching for the scent that seems so pleasing to a good dog; they soon separated and began covering more ground, with their noses trailing and their tails waving like the wind to see who could strike the first stand.

Bob and I spread apart, and tramped along with our guns ready to bring to the shoulder at the sight of the first bird. After walking about a mile over the prairie, we came to a road which led along through the field; this we followed up while the dogs covered the stubble beside us.

Just as Quail was moving off of the wheat on to a strip of flax she suddenly stopped with the scent of game, and old Cap, who was ranging a short distance off, caught sight of the crouching dog and came like a streak of lightning toward her till he finally slackened his pace, lifted his left front leg from the ground, and stretching his long nose forward proudly backed up the little bitch.

Bob and I were soon behind the dogs ready to try the first bird. I spoke to Quail to go forward and she rose from her crouching position and worked nervously on about 4yds. and started a big bird that rose wild and flew straight away, giving us both a good shot. Crack! went my gun, knocking out a few tail feathers, but failing to bring her down. Then Bob's gun spoke twice and with the second shot sent her spinning to the ground.

The dogs then moved up again and finally flushed three more that jumped up wild and started in different directions, one coming my way and two going Bob's. I sighted mine as it screwed its tail sideways and sent the left load after her, which failed to score, but as the right barrel was discharged she let go and cut her way head over heels to the ground. I quickly whirled around and saw Bob drop one bird, but miss the other clean. We then marked her down about 200yds. off, and after failing to start more and finding our three dead birds after considerable skirmishing around in the stubble, Bob called Cap with him and I took Quail, and we started with both dogs searching far and near for the scent of the stray chicken which we had marked down.

We were watching the setters work some little distance off until they finally drew near the spot set for the bird. Suddenly the little bitch whirled around, pricked up her ears, and straightening out her wavy tail placed the bird in a small bunch of willow bushes growing on the side of a little stream that went rippling through a deep ditch.

We backed up the dogs, and soon the bird started from under Quail's nose, giving an elegant shot; I sighted it, but to no use, as it fell to Bob's shot before I could pull my trigger.

After we found the bird we started down the little stream to find out where it went to and see if we could bag a duck or two on our way.

The dogs were hunting nicely on the field, hunting gayly to strike another covey of chickens, while we continued our tramp along the bank of the stream. We had gone scarcely a half mile when the little river began to widen and flow more freely. This brightened up our thoughts and encouraged us on our way, and after three or four miles of hard trudging we came to a marshy piece of ground filled with tall rushes. Thinking a lake or pond must be near, we pushed eagerly on, with the dogs close at our heels, for about eight rods, and gazing out through the tall, thick reeds we beheld a fine little pond, covering about an acre of ground and an ideal place for ducks. Nor was it long thereafter that the dogs had occasion to retrieve four large fat mallards, increasing our string to eight birds.

As we were about to turn to leave we heard the call *quack-quack*, and looking around saw two pintails headed for the pond. "Mark!" said Bob, as he drew back the hammers of his gun. In less than a second the ducks were overhead and the guns cracked four times, but only bringing one to the ground.

We now started through the reeds to gain the prairie and move back toward camp, as we only had an hour's shooting before sundown, and were over six miles from our starting point. We put the dogs working on the field and started back over the same ground we had came. The sun was just setting in the western sky, throwing out its crimson light, which met the top of the stubble, giving a beautiful look to the great field which stretched away for miles.

We tramped ahead earnestly for the big woods where our tent was placed, hoping to gain the edge before the dark night set in.

The dogs ranged freely on in front searching for birds, our eyes following them closely all the time, hoping to see them make one more stand while it was still light enough to shoot.

They ranged steadily for nearly an hour, not getting a whiff of a bird; but as old Cap was just advancing on a bunch of bushes he suddenly dropped like a shot, while the little bitch backed him closely up.

We advanced, Bob on one side and I on the other; two birds started from under the dogs and sailed away at an exceedingly rapid gait for a pair of chickens. Bob's gun rang out twice and killed them both, but by as fine a shot as I ever had the pleasure of seeing a sportsman make. Then four flushed wild and spread apart. I sighted one, fired, and had the satisfaction of seeing her fall to the last shot. Bob killed one of his, and we marked the others down a good way off.

As the sun was now sinking rapidly behind the hills, we decided not to follow them, as we might happen to lose our way by the extra turns across the fields, and had three long miles before us to reach our tent.

We soon found our birds, and struck up a rapid walk for camp. After tramping along the prairie a short distance the sun slowly disappeared, and we were left to make the remainder of our journey by the misty darkness which comes between sundown and moonlight.

After a long walk through the cool evening air our path was lighted by the moon as it stole from beneath the clouds and rode calmly across the sky.

A long walk across the fields brought us to the edge of the woods, and we started through them for the tent.

The moon's reflection spread down beneath the trees and guided us as we picked our way through the tall, thick brush.

After succeeding in getting many a hard fall over stumps and other things in our path, we reached the tent thoroughly bruised, but with eight chickens and five ducks—not a large string by any means, but enough to satisfy a sportsman's gun for an afternoon hunt.

P. C. HEARD.

TWO WEEKS AT BIG MOOSE LAKE.

AT promptly 6 A. M., Sept. 4, the train pulled out from the New York Central station with our party on board, consisting of Dr. and Mrs. W. J. Leake, Mr. and Mrs. B. V. Covert, with guns, ammunition, fishing tackle and my pointer Sank.

We had planned for weeks previous for a trip to the Adirondacks, and a look of delightful anticipation shone on each face as in fancy we seemed to see Club Camp on Big Moose Lake, our destination, welcoming us. At 4:15 we reached the station, and after loading our belongings on the buckboard that was in waiting we started on foot to the lake, a distance of about two miles. As this was the first experience any of our party had ever had in the woods everything was enjoyable. Now and then a chipmunk or a squirrel would dart across our path, and in the distance the song of some wild bird would break the stillness.

As we reached the little lake the sight that met our eyes was beyond description. There was not a ripple to disturb the surface of the water, and the huge mountains surrounding it all lighted by the sun as it was disappearing over the western hills, there came to each one a feeling of awe and admiration.

We were quickly taken to our camp by our guide, who had met us at the landing, and there settled ourselves for the two weeks of solid comfort.

The following morning at about 9 o'clock the Doctor and the guide started out for a little tramp, saying they would be back at noon, while I took the dog with me for a go at the partridges, etc., which we had been informed could be found in plenty here, but I was disappointed, and I may here add that we never saw a game bird while there except some ducks in the distance. You may imagine our surprise when at about 1 o'clock we beheld our Doctor coming into camp with a nice big deer on his back. It had been feeding about half a mile back of our camp when he shot it with his rifle. The writer then decided that if deer were so plentiful he would not go out to get his deer until a day or so before breaking camp, as we wished to take one home with us, so for the next few days we contented ourselves with sight-seeing and shooting red squirrels (the only game we could find), for even the fish refused to bite the tempting bait we offered them.

By this time we heard of many who were out jacking night after night and were not very successful, so I decided I had better take a deer any time I could get one; and nearly every night after this found us floating for deer. Although we frequently heard them, we were not destined to see one. We spent two days on Sister Lakes, a distance of seven miles from camp, hoping to find there some less wise, but were disappointed again. On Monday night previous to our departure we started for West Pond "to do or die," as the floating season only lasted another night. On a previous trip to this little lake we had heard

several feeding at the shore. The deer must have known that some one of their number must be sacrificed that night, for we had been out on the lake only about twenty minutes when by the shore we saw our game, and one shot from my gun won me my first deer. Upon investigation we found a small doe, and concluded that the smallest one of the herd had been given simply to appease my wrath. We returned to camp at once and informed the sleepy occupants that now honors were to be divided.

The remainder of our stay was spent in looking for a buck; but we as well as about fifty other sportsmen were disappointed, though one was seen near the station in daylight.

We broke camp on the 17th and reluctantly started for home, well satisfied that Big Moose Lake is an ideal place for entire rest and comfort. As for game, one could not ask for better luck at shooting deer, as there were only five deer shot by people on or near our lake, and we had the honor of capturing two of them. We all returned feeling thoroughly rested, and found our good clothes (which we had left at home) entirely too small for us.

B. V. COVERT.

LOCKPORT, N. Y.

QUAIL NETTING IN INDIAN TERRITORY.

LOCO, I. T., Oct. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have lived three years in the Indian Territory, and my chief motive for moving in here was the abundance of game. Since I have been here I have enjoyed the finest shooting I have ever had. I have never yet gone out for game and returned without, and although I might have made good wages by shooting for market, I have never yet sold a head of game of any kind. True, the price of what I might have sold at various times would have been more than acceptable had not pot-hunting always appeared to me too heinous for serious contemplation.

Now, however, there seems to be quite a different sentiment from what I have always entertained existing, not only in my mind, but also in those of most of my shooting brothers hereabouts. Market shooting and netting seems to be the order of the day—very largely the latter. I know of nets that have been running steadily for six weeks. I also know of many more who contemplate netting a little later in the season. As every one acquainted with the Indian Territory knows, quail are our chief game. The country from end to end is a veritable breeding ground for quail. They abound by millions, and always have, but they cannot endure this strain. The netter is a personage entirely void of the element of sportsmanship. He cares nothing for the devastation he is working, but day by day follows the creeks and ravines, sweeping up covey after covey, never dreaming of liberating a pair, as used to be the custom when an entire flock was captured.

On the other hand, the shooter only kills about one-half of a flock before they become so badly scattered that he begins to look for another flock. Then, too, netters tell me that when a covey is once properly "shot up" it is next to impossible to net them.

Now, while I scorn market shooting, it seems to me that what we need is more shooters, of the two evils choosing the least.

I have always understood that it was a violation of federal law to ship game, but I consulted an attorney a few days since, and his counsel was that there was no statutes existing to prevent either hunters or commission merchants from shipping game after Oct. 1.

Will you please enlighten me through your most excellent journal if this is the truly the case? L. D. W.

[The only law given in the *Game Laws in Brief* relative to Indian Territory game is this: Revised Statutes of the United States, 1878.—Sec. 2137. Every person, other than an Indian, who, within the limits of any tribe with whom the United States has existing treaties, hunts or traps, or takes and destroys any peltries or game, except for subsistence in the Indian country, shall forfeit all the traps, guns and ammunition in his possession used or procured to be used for that purpose, and all peltries so taken; and shall be liable in addition to a penalty of $500.]

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Extension of the Yellowstone Park.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 11.—Mr. John F. Cowan, a prominent sportsman and business man of Montana, long identified with the fortunes of the giant city of Butte, Mont., is a man whose words are entitled to respect. Mr. Cowan is thoroughly conversant with every detail of the environments of the Yellowstone National Park, and has for a long time been well advised in regard to the execrable destruction of the Park big game, which has been so often described in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM. It is his belief that the natural surroundings of the Park and the adjacent big game country are such that the game of that great region can best be protected by an enlargement of the boundaries of the Park, so that the lattershall include also the great hunting grounds of the Henry's Lake and Jackson's Hole country. Such a movement is not at first sight to be called impractical, and Mr. Cowan is a man of actions rather than of words himself. An act such as he advocates in his appended letter, which is given in full, would at once create a vigorous opposition upon its first promotion. It would shut out many hunting parties from a favorite ground, and excite the wrath of many local game exterminators. It would, in short, consolidate the harpy element which has always longed to break down the barriers of the Park even as they now stand. But the movement itself is not impossible of success. What its success would mean can be best understood by sportsmen whose experience, in common with that of members of the FOREST AND STREAM, has taught the wealth of the country mentioned and the reckless squandering of that wealth which has been steadily going on. It is a singular fact that Yellowstone Park has had its most earnest champions in the East. Now comes intelligent and thoughtful representation of the actual state of affairs from a man who lives almost at the gate of the Park, who is thoroughly well posted on the condition of the game supply in the Park and the adjoining sections, and who, himself a conservative and careful business man, is of the belief that the Park should not only be guarded, but enlarged. He asks the aid of FOREST AND STREAM thereto. Should it come to pass that Mr. Cowan and his friends, aided as might be by FOREST AND STREAM, should really be able to bring about this enlargement of the National Park, adding to it the great game grounds of which he makes mention, it would be an achievement so considerable as to give cause to every one concerned therewith to look back upon it with a satisfaction not to be measured with that consequent upon ordinary successes in affairs. It would seem to be something to be proud of for a decade, for a generation, and something whose benefits would accrue compoundly to coming generations perhaps more provident than this. Mr. Cowan's letter follows:

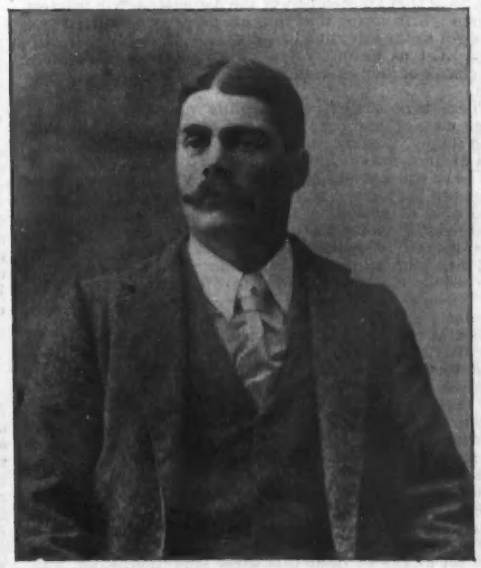
"OFFICE OF PHŒNIX ELECTRIC COMPANY, Room 1, Owsley Building, Butte, Mont., Aug. 29.—Having just returned from a tour of the Yellowstone National Park, I thought I would write you regarding a few things which suggested themselves to me while up there. You have been through the Park and are as well posted as any one as to its advantages as a game country. The sections southwest of the Park are really better game countries than the Park itself, as there is where most of the game winters. You will remember that I told you last June when I was in Chicago that I thought the herd of buffalo in the Park was practically wiped out. While up there I made inquiry of the soldiers as to the size of the herd, and they say there are only twelve of them left. This war of extermination has been waged by a band of game pirates who live along the boundary of the Park. I believe if the matter is taken hold of in earnest that Congress could be induced to take into the boundaries of the Park both the Henry's Lake and Jackson's Hole countries. This would afford the game a winter range, and would put a stop to the catching of elk in the deep snows of winter. There would be no great expense, too, in taking in both of those sections, as there are not more than five or six ranches located on Henry's Lake, and they are of no great value. The owners live off of the Park tourists and what game they can kill. Jackson's Hole, I am informed, is in about the same condition. They naturally belong to the Park, and the sooner they are put under Government control the better for our large game.

"The good which would be done toward permanently preserving our large game by such an extension of the boundaries of the Park can hardly be estimated. I have traveled through the mountains north and west of the Park, and the hunters universally through that section go near the boundaries of the Park when they want to kill game. We have all seen the game disappear so rapidly that no argument is necessary to convince any one of the necessity of game protection. By this move I think that the cause of protection would be benefited more than by anything we could do. It would add a vast area to the Park and give the game a chance to live through the hard winters. It would do away with the practice of chasing elk down in the deep snows, as all of that section where they are caught would then be under Government control.

"If FOREST AND STREAM would take this cause up and get the real sportsmen throughout the country interested in it, we could succeed in getting Congress to pass such a bill as we want. I can count on the assistance of our own representatives in Congress, and will take the matter up with those from Idaho, Utah and Wyoming, if you favor such a move. JNO. F. COWAN."

Live Western Wardens.

FOREST AND STREAM prints this week the portrait of Mr. George E. Bowers, State Game Warden of North Dakota, a man eminently qualified to be added to the list of live Western wardens who have been given mention in these



STATE GAME WARDEN GEO. E. BOWERS, NORTH DAKOTA.

columns. Mr. Bowers resides at Fargo, N. D., where he has long been known as an enthusiastic sportsman of the highest type, and devoted to the protective side of sportsmanship. He is a Western man in every sense of the word. He was born in Michigan and at an early age moved to Iowa, where he lived in the years when game was abundant. When he left Iowa, in the year of 1880, to move to his present home, the game was very scarce where once it had been so plentiful, and this decrease gave Mr. Bowers reason for thought. He writes that when he came to Fargo there was very much more game in that region than there is to-day, and he says that he can plainly see it decreasing year by year there, as it did in Iowa and Michigan. Mr. Bowers only received his appointment as warden this spring, but is already entering ardently into the duties of his office. He will not have so much to do until toward the middle of summer, when the violators of the grouse law begin their work. The writer has had the pleasure of shooting in the field with Mr. Bowers and is sure of his earnest desire and his personal ability and fitness to stop illegal and destructive shooting and fishing in his State. With proper enforcement of the game laws of Dakota, that great storehouse of game would offer sport to residents and visitors for years to come, and to this end FOREST AND STREAM will surely wish Mr. Bowers all success in his work.

Early Snow in Chicago.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 17.—Without any warning or premonitory symptoms, snow began falling in Chicago this morning and has continued to fall throughout the greater part of the day. It is clammy and moist, and where it came from no one can tell, as it was not due here for nearly thirty days. This may be taken as ending the snipe season and beginning the duck season. There should be a good flight of birds to-day and to-morrow, and one would expect to hear of good bags on those marshes which still offer occasional shooting. So far we have had no wildfowl shooting of any consequence anywhere in this vicinity this fall. Should the storm of to-day have driven the birds down from the North, and should there be a clear and warmer spell following this cold freak here, as is very likely to be the case, the result may be that the birds will hang about this latitude for a time and offer a little shooting—a state of affairs much to be wished, for times have been very dull among the duck shooters hereabouts for some time.

Confusion of Wisconsin Deer Law.

There is a kettle of fish up in Wisconsin just now over the deer shooting law, it being claimed that the recent decision of the Wisconsin Supreme Court has invalidated the game laws of 1895, and left standing only such laws as were valid before 1895. This means that the statutes of 1893 govern in Wisconsin, unless the efforts of the supporters of the Buckstaff law for a rehearing be successful, in which case the law of 1895 might possibly be again made valid. Game Warden J. F. Ellarson takes the ground that the law of 1893 is now in force, and under that law the deer hunting dates were Oct. 1 to Oct. 30, instead of Nov. 1 to Nov. 21. The decision, coming as it does this week after half the month of October has passed, has been an involuntary protective agency, for half the open season was gone before anyone knew it was so shortened. Yesterday's dispatches told of great commotion among the Wisconsin deer shooters, and it is said that over fifty deer hunters went out from the city of Ashland alone for the fall hunt. There will be a swarm in the woods this coming week, and upper Wisconsin will be a good place to stay away from till the smoke of battle clears away a bit.

The attorney-general of Wisconsin yesterday wired the representative of the Buckstaff law, Col. Harshaw, of Oshkosh, that the court had granted a rehearing. It is difficult to tell how soon this may be gotten through with, and meantime the public must be uncertain just what the limitations are on Wisconsin deer this fall. Of course it is not safe to shoot after Oct. 30, for if the old law does hold it is as valid as any. If it does not hold the public may know of it just about the time when it is too late to make any difference. There is no real cause for regret over this action of the court, for the shorter a deer season is the better it is in these days. Whichever way the law may go, it is quite sure there will be plenty of deer killed.

About Town.

Mr. C. E. Willard, of the Colts Co., of Hartford, Conn., is in the city this week on his Western trip for the firm. He says business is fair. Mr. Willard is in better health than for years.

Mr. O. von Lengerke, of this city, was out last Saturday and bagged twenty-three snipe and two woodcock at the favorite grounds at Koutts, Ind., after riding over a great deal of country.

Mr. O. H. Hampton, of Indiana, well known in the FOREST AND STREAM columns, has gone home to his old shooting grounds for a time and expects to be busy having a good time.

Mr. W. L. Wells, of Chicago, mentioned as having gone to Momence, Ill., on the Kankakee River, for a snipe hunt, reports that he himself and party bagged ninety-seven birds, of which sixty-eight were jacksnipe. Mr. Wells, who is an artist by profession, is very fond of marsh shooting, and in depicting shooting scenes among the wildfowl has no superior in the country. He paints whereof he knows.

From Dakota.

Advices just at hand from the Devil's Lake country of North Dakota state that the geese are in by thousands. The Southern migration begins early this fall. Ducks are already far to the south of here and even in Texas. The flight seems much scattered this fall. E. HOUGH.

1505 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Maryland Quail and Ducks.

STOCKTON, Worcester County, Md., Oct. 10.—We were all pleased here with our last fall's quail shooting, which was the finest in years. This year it is even better. I know already of many more coveys on the same ground in the early morning. It is almost one continuous whistle from any direction you may choose to turn. I have asked friends from all over the county how the bird supply is with you? The reply is always, "Plenty, plenty; come over and bring your friends." All the coveys I have flushed are large ones, with big strong birds that make a good flight. I had several here shooting last fall who had been to North Carolina. They pronounced our birds larger and stronger on the wing. There is no doubt we are to have a great quail season.

Last year we had very little grass on the flats, but this year it is up to the top of the water at low tide, so heavy that it keeps these big stretches of water almost as flat as mill ponds. We look for large flights of geese, brant, redheads and bluebills, and if feed is any indication of their movements, expect to have good shooting all winter. There are numbers of black ducks now in the ponds on the marshes and some few shell ducks flying out in the bay. Some few bay birds still here. My son and a friend killed over 100 on the marsh one morning last week, all yellowshanks and graybacks. O. D. FOULKS.

Game Laws in Brief.

THE *Game Laws in Brief*, current edition, sold everywhere, has new game and fish laws for more than thirty of the States. It covers the entire country, is carefully prepared, and gives all that shooters and anglers require. See advertisement.

THE LONG ISLAND DUCKING LAW.

A NOTE in these columns the other day stated that "the New York law permits duck shooting from boats propelled by hand and from sail boats in Long Island Sound, Gardiner and Peconic bays; but it does not permit shooting from naphtha nor steam launches, which is reported to be practiced extensively."

The statement of the law as to naphtha and steam launches was only partially correct; that is to say, while the text of the statute does specifically permit the use of row or sail boats, and does not by direct declaration permit naphtha and steam launches, it does in effect permit the employment of these latter by omitting any prohibition against them. We have been led to look into this law by a letter from Mr. Francis Hoag, Jr., editor of the *Suffolk County News*, who wrote:

Editor Forest and Stream: Please accept my thanks for your very valuable little book, *Game Laws in Brief*, received a day or two ago. I intend to quote from it this week the special laws relating to Long Island, but in preparing the copy I am surprised to find that, although it does not expressly say so, it implies that the shooting of wild ducks from sail boats is prohibited. I am the more surprised because this is the common way of hunting ducks down here, and I can hardly think that all our sportsmen are intentional violators of the law. Why should gunners be allowed to kill ducks from sail boats in Long Island Sound, Gardiner's and Peconic bays and not in the Great South Bay? I cannot understand. I am not at all anxious to criticise your book, nor is it my object to claim a reward for finding a possible error, but I am ANXIOUS to publish the law exactly as it is, and if it has been recently amended in this particular I think the people should know it. If you could set me right you would be conferring a great favor.

FRANCIS HOAG, JR.

As Mr. Hoag has already been advised, the *Game Laws in Brief* states the law correctly and as it appears in the original. The trouble is not with the *Brief*, but with the law itself. As to the apparent application of the law to some waters and not to others, that was probably the intention of the Legislature; the framers of the statute undoubtedly meant to forbid the use of sail boats except in Long Island Sound, and Gardiner and Peconic bays. But as a matter of fact there is no prohibition of the use of craft of any character whatever or of floating devices of any kind in Long Island waters. Here is the law, all of it that bears on this point: Sec. 71, of general application to all other parts of the State, reads, italics ours:

Web-footed wild fowl shall not be pursued, shot at, hunted, killed or caught in any way, save with gun raised at arm's length and fired from the shoulder without other rest; nor from any boat other than a boat propelled by hand or floating device; nor by the use of any boughhouse at a greater distance than 50ft. from either the shore or a natural growth of grass or flags. Such fowls caught or killed in any manner prohibited by this section shall not be brought to the shore, sold or possessed. *The provisions of this section shall not apply to Long Island and Long Island Sound.*

But this by its express statement has no application to Long Island Sound and Long Island waters. The section relating to these is Sec. 162, the text of which runs:

Floating devices may be used for the purpose of shooting web-footed wild fowl therefrom in Long Island Sound, Great South Bay, west of Smith's Point, Shinnecock and Peconic bays, and in any part of said counties said birds may be pursued and killed from boats propelled by hand, and from any sail boats in Long Island Sound, Gardiner and Peconic bays.

While this section says that floating devices and row and sail boats may be used in certain specified waters, it does not say that they shall not be used in other waters; nor does the entire game law anywhere make any such prohibition as to Long Island and Long Island Sound. The conditions are precisely what they would be if this Sec. 162 were not in existence; it is permissive only, and permissive of something which is not prohibited. Sail boats, naphtha launches, steam launches and floating devices are lawful in Long Island waters.

The Legislature undoubtedly intended to have Sec. 71 apply to Long Island "except as provided in Sec. 162," and this was formerly the wording; but the present phraseology does not carry over to Sec. 162 the prohibitions of Sec. 71.

THE OHIO SUNDAY DUCKING LAW.

From the Cleveland Leader.

ONE of the most trying subjects for the average legislator to understand seems to be the proper protection of game and fish. Other States have the same trouble in this matter that has existed in Ohio, for the incongruities of almost all of the game laws of the various States are notorious. But the experience of the Ohio Legislature in trying to prohibit the hunting of ducks and wildfowl on Mondays and Tuesdays of each week so as to strengthen the law against Sunday shooting is ridiculous in the extreme.

In March, 1887, the Legislature passed a game law which made an attempt of this kind for the first time, and it was published correctly in the book of laws for that year. For several years previous the farmers living in the neighborhood of St. Mary's Reservoir and other inland lakes had been greatly annoyed by the hunters from the cities flocking to these places to shoot ducks and other game on Sunday. When on these trips a great many depredations were committed. The Legislature was finally appealed to, and in March, 1887, passed a game law which provided for the seasons in which game should be killed, and, after prohibiting the destruction of nests and eggs of game birds and wildfowl, the following complete sentence was added:

Excepting in the waters of Lake Erie and the estuaries and bays thereof, no person shall, in any place, catch, kill or injure, or pursue with such intent, any blue-winged teal, mallard, wood duck, or any other duck, on Sunday, Monday or Tuesday of any week, between the 1st day of September and the 1st day of April of any year.

The prohibition of Sunday shooting was thus made a part of the game laws of Ohio, and in order to aid in its enforcement the hunting of ducks and wildfowl was also prohibited on Mondays and Tuesdays of each week excepting in Lake Erie and the contiguous marshes, the latter being owned largely by clubs which do not hunt on Sunday.

At the legislative session of 1888 some member of the Legislature had another amendment to make to the game law, and, as is usual in such cases, cut out the old law, and after putting in his amendment or addition had it printed and passed. The printer, however, made a mistake, and the words "excepting the waters of Lake Erie and the bays and estuaries thereof" were added to the clause prohibiting the destruction of eggs or nests of ducks and wildfowl, the law appearing as follows:

No person shall destroy or disturb the eggs or nests of any birds named in this section, excepting in the waters of Lake Erie and the estuaries and bays thereof; no person shall in any place catch or kill, or injure or pursue with such intent, any wild duck on Sunday, Monday or Tuesday of any week between the 1st day of September and the 15th day of December of any year.

In effect then it was unlawful to destroy the eggs and nests of any duck or game bird except on Lake Erie and contiguous marshes.

During the last session of the Legislature, however, some new fellow saw a point in the game law that he thought needed tinkering. After making the desired tinker he came across the peculiar combination of blunders dating back as far as 1888. He therefore rewrote a part of the section, and after the usual prohibition regarding the destruction of eggs and nests the new law says:

No person shall kill any wild duck on Sunday, Monday or Tuesday of any week on any of the reservoirs belonging to the State of Ohio or in or upon the waters of Lake Erie and the estuaries and bays thereof.

As the law reads now it is unlawful to hunt on Mondays or Tuesdays on the reservoirs of the State or upon Lake Erie and adjacent marshes if they are considered estuaries of Lake Erie, but nothing is said about other parts of the State. In reality, therefore, as great a blunder is made by this new law as was made in 1888, because the inland lakes, rivers and creeks needed this restriction. In all probability the Legislature intended to only correct the blunder in punctuation in the old law, and restore the part relating to Monday and Tuesday hunting as it was in 1887, and it is likely that residents and members of clubs along Lake Erie marshes will continue to hunt on those days as usual. It is very singular, however, that some one cannot be found in our Legislatures who can frame an intelligent and just game law.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

MR. H. M. F. WORDEN, chairman of the legislative committee of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, has issued the following circular to the members of that committee:

HARRISBURG, Pa., Oct. 16, 1896.—The following committees have been appointed by the chairman of the legislative committee of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association to draft the various acts suggested at the last annual meeting, held at Harrisburg, Pa., Sept. 3, 1896:

An act to provide for the appointment of a game and fish warden, and prescribe his powers and duties: Jas. H. Worden, Harrisburg, Pa., chairman; F. P. Abercrombie, Williamsport; I. H. Harter, Bellefonte; Hon. J. Rives Thompson, Erie; Thomas S. Dando, Philadelphia; H. W. Nair, Beaver Falls; Hon. Henry D. Green, Reading; Hon. A. F. Thompson, Lykens; C. F. Emerson, Titusville; John M. Kelley, Montrose.

An act, or acts, to make more uniform the game season: J. F. O'Neill, Wilkes-Barre, chairman; James Scarlet, Danville; Samuel M. Downs, Mauch Chunk; W. F. Dittrich, Towanda; Jesse O. Allen, Uniontown; C. F. Brownell, M.D., Stroudsburg; C. J. Jessup, Kittanning; W. H. Burnham, York; H. M. Brackenridge, Natrona; Thomas Nelson, Chambersburg.

An act to regulate the possession, use, transportation and sale of fish and game: J. F. O'Neil, Wilkes-Barre, chairman; James Wolstencroft, Frankford, Philadelphia; John A. Wilson, Franklin; R. E. Shearer, Carlisle; Norwood Johnson, Canonsburg; C. K. Sober, Lewisburg; J. F. Bell, Carmichaels; Hon. R. J. Baldwin, Chadd's Ford; A. D. Sutton, Indiana; R. Van Gorder, Dingmans; J. O. H. Denny, Ligonier.

When the committees have completed their work the bills will be printed for distribution to the various clubs and associations forming this Association and all members of the legislative committee for their indorsement. We trust that all members of the Association will interest themselves in seeing that they are properly circulated and brought to the attention of all classes of our State's citizens. Let us unite for once on an object which affords all classes of our citizens both remuneration and recreation.

There is no subject so generally misunderstood by a large class of our people as that of game and fish as a food supply, it being generally looked upon as belonging to a distinct class of lovers of the rod and gun. It should not be so considered. There are many who never stop to calculate that every acre of waste land within the State is capable of providing food in the shape of game. The hundreds of thousands of acres in this commonwealth now barren of game are the most natural breeding and hatching grounds for certain periods of the year. The results cannot but prove beneficial to all classes of our citizens, and the same is true of our inland lakes and streams.

Liberal as have been this State's appropriations to its fish interest specifically, it is not very creditable to those interested in game to be compelled to admit that it is not a matter of record where one dollar has ever been specifically appropriated for game protection; it is therefore but just and fair to assert that the information and data now in the possession of this committee warrant us in asserting that the value of our game taken annually, and that too without any protection or appropriation for the same, is far in excess of that of the valuation of the fish taken from the waters of the State; the question naturally arises: What would its value be if properly protected?

It would appear to me to be no fault of those intrusted with the affairs of State that these conditions exist, but rather with those who should be interested in preserving our game, that the rich and influential State of Pennsylvania should stand alone among its sister States failing to recognize that its people have a game interest needing protection.

This Association is not an advocate of foisting on the State a system of protection entailing unlimited expenses or leaving a loop hole that they may be created, but does claim that one combining the protection of both our fish and game interests can be inaugurated, and both effectively and successfully carried out, at no greater expense to our State than at present for fish specifically.

I would respectfully refer all doubters of the above assertion to the system now in most successful operation in the State of Michigan; under date of July 27, 1896, I quote from a letter of the State game and fish warden: "I have held the office just a year and a half. So far this year we have prosecuted about 350 cases, making the total record of the office during my administration about 850 cases prosecuted. I cannot give you the exact number, as the reports for this month are not all in."

To perform all this work the State warden is limited to a clause in the act creating his office which reads as follows: "But the number of deputy wardens shall not exceed ten, and the total amount certified by the game and fish warden, and approved by the auditor-general, for compensation and expenses of deputy wardens in any one year shall not exceed the sum of $2 000."

Having every confidence in the good judgment, sagacity, as well as knowledge of the situation by the gentlemen composing these various committees, I shall deem it the part of wisdom not to commit them further or to anticipate their deliberations.

H. M. F. WORDEN,
Chairman Legislative Committee.

RHODE ISLAND SPORTSMEN.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Oct. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Allen Stone, of Foster, who has created quite a stir in Olneyville, and in fact throughout the State, by his alleged violations of the game laws in the town where he resides, was in the Eighth District Court a few days ago adjudged probably guilty and bound over to the December term of the Court of Common Pleas, bail being fixed at $500. Franklin P. Owen appeared as his counsel, lawyer H. F. Thompson having acted in that capacity heretofore. The reason of this change was, it is said, a matter of fees. The case was beyond the jurisdiction of this lower court in consequence of the combining of the nineteen cases first put against Stone for having that number of partridges in his possession.

Had the question of W. L. Plaisted's eligibility to serve the warrants upon Stone been argued before lawyer Tillinghast's recommendation that the entire number of case warrants be discontinued, Judge Phillips would have rendered a decision declaring that all elections of game officers by the town councils of Johnston had been illegal, owing to the non-conformance with statutory law, which provides for election in the month of April of four such officers. Mr. Plaisted, by virtue of his legal election in 1892, would have held over, his successor having never been appointed. Plaisted was elected at that time, and having duly qualified, he, under the statute, was still a constable, because it provides that such officer shall hold office until his successor is duly elected and qualified.

The farmers in various parts of the State say that rabbits have not been so plentiful in the woods on their farms for years as they are this fall, and they are now in considerable numbers within a short distance of houses and much-traveled highways. They have become so bold as to visit fields of cabbage, and in some cases have done considerable damage.

Officer Hart B. Pierce, of the Fourth Police Station, one of the best-known coon hunters in this vicinity, returned last week from a ten days' furlough, which he spent in the Green Mountains, Vermont. In company with his brother, George W. Pierce, of Brattleboro, Vt., and another sportsman, they spent a little more than a week in the mountains, with five nights that were suitable for hunting. They were successful in capturing just twelve coons, the largest weighing 34½lbs.

Numerous hunting parties from different parts of this State have been enjoying shooting down in Maine. J. R. Caswell and Messrs. Hay and Wallington, of Warren, shot five deer; John Booth, of Central Falls, got a moose; James Andrews and Charles D. Wood, of the same place, also secured a moose.

Councilman Frank L. Budlong, of Auburn, with his party, consisting of Councilman W. Dean and R. M. Dean, returned last week from a most successful hunting trip in the wilds of Maine. They were gone about a month, and their party is said to have been one of the most successful of the season. Among the trophies of the chase Mr. Budlong has a moose and a caribou, Councilman Dean a caribou, and R. M. Dean a moose, a caribou and a deer. Each man shot two deer, but the one brought home was the only one having a good set of antlers. Mr. Budlong has many souvenirs of the chase about his home and office. He has hunted in many parts of the United States, and is considered one of the best shots in Cranston.

Charles H. Sparks, H. W. Eddy and Irving W. Bliss, of the Maine hunting party from Warren, returned Tuesday. The only deer secured was shot by C. H Sparks and was brought home. One of the members of the party was hunted by a ferocious moose while experimenting with a new bark moose horn, which proved more successful than desired. The huge animal dashed out of the brush toward the hunter, who fled for the cabin and security. Both the animal and hunter escaped. Dr. Nelson R. Hall, who returned Saturday, shows as one of his trophies a very handsome red fox skin.

W. H. M.

THE RUSH TO MAINE.

BOSTON, Oct. 17.—Never has the big game season in Maine started with such force as this year. Before the opening the reports of game seen were wonderful, but since the opening the number of deer taken has been perfectly marvelous. The season is not of the best for hunting deer, and yet a great many have fallen to the hunters' rifles. Every train from Maine brings deer. The American Express Co. is reaping a harvest in forwarding them. The express train that reaches Boston at 9:30 P. M. is a popular train for sportsmen to return on. That train Wednesday evening had on board twelve deer and a fine caribou head. The same train a day or two before had sixteen deer, and it is very seldom that it does not have two or three. One evening a few days ago there were landed at the Union Station a number of deer, a moose and a bear. The moose is reported to have been killed at the Megantic Preserve by a lady. The bear is claimed to have been fairly shot in the woods and not from a trap, as is too often the case. A number of sportsmen are in the woods after moose, but the number reaching Boston is small thus far. One has been purchased by a well-known market house and cut up for the trade.

The Bangor & Aroostook Railroad is, of course, the great thoroughfare taken by sportsmen, but other roads are getting their share of the sporting travel and big game transportation. The Portland & Rumford Falls and the Rumford Falls & Rangeley Lakes roads have opened a comparatively new route to the Rangeleys, and sportsmen are going in by that route. The other day there were three deer on the down train, with even more on other days. These came from Billy Soule's and the vicinity of the Upper Dam. The blacksmith at the Upper Dam is a good deal of a hunter. He has killed his deer, and John Chadwick's boy has brought down his deer with a .22cal. rifle. The blacksmith went out the other day to get his second deer. Working very carefully, he suddenly came

upon not a big buck, but a big black bear. The beast reared on his hind feet and showed fight. The hunter took good aim and fired. The bear fell and rolled over, but was up and off again in a few minutes. He was followed by the blood 'way up the Cupsuptic Stream, but finally given up. Mr. Swett, the owner of Swett's camps at the Big Richardson Pond, has killed his deer. His son, hunting with him, has also killed his deer.

Over the Sandy River and the Phillips & Rangeley railways the deer are being brought in good numbers. The Franklin & Megantic also opens up one of the best big game sections in the State. When it is considered that all the big game mentioned above has been taken without a particle of snow and at a season when the forests are carpeted with leaves that rustle as only dried forest leaves can rustle, the killing is all the more remarkable, and speaks a good deal for what will be done on the first tracking snows. A deer is a remarkably wary animal, and hard to approach within either sight or gunshot, and for so many to be taken it only shows how abundant they are. It is true that not every hunter who goes into the Maine woods shoots a deer. On the contrary, not more than one hunter in ten succeeds in shooting big game himself. The hunters are numerous as well as the game being transported to Boston and beyond. On the Boston & Maine train, with twelve deer, mentioned above, it occurred to me to count the number of guns and rifles in sight. A friend, to whom I made the suggestion, counted thirty-six. Not satisfied with this count, we numbered again, and the result was over fifty gun cases being transported. There is one feature peculiar to the present hunting season: the guides and Maine hunters are all spending a great deal of time after deer and other big game. At almost every noted camp there is a large deer or two hung up, possibly a moose or a caribou. No sooner does the hunter get into camp than he is offered a deer to take home for a rather moderate price. If the weather is bad and he does not care to hunt, the game is to be had for a little money, and all the honors of shooting big game can be carried home. The unsuccessful hunter has his remedy offered to him at every hand.

Speaking of Maine guides and hunters, their name is legion. Every man and boy is a hunter now. The sale of rifles in Maine is something remarkable. The agents of manufacturers are traveling through the State with rifles for sale. These they offer on the installment plan, selling the rifle for an exhorbitant price, of course. By this means the farmers and farmers' boys get hold of the guns and rifles and the big game must suffer. It scarcely seems possible that the game can stand up under such exaggerated hunting, not only from the citizens of Maine, but from the practiced and amateur sportsmen of almost every other State in the Union. The railroads—the Boston & Maine, the Maine Central, chiefly—are pushing the fish and game interest of Maine to its utmost and the increase in passenger traffic on these roads is remarkable. Even after the summer vacation season is over there is a big sporting traffic going on, and it promises to last this season till the close time on big game. SPECIAL.

A party of Boston sportsmen left Oct. 17 for the Maine woods to spend two weeks in camp at Chase Pond, near Eustis. The following gentlemen were in the party: Hon. H. S. Milton, Col. William Roberts and O. H. Hallett, of Waltham; Chas. Riekenberg and Chas. B. Locke, of Boston; Harry E. Haynes, Wm. H. Butler and Dr. A. Kettembeil, of Brookline.

Ducks at Havre de Grace.

HAVRE DE GRACE, Md., Oct. 5.—The ducks have commenced to visit us. There is quite a number on the Susquehanna Flats, and the prospects for sport look better than they have for many years. If any of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM would like to come the 1st of November to have a few days' sport shooting out of a box or sneakboat on the Susquehanna Flats, and if they will drop me a letter to that effect, I will kindly hire them an outfit for one, two or three days' sport, as we have nearly all sizes of gunning yachts that will accommodate from two to six, with double and single boxes. The box-shooters generally bag from eighty to 150 ducks the first gunning day, and I have known as many as 500 ducks to be killed by one man in one day; but that was many years ago, when ducks were plenty. If any of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM would like to have a few days' sport shooting on the Susquehanna Flats I will use every effort to make them as comfortable as possible in our yachts; and if they will write to me I will charter them an outfit very reasonably, as I know all the owners of the gunning outfits in and around Havre de Grace.

CAPT. E. B. GALLUP.

Stirs to Memories of the Old Days.

A CHANCE issue of the FOREST AND STREAM has fallen into my hands; and reading the relations of the sports of different hunters fires me with the enthusiasms of years gone by. Forty years ago, when I lived in the State of Illinois, the country was a wilderness of prairie; and wild ducks, geese, sandhill cranes, swans, prairie chickens, quail, rabbits, deer and wolves were numerous. Then I was young and full of life, and had glorious sport with the gun.

In 1865, when I came to Iron county, Missouri, game was still plenty—deer, wild turkeys, pheasants, squirrels, and quail by the ten thousand.

But alas! this is 1896. There is no game any more in the former supply. The old-time associates have gone. Old friends are dead or have moved away, and nothing now is left but an old man with a heavy heart.

And yet I thank the FOREST AND STREAM for the pleasant reverie of this hour which its pages have prompted, as they have carried me back to the old, old days.

C. T.

MISSOURI.

Snaring in Massachusetts.

MR. HENRY J. THAYER, secretary of the Massachusetts Rod and Gun Club, writes: "May I, with your permission, take exception to that portion of an article in your last issue referring to a prosecution by the new rod and gun club as for a violation of the Sunday law? The case was for snaring ruffed grouse, and is, I believe, the first successful prosecution in this State; and it was accomplished only after about three weeks' persistent work."

We trust that this may be only the first entry in a long list of successful prosecutions by the club for snaring.

Call Ducks.

MURPHYSBORO, Ill.—I live where for thirty years we have enjoyed the best duck shooting in the world, until the drainage district was organized three years ago. I have hunted Big Swan Lake and Little Lake and the glade land below them, commencing with the old muzzle-loader soon after the war and now with the best improved guns and methods of wildfowl shooting, and I believe I can give some information about call ducks.

Don't you ever think that you have to import ducks to make callers? On the contrary, put $3 in your pocket, stroll down through the market and look at the coops of ducks exposed for sale, and if you know a mallard duck when you see it you will have no difficulty in picking out eight good representitive drakes. Then look out for four hens, getting those as near the color of the wild duck as possible, and if you can find any small rather light brown hens, with a white stripe on the cheek, don't fail to secure them. Here in Illinois we have plenty of them, and I suppose you will find them in almost any market. They have proved to my knowledge the best and most incessant callers that I ever handled. But no great matter if you don't get them; it is all in handling decoys.

After you get on the shooting grounds it will be necessary at first to confine your ducks for a few trips; that is done in various ways, some by anchoring by the leg, others by a collar around the neck, depending upon the nature of the ground. After you have all your drakes and two of your hen ducks placed in a conspicuous and at the same time natural position, take your two hens that you have left and anchor them behind a log, or tuft of grass, or brush blind where they cannot see the drakes, and they will call whenever they hear the drakes or see wildfowl or even a woodpecker fly over. After a few times out you can turn loose all the drakes and only confine the hens.

Mr. Mather asks who ever heard a pin-tail or sprig-tail call. Well, if he will come to southern Illinois in March or February I will convince him that they not only call, but are fully capable of making themselves heard.

BUCKSHOT.

Game in Western Pennsylvania.

BURGETTSTOWN, Pa., Oct. 10.—Squirrels are the only game in season at the present time, and they are very plentiful; bags are made from five to twenty-five to one gun in a day. Signs for rabbits and quail are very bright. The ruffed grouse is nearly a thing of the past in western Pennsylvania, one or two in a day's travel being all a man can start in the same country where ten years ago one could start them up with from ten to twenty in a bunch. The fishing in the vicinity of Burgettstown this fall has been exceedingly good. Two men caught 25lbs. of bass in four hours, ranging from 1 to 3lbs.; this is good for this stream.

Why cannot the sportsmen of Pennsylvania have as good game laws as they have in Maine? We could have just as many deer if we had the laws. Deer preservation has been argued pro and con in the FOREST AND STREAM, and the only solution is to quit killing and marketing of does. Over 100 deer were brought to the markets of Pittsburg last season, and 90 per cent. of them were does. There are plenty of deer in the mountains of Pennsylvania for stocking purposes if given any opportunity, and they would soon become very plentiful. If there were a law to prohibit the killing of does for five years we could get deer within three hours' ride from Pittsburg.

If anything is to be done for the ruffed grouse in this part of the State it must be done soon, for there are not enough left to stock the covers. We hope that this will be the means of having some one with more ability than we have take it up where we leave off. We would like to hear from some old hunters of their experience in Pennsylvania in late years. Let us see what we can do toward getting better game laws before it is too late.

Ruffed grouse and quail have already made their appearance in Pittsburg market. The law is supposed to protect them until Nov. 1. J. K.

Minnesota Game and Fish Protective Association.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Sept. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Under the revised constitution of this Association, Section 8 of Article 3 has been inserted in order to secure the support of all local rod, gun and protective clubs for the Minnesota Game and Fish Protective Association, in order to further protect the game and fish of this State.

As a sportsman you will recognize the value of concentrated effort. There is more to be gained by educating our citizens as to the real value of our game and fish products as a food supply, and in having local protective clubs to deter persons from violating our game and fish laws, than attempted prosecutions in some districts where it is hard to get a conviction because of present public sentiment.

The secretary of every local club allied with this Association is made a corresponding secretary and may be called upon to act at any meeting of the State Association.

We ask you to bring this matter of co-operation before your club at an early date. WM. L. TUCKER, Sec'y.

Newfoundland Deer Seasons.

THE Newfoundland open season for deer (caribou) as given in the current edition of the *Brief* is divided into two parts, the first extending from July 15 to Oct. 7. and the second from Nov. 10 to Feb. 1. This, Secretary Emerson, of the Game Society, writes us, "is looked upon at present as merely experimental, as a wide difference of opinion existed among experts and others who gave their testimony before a select committee of the House of Assembly as to the time when the rutting season really commenced. After this year we shall probably be in a better position to know whether the present law on the statute book is the best we can get for the preservation of the caribou."

The season before had been from Sept. 15 to Feb. 15. The new schedule will of course be more inconvenient for foreign sportsmen.

An Adirondack Guide in Canada.

ELIZABETHTOWN, N. Y., Oct. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Horace Braman, well known as a Keene Valley, N. Y., guide and a successful deer hunter, has gone to Upper Canada to spend a month hunting moose.

G. L. B

Vermont Game Birds.

SHELDON, Vt., Oct. 10.—A few fall ducks have arrived, but no wild geese. The flight of woodcock has been a light one. Our native-bred birds migrated before the season had fairly opened, so our woodcock shooting has been so far nearly nothing. There are plenty of ruffed grouse. They stick during the middle of the day to the swamps and dense thickets, so while we have had plenty of shooting, no heavy bags have been made.

STANSTEAD.

Sea and River Fishing.

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

XVII.—Antoine Gardapee.

IT is possible that there may be another way to spell this name. Antoine never spelled it, but then he couldn't spell any other word; so we just take it as it sounded. After the time when he killed the doe that was with my buck we often met. Early in October I dropped into his cabin and found him overhauling a lot of steel traps, putting in a rivet here and there, filing the catch to hold the pan stiffer or to make it go off easier, as seemed best. His back was to the open door, and I watched him a few minutes before announcing my presence by knocking on the door frame of his little log shanty. He whirled around on the box which served as a bench and said: "Come in! You jess a man I want for see. Whar you be'n so long tam? I was go for look you up."

"I've been working hard for the past week and have not been up the river until to-day, when my partner, Guyon, wanted a day off; so I thought I'd drift over your way and see if I couldn't get a deer, but haven't seen any fresh sign this morning. About a mile down the river a big flock of geese got up and came over my head very low, and if I had had a shotgun I might have got three or four, they were so thick; but here's one that dropped."

"You don' eat heem, he's a t'ousan' year ol'; look a here." and he tried to tear the skin under its wing with no effect. "I'll tole you, give a-heem to ol' Miss'r Knight; he's tough too. How much a-mineral Charley an' you clean up dis a-week?"

"Oh, we had a big week and cleaned up about fifteen hundred. Why?"

"Yas, all drif'; nex' week you don' get noding, hey?"

"Perhaps so, but that's miner's luck; we can't expect to get as much every time. It's the biggest week we've had, and only five days at that."

"You like-a dat work—no?"

"No, I don't like it; but it helps a fellow to live."

"I tole you. You go 'long o' me dis winta an' trap. You haf good time an' make more dan dig fur de lead. I no dig fur lead."

And so it happened. He was getting ready to spend the winter in the wilds of the Bad Ax county to trap. After hearing his scheme I agreed to go with him and we started in to get ready. He had all the steel traps necessary for small animals and was an expert at making dead-falls for the larger ones. We drifted down to Dubuque, where we put our boat and other things on a steamer for Prairie du Chien. From that place we took a supply of provisions, mainly of flour, coffee and sugar, for Antoine said we would not need pork nor lard because we could get fat from coons, ducks and perhaps other animals. Our outfit was simple, but it loaded our boat and two heavy tarpaulins protected the provisions. It was a hard pull up the Wisconsin River some twenty miles to the mouth of the Bad Ax River, but we took it easy and the second night we camped a mile or so up the Bad Ax. This camp is memorable because of a storm which wet us to the skin, but the provisions and the ammunition were kept dry.

We went on up the little river some fifty miles, more or less, hauling over or around falls, when we hid our boat and a portion of the provisions and started on foot to some spot which Antoine seemed familiar with, for he said he had been over the ground before. The way he stored the provisions was curious. After dragging the boat back from the river we hung it bottom side up between two trees and then put out lines from each side to prevent it turning over. Then we cut poles and made a shelf on the seats, covered these with a tarpaulin and stored our provisions in the boat.

"Now," said Antoine, "Miss'r Bear, Miss'r Coon and Miss'r Mouse, you doan git no flour and you doan git no sugar, an', Miss'r Rain, you doan spile noding."

We took our rifles, a frying pan, axe and some flour, coffee and salt, and started up the river into the Bad Ax country, which some man with no regard for historic names has had re-christened "Vernon county," a change that destroys the individuality of the county, for there might be forty Vernon counties in the United States, but there would be only one having the old name which savors of the settlement of the region by the whites and had the merit of being unique. I have no idea how the old name came to the river and afterward to the county, but will predict that some man with a little poetry in his soul and a love for originality will arise and have the historic and beautiful—I say beautiful advisedly—name of "Bad Ax" restored to the county. I really don't know if the river has been renamed, but hope not.

We selected our camping spot some few miles above the fork of the river, on the east branch, where several small streams came in. There are, no doubt, names for all these now; we had no map and no name for anything but the main river, yet we named them for our own purposes, that was necessary in order to be understood, and I elaborated a map on my powder horn which showed all the streams, swamps and hills to the best of my ability. This horn was left in Potosi, as of no further use. Just what I would give to see it hanging on a wall of my den to-day I cannot say. We measure the things of the moment by their utility or their cash value, but those of the past which formed a part of our lives become treasures beyond price when they serve as links to connect us with a time far removed. A sword that was "held by the enemy" for over a quarter of a century is on my wall. It may be sold for old junk, but not before I am put to bed with a spade and sodded over.

Let's see; we were talking about an old powder horn. It cost only the time to bore out the tip, fit the bottom and to polish the thing—a mere nothing—but it's so easy to get off the track. I was only going to say to the boys to-day Never throw away anything that you can keep.

A trifling thing becomes priceless after forty years have passed. That's all!

When the old trapper threw down his load and said, "We make here our house," his partner, who had begun to think that there was no end to the journey, rejoiced. On a little knoll we laid the foundation for the cabin. Antoine was one of those men who are so handy with an axe that you wouldn't be surprised to see a clock made by him with that tool alone, and he measured and notched the logs and showed me how to put the small ends, that made the sides, to the rear and so help the slant of the roof. He split the long 3ft. shingles, a few "puncheons" for part of a floor, on which we slept, and also for the door frames and the door. We chinked the logs and plastered them with clay mixed with coarse grass, made a fireplace and stone chimney, and then we were in a 10×12 cabin with a shed roof on which was piled a lot of grass kept in place by weight poles. A stone oven was made in the fireplace where we could not only bake bread, raised with cream o' tartar and soda, but could also roast a goose or a venison ham.

Not until we began to build our camp would the old man let me kill a deer, although we saw plenty of them, because he said that we could not carry any part of it; so we had lived on partridges, rabbits and a coon on the journey, and a change to venison was good. The bed was made with hemlock boughs on the puncheons, and covered with a tarpaulin and blankets. A swinging shelf was made to hold the remaining provisions secure from rats or other intruders, and we started down stream for supplies, taking only one rifle, an axe and enough salt, matches, etc., to last a week, for we had been three days going up from the place where the boat was left. After a two days' tramp we found our provisions as we had left them, and loaded up again and started for camp. Just how it happened, no one knows; my rifle had only one trigger, and that could be "set" by pushing it forward, and the "set" was so light that a breath would almost let it off. Of course it could be used without the "set," and then it took about a 2lb. pull to let it go. I had started ahead, and in my pack was the frying-pan, which projected over my shoulder alongside my head. Suddenly a shot startled me close to my ear, and on looking around at Antoine he said: "What for he go so easy? I t'ought I kill one pa'tridge on de tree yonder, an' I on'y make a hole in dat fry-pan; de t'ing go off too quick, an' I mos' kill you, hey?"

The grouse had not stirred, and I loaded the rifle, showed Antoine how a single trigger could be set to a "hair," and he picked the head off the partridge, saying: "Ba gosh! he go so easy as a gun wit' two trigger; I doan on'stan' dat." He learned the trick, and after beating down the edges of the hole in the frying-pan and putting in one of the trap rivets and battering it down with the poll of the axe we went on. It took four trips to get all our plunder from the boat to the camp, and the snows had fallen before the last one was made, and our snowshoes were worn instead of being carried, for without them we would have been there until spring, for the snow was 2ft. deep and still falling when we reached our cabin. To our surprise there was smoke coming from the chimney, and when we opened the door there was an Indian cooking a rabbit by the fire.

He arose, shook hands with Antoine and then with me, and the Frenchman and he sat down and talked in the Ojibwa tongue for a while, and then my friend explained the matter in this way: The red man was an old acquaintance who had found our camp and entered, as was their custom; he knew Antoine's rifle, saw that the camp was new, and waited for our return. He tapped his breast and said to me, "Nidgee," which I understood to be his name and so called him, although I afterward learned that the word meant simply "friend."

It is difficult to get at the way these Indian words should be spelt; for instance: They call themselves O-*jib*-wah and the white man first twists it into Ojibway and then into "Chippeway." The word which I spell "Nidgee" is sometimes given as "Nitchee," and so it goes; it's a question of how it sounds and how it may be twisted at second hand. When I was among them they pronounced the tribal name with an almost imperceptible "O" and the accent on the second syllable, as given above. Our red friend came and went at intervals all winter, never saying a word at leaving and only giving a salutary grunt on arriving. Antoine explained that his friend's name was Ah-se-bun, or Raccoon, and that he was a good man to know; I gave him a big plug of tobacco and we were friends.

After getting settled in good shape and the cabin well fixed for the winter we started to put out a line of traps up a branch of the little stream, which was to be my line. We were gone three days, and had good dry weather, and only covered about thirty miles in all—fifteen up one stream, then over a divide and down another, which came into the first one near our shanty—but we set about forty steel traps of different sizes for otter near falls and rapids, for mink under tree roots and other covered places, and for "black cat," pine marten and ermine in their haunts. We made many dead-falls for some of these animals where it was possible to drive stakes or arrange them on stumps, and for these we carried bait of venison and fish. This was my first three days on snowshoes, and the weight of them, added to the unusual gait which they require, made some muscles that had not been used to a loping gait very sore. But the truth came out when we reached the cabin and hung the snowshoes up, for Antoine asked: "You tired, hey? I t'ink t'ree day' on snowshoe' pooty good fur fust time; he make me sore fust, but, like de skate, you git used to dat kine, an' bime-by you t'ink de snowshoe de best fur de walk. Jess so me w'en I be in de wood all winter. W'at you say, hey? S'pose we res' two, t'ree day' an' fish, den I go put my line o' trap an' you run yours; what you say, hey?"

"Well, Antoine, I do feel tired in my legs, and if you are tired too I'll do just as you say. We'll fish a day or two and get a change of feed and then you go and lay out your line and I'll run over mine."

This put it in such shape that the tired feeling was mutual, as indeed it was, for the first skating or snowshoeing of the season strains muscles in an unusual way. And we rested and fished. We used bits of venison for bait, and laid in a stock of trout and some other small fish, which we stored in the snow when frozen.

A portion of a deer had been hung on the north side of the cabin, and it had been torn and picked in a way that neither dogs, wolves nor bears could nor would have mutilated it, because the tearing had been done from the upper side. I called my partner's attention to it and suggested that ravens had found us out.

He looked at the meat and said: "Miss'r Raven he doan lak come near shanty, but dem mis'able meat hawk he come an' take de meat out yo' mouf. I hate dat cuss, de meanes' bird in de wood 'cause he no 'fraid. You keep a' eye out an' see how I fix him wid a flip."

I saw the bird the same day. It was the "Canada jay," "meat hawk," "whisky jack," etc., a relative of our blue-jay, but not so noisy. As I have since known this Northern bird on its extreme Southern limit in winter, in Michigan and Minnesota, it is of an ashy gray color with black and white markings, and so unfamiliar with man as to be impudent, and therefore very interesting. This is all very well when a bird visits you in a winter camp where birds are scarce, and one drops down by your feet, hops around and swipes a venison chop or a fish which has been laid out ready for the pan; but when it invites all its sisters, its cousins and its aunts to a feast on a saddle of venison which you have left out for safe-keeping entirely for your own purposes, the familiarity of the bird breeds a feeling which differs from contempt. Somewhere back in memory the word "flip" seemed connected with some sort of a beverage, and I imagined that Antoine intended to give "whisky jack" a drink that would paralyze him; that was a natural conclusion, although we had no whisky.

"I tell you; come see me fix de flip; he come here for heat my meat an' he'll get de flip; I fix him." He removed the chinking from between the logs for a foot and ran out a long shingle and put a piece of meat on the outer end. Soon the enemy alighted on the shingle, when down came the ax on its inside end, and a dead "meat hawk" was tossed in the air. "I tole you he got de flip—he want no more, an' now all hees brudder got to get de flip an' den we got no trouble no mo'." During our three days' rest we killed about twenty with the "flip," and went our rounds of traps knowing that there were a few less meat hawks to prey upon our stores.

I stayed in camp alone for three days after our rest, while Antoine went over his line and set his traps. The first trip was the greatest labor of all, for it involved selecting places and building dead-falls, but I was getting my tired muscles into condition by a rest which was merely a change of occupation. The rifle was to be cleaned and oiled, knives were to be sharpened, wood to be cut, bullets to be moulded from bar lead, and other things to be done, besides cooking and washing underclothing.

While fishing in the stream on the third day after Antoine left, there suddenly appeared seven Indians in company with my friend Ah-se-bun. None of them could or would speak English, and after a repetition of the word "Tah-so-je-ge" and some gesticulation I began to understand that they were asking for Antoine. Later I learned that "je-ge" meant "he who does," and that "tah-so" referred to traps. As I gradually picked up some of their words and tried to use them, I often began a sentence to Antoine with "Nidgee Tah-so-je-ge, would you like fish or venison?" etc. That day when I was found fishing my red friend had named me "Kego-e-kay," or he who fishes, and I arranged with Antoine to always use the native tongue when possible; and before spring it was our common camp talk, he helping me over the hummocks. I entertained our red friends as well as possible, and their appetites were enormous. Antoine had fully informed me on all the points of Ojibway etiquette, and when I offered tobacco the exact amount was cut off and handed to each individual, or he would have considered that the whole plug was given him; and the same circumspection was necessary when a loaf of bread was cut.

I tried to get our visitors to follow Antoine's trail and meet him, as the prospect of feeding eight hungry Indians was not pleasant, but they waited. I had two loaves of bread: one for me to take next morning when I ran my line, and one for supper when Antoine came. A venison ham was boiling in the fireplace to have for supper and breakfast, and to keep me three days if necessary; but when I got ready to set it out to our guests Antoine came in. There was a grunting salutation, and then Antoine said: "I don't bin hungry, but ba gosh if I'll bin starve; it was good I come now 'fore dey heat all dat grub we got. You don't know w'at happetite dey got, I'll tole you." And I certainly didn't know. Antoine first cut bread and meat for himself and me, and then divided the rest into eight portions, which were hardly chewed, and had disappeared before we had fairly begun.

Antoine then told me: "Dey ha'n't had half plenty, but dey all say 'nish-ish-shin,' dat means 'good.' We doan got much meat, on'y for you t'ree day, an' I doan cook no more."

A smoke followed, and then it transpired, as Antoine translated it, that one of their friends had somehow broken his leg and they wanted him to go and set it. The distance to their camp was only five miles, and if I didn't mind he would go at once. It seems that he had a reputation for surgery among these people, and I had three good reasons for wishing him to start immediately. Of course the humanity of fixing the man's leg was one reason, keeping on good terms with men who could rob and destroy our traps and drive us out of the country was another, and I fear that the third was to get rid of guests who would devour our small stores and breed a famine was as strong a reason as the other two.

After the exodus I cooked a partridge and some venison chops to take on the line, baked two more loaves of bread, and had the kettle boiling to make coffee when Antoine should return. A light rain the night before had made a crust upon the snow and snowshoes were not needed. It was long after dark when his step was heard crunching in the crust, and in he walked with his rifle and a coon. I told him that it was well that he had the coon, for I had cooked all the meat in sight, and there was only enough for our supper and for me to take on my trip. There were fish enough for breakfast and now there was coon fat enough to fry them in. In the words of that old hunting song of Mr. Raynor's: "Why should the hunter lack?"

Antoine said: "Dat make no diff'. W'en I'll got hunger I'll catch de feesh or I'll kill a deer or pa'tridge, or I'll go hunger. It makes no diff', I'll come along, you doan min' me, no."

After supper we smoked in silence. I had said all that could be said about the camp larder in order that he might not put off replenishing it before he got hungry, and was anxious to know all about the broken leg and why so many Indians were so close to us. Not a question would I ask of the old man. He would tell it all in his own way if left alone, and would be better satisfied to do it in that way. We sat in front of the log fire on three-legged stools which his axe had fashioned, and smoked in silence until he said: "Han' me that plug tobac." I passed him the tobacco, and he slowly sliced a pipeful, ground it in his palms, filled his pipe and lighted it with a sliver from a dry pine stick. I emptied my pipe and followed suit. As he contemplated the smoke curl up and mingle with that of the fire, he removed his pipe and said: "Dese Injun jess lak w'ite man, some smart an' some tam fool." He was thawing out, and to assist the process I kept silent and let him go on thinking until he got ready to tell as much as he wished.

After a few more puffs he said: "De big fella dat was here hees name was 'She-kog,' an' dat mean de skunk, but he ain' got no sense like a skunk. All dese men dey go on up on a Flambeau riv', dey no stay on a Bad Ax riv', an' She-kog he go fur to break a stick an' hit O-ge-ma, the head man, an' broke his bone in his O-bwam, w'at you call dat bone here?" indicating his thigh. "Well, when I foun' ole O-ge-ma he say 'ugh'* an' I feel hees laig. Sho 'nuff she was broke. I get some wood f'um dry pine an' make splits an' tear up blanket, an' den I take hees foot in bote han's an' put ma foot in hees crotch an' I pull lak de dev' till bones slip togedder an' I feel 'em all rite. Den de woman win' hees laig in blanket an' I put on some split wood an' more blanket an' hees laig it get all rite. Dey go 'way in mornin' an' carry O-ge-ma 'longside. Gimme dat tobac."

In the morning I started to run my line. Two days would do it easily if the weather was good, but rations for three was a wise provision. A rifle and ammunition for a dozen shots was also needed. Matches in a vial, blankets, some strong twine and a belt axe completed the outfit, except the snowshoes, which were slung on the back in case of need, for the crust might soften or fresh snow might fall, and snowshoes were now in the same category as the traditional pistol in Texas. This made a fairly good load for a novice and it was increased by several skins before noon.

Night came; and as I ate supper by a little fire and crawled under my blankets with my feet to the fire and the upper half of my body in the hollow of a big tree there came a sense of loneliness that is indescribable. Perhaps there was some fear, but as near as I can recall it the main feeling was one of helplessness. The night was still, cold and clear. The stars shone through the top of the leafless, hardwood trees. I looked over the rifle. It was a big and tolerably accurate one; the cap was sound and—"Pshaw!" I thought, "a man armed as I am is the most dangerous animal in these woods, now go to sleep." That was truly philosophical but—philosophy and sleep are not identical. Not a twig or an acorn dropped within hearing that escaped my over-sensitive ear. The fire was replenished several times and it seemed as if day would never come.

If I lost consciousness for a moment that night it must have been the briefest of moments. Camping out with Port Tyler and the boys on that creek—whose name I dare not spell since the dispute—was one thing, but this was different. Every owl that ventured a remark seemed to be making reference to me. If a rabbit ran on the hard snow and cracked his joints as a call or challenge I heard it—but then the fact is I was not sleepy. No man can sleep when he isn't sleepy, there's nothing queer in that.

Near daylight I was startled by the tramp of some animal and I sat up and listened. The sound came from the stream below, which glinted in the starlight, and I made out a moving form going down stream. I thought it must be a bear and if I could kill it then life would be worth living, if only to tell of it. I stood up in the hollow of the great tree and tried to get the rifle sights in line with the animal's forequarters, but the diffused light from snow and stars made it seem impossible to tell where the gun was sighted. The thing stopped; it had probably scented my camp, and partly at random I fired. A mingled cry and growl, a floundering in the snow and a hasty reloading of the rifle followed. On reaching the spot, not more than 50yds. distant, blood could be seen on the snow and I followed. Morning was visible in the east and by the time the sun was up I had run down my game, which was weak from copious bleeding. It turned at bay. It was not a bear, but what could it be? It made a feeble charge on me, which I dodged, and then dropped it with a bullet in the head. Now that it was dead I had no idea what it could be. With lions, tigers, elephants and other animals of Asia and Africa I had knowledge, but here was a beast in an American forest of which I had never heard nor read of in my school books. It was bear-like, but not a bear. Its body was heavy, its legs thick and clumsy, its tail bushy and it had a round head with eyes wide apart. The hair was shaggy and thick, the color being almost black, with a light stripe along the sides which met at the insertion of the tail. It was about 3ft. long and might have weighed 150lbs. This is how I remember it, and under such circumstances a young fellow with tastes of the naturalist notes such things. I skinned the beast, and the smell of the meat said plainly that whatever this thing may be there is a flavor to it that you would rather starve than eat. It was an odor like that of mink, weasels and other beasts of prey, or rather those which live on flesh exclusively—for the flesh of the bear, coon, hog and other *omnivora* have no such smell. One hindleg had been broken and the other injured, a most fortunate shot in the uncertain light and one of pure and unadulterated luck.

After a toilet in the brook and a good breakfast—such a breakfast as only one with an appetite such as I had, after the morning's work, can appreciate—I crossed the divide and struck the other stream, which led homeward; yes, that's the word; it was home now. Soon I came to a dead-fall which had been wrecked; the back of it had been broken into and the bait taken. I thought that some animal had approached it from the rear, and in ignorance that the other side was open and that the trigger held a hospitable log, which would induce him to remain by falling and breaking his back, had considered that the only way to get at the desired bait was to break in from the side he first came to. After finding a dozen or more dead-falls entered in the same manner I began thinking. The more I thought of the matter the further I was from any conclusion. The crust on the snow was

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* This Indian salutation has been anglicised into "how" and further polluted into "here's how."

now too hard to show any tracks except of deer, whose small hoofs cut through it and often left bloody marks where the crust had retailiated.

When I reached camp, Antoine had just finished his laundry work and was hanging it up. Here I want to tell the young boys that a trapper's life is a hard one aside from the exposure in running lines of traps. With two it is lighter because of a division of labor, but to run a line two or three days, skin, stretch and then flesh the skins so that particles of fat do not injure them, cook for yourself and partner, wash your underclothing, mend clothes, moccasins or shoe packs and snowshoes, besides cleaning guns, running bullets and doing the hundred and one things that must be done, keeps one busy every hour of daylight and often afterward. It is an independent sort of life, free from being bossed, but it is hard work in a healthy climate and full of adventure to one who loves it.

Antoine looked over my skins. They comprised one otter, two mink, one ermine or white weasel, one fisher or "black-cat," which he called o-jig, and is a strange animal of the mink or weasel family which the naturalists know as *Mustela canadensis*, but is also called "pekan" and other names. There was also a foot and part of a leg, saved for Antoine's identification, which he called sable, an animal better known as pine marten. Then came the skin of the unknown beast. When he saw that he jumped up and yelled. Then he shook hands with me and said: "You b'en done it; you killed de ole dev', old Carcajou; he break all de trap you set; he know all 'bout trap an' he go in on hin' end and steal bait. He follow all you' track to all you' trap, and w'en he fin' he break 'em mebbe he steal 'em. Oh, he spile our trap all a time, but you got-a heem. Shake."

A day spent in stretching and fleshing skins, and then Antoine started to run his line. Our bake oven had fallen in and I brought better stones from the brook and built it anew in the fireplace, cooked my dinner and supper from the carcass of a deer which Antoine had killed and dressed, sat by the fire, smoked a while and turned in and slept the sleep of the just. Tired and worn out, acorns might fall, rabbits might snap their legs and wolverines might prowl around. I had killed a wolverine, a stealthy night prowler that from pure deviltry destroys the work of the trapper, and that was glory enough for a first trip. I have no remembrance of any dreams that night. I could have said with Sancho Panza:

"Blessings light on him who first invented sleep! it covers a man all over, thoughts and all, like a cloak; it is meat for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, heat for the cold, and cold for the hot; in short, money that buys everything; balance and weight that makes the shepherd equal to the monarch and the fool to the wise; there is only one evil in sleep, as I have heard, and it is that it resembles death, since between a dead and a sleeping man there is little difference."

The sun was high when I awoke and by my side stood Ah-se-bun; but I'll tell you about that another time.

FRED MATHER.

PENNSYLVANIA ASSOCIATION.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 17.—The regular monthly meeting of the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association was held on Tuesday evening, Oct. 13, 1896, at the rooms, 1020 Arch street, Philadelphia.

The report of the executive committee showed commendable progress in suppressing several infractions of the fishery laws reported, efforts to promptly correct same being retarded through the difficulty of obtaining direct information. The committee have under consideration several measures for more effectually dealing with such cases in future.

A special committee will shortly proceed to Baltimore to confer with the Maryland State Game and Fish Protective Association with a view of urging the enactment by the Maryland Legislature of more stringent laws for the protection of fish in the Susquehanna River, the Maryland Association being in perfect accord with this Association in desiring the river cleared of all obstructions.

Mr. Wm. P. Ogelsby was unanimously elected a member of the executive committee to fill the vacancy caused by the decease of Henry C. Ford.

Through the aid and influence of the Association, organizations of kindred character were successfully formed in several counties of the State.

The following resolution was adopted, ordered to be spread upon the minutes and a copy forwarded to the family of the late Hon. Henry C. Ford:

This Association with sincere regret makes this minute of the death of the Hon. Henry C. Ford, late President of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, and ex-President of the American Fisheries Society, and who was also one of the original and charter members of this Association.

His continued interest and efficient co-operation in our work made his services invaluable, both as a member and as chairman of our executive committee.

In his death this Association loses one of its most valued members, and the loss of his services to the fisheries interests of our State and nation will be deeply felt and regretted by all who have made the improvement of those interests their serious and earnest thoughts.

We desire therefore to testify our deep feeling upon the decease of our friend and associate, and make this minute in accordance therewith.

M. G. SELLERS, Sec'y.

Bass in Central New York.

ITHACA, N. Y.—Anglers are having a splendid turn of sport with the elusive black bass at present, some very handsome scores coming almost daily to hand. The favorite local bass grounds until cold weather sets in with a lasting icy grip will be along the east shore of Cayuga Lake, extending northward as far as Esty's Lookout. Minnows are the most effective bait, although Mr. Arthur Miller, of this city, a real, Simon pure descendent of dear old Uncle Walton, tells me that he has lately taken black bass with the plebeian worm as lure. And as Miller speaks the truth of Anglers' Alley, both worms and minnows may be recommended as bass bait from now until the season closes. Some big carp have lately been taken, but as a whole the autumn carp angling has not been A No. 1.

M. CHILL.

Salmon Rivers and "Muck-a-mucks."

Editor Forest and Stream:

IN your issue of Aug. 29 a Mr. Woodle, of Boston, gives a glowing description of the angling on the St. Marguerite, a branch of the Saguenay, by Mr. Blanchard, the owner of some high pools. I wish to call your attention to one paragraph of Mr. Woodle's. He declares the St. Marguerite equal and quite as productive of good sport as the Restigouche and its tributaries, "where the nobles of England and the high muck-a-mucks of Canada wet their lines."

Times were when such Canadians owned or leased the river as Sir H. Allen, Sandford Fleming, C. T. Brydges and Lord Mount Stephen. We had Lorne and Louise, Argyle, Elcho, Beaufort, St. T. McNiel wet their lines in the famed old river. But times are changed. Riparian rights enabled the American millionaires of New York and Boston to buy and lease nearly all available spots upon it, and the only poor muck-a-muck Canadians who have a foot upon it are Dr. Campbell, W. McPherson, I. H. Starnes and Mr. Ives. But I am proud to say the gentlemen forming those clubs are very generous to a stranger, either of noble or plebeian blood, with a day's fishing.

This Billingsgate slang to us Canadians shows his breeding and animus, and could only emanate from some disappointed tail-twisting Fenian. No American gentleman would use it. I am, sir, yours, etc., etc., a Scot and Canadian, JOHN MOWAT.

[We regret extremely that Mr. Mowat should have taken what appears needless offense at the expression "high muck-a-muck," which, by the way, is not in Mr. Woodle's note, but in the account he sent us taken from the Boston *Globe*. We do not find "muck-a-muck" in the dictionaries, but confess to having heard the expression used, not as a term of derision, contumely or reproach, but as a slangy (and perhaps—but not necessarily—irreverent) appellation for one high in position or authority. It may be Billingsgate in origin, but we are rather inclined to account for it as pure Bostonese; and it is likely enough a corruption of the Algonquin *mogquomp*, chief, which we have in English also as mugwump.]

Who Owned this Fish?

MICHIGAN CITY, Ind., Oct. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is a common occurrence for two gunners to bring down a bird whose ownership it is difficult to decide because they fired at the same instant, but never until a recent experience of my own have I known of two anglers catching the same fish.

I was recently at Star Lake, Wis., having a taste of about the last bass fishing of the season in that locality. My friend, Mr. A. F. Merrill, of Chicago, accompanied me, and we were both fishing from one boat, casting with minnows in toward an old tree top near the shore, letting our bait sink for a few moments after each cast. I had a bite and after waiting a few seconds struck, hooking my fish, as I could plainly feel. The boatman immediately began backing the boat out into deeper water to clear the submerged tree top, while I worked my prize in the same direction. Mr. Merrill, fearing his line might foul mine, concluded to reel in. While doing so he felt a fish take his bait, and I heard him exclaim: "Halloo! I have one also."

We each worked our respective fish toward the boat, but when they came within reach of the landing net, behold, it was one and the same black bass. I had him securely hooked on one side of his jaw, and my friend's hook was just as firmly fastened in the other side.

It is plain that while I had him hooked he saw Mr. M.'s minnow drawn by as it was being reeled in, and could not resist the temptation to seize it, even if he had an annoying little piece of steel in his jaw at the time. He weighed a little over 2lbs.

Star Lake is a pretty sheet of water at the terminus of one branch of the C., M. & St. P. Ry. in Vilas county, Wis. There is a good log hotel and in the season the fishing is excellent. GREENHURST.

San Francisco Fly-Casting Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Oct. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A series of ten fly-casting contests is about drawing to a close, and when completed I will see that a synopsis of the work done during the series is forwarded to you.

In each contest there are three events: 1. Distance; 2. Distance and accuracy; 3. Accuracy and delicacy. The rules governing the contests will soon be printed and I will take pleasure in forwarding to you a copy of the same.

On Nov. 7 the San Francisco Fly-Casting Club will hold an annual tournament, open for all, which tournament will consist of the three events above mentioned. A championship medal of gold in each event will constitute the first prize. A Leonard, a Kosmic and a Malleson, each donated by the makers, will constitute the second prizes in the events. The third and fourth prizes to be made up of donated newspaper subscriptions and merchandise donations. W. D. MANSFIELD, Pres.

Did not Buy Him a Ticket.

CARRABASSETT, Me.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Allow me to make a correction of the sketch "They Bought Him a Ticket to Get Out," in your issue of Sept. 12. The party represented as "trout butchers" numbered four. There was no ticket bought, nor talk of buying one, nor had it been mentioned in any way till it came out in your paper. The story probably originated in the fertile brain of the man who told Dr. Criado that two years ago he had shot twelve deer, and the truth of the matter is that he has never been known to fire at one. It seems a pity that such stories are told to people who know nothing of the truth of them, as it tends to drive people away from places where there is really good fishing and hunting.

MRS. J. P. PRESCOTT.

Striped Bass in the Sound.

LAST Friday Mr. P. E. Sanford, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, received at the store, at 312 Broadway, New York, a striped bass weighing 22lbs. and measuring 36in. in length.

This fish was caught by his son, Mr. A. D. Sanford, trolling with white worms off Saugatuck, Conn. Mr. A. S. Wheeler, who was in the same boat with Mr. Sanford, caught another bass weighing 24½lbs.; and the total catch for the boat weighed 58lbs. J. B. B.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Dec. 1 to 4.—City of the Straits Kennel Club's local show, Detroit, Mich. R. H. Roberts, Sec'y.

Dec. 8 to 11.—Augusta, Ga.—Georgia Poultry and Pet Stock Association. J. W. Killingsworth, Sec'y.

Dec. 15 to 18.—Central Michigan Poultry and Pet Stock Association's show, Lansing, Mich. C. H. Crane, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 26.—Hempstead, L. I.—National Beagle Club's trials. Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y, 250 W. Twenty-second street, New York.

Oct. 28.—Greene county, Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's second annual trials. S. B. Cummings Sec'y, Pittsburg.

Nov. 2.—Oxford, Mass.—New England Beagle Club's trials. W. S. Clark, Sec'y, Linden, Mass.

Nov. 2.—Carlisle, Ind.—Union Field Trial Club's inaugural trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Nov. 10.—Columbus, Wis.—Northwestern Beagle Club's trials. Louis Steffen, Sec'y, Milwaukee.

Nov. 10.—Leamington, Ont.—Peninsular Field Tria Club, Leamington, Ont.

Nov. 10.—Waynesburg, Greene County, Pa.—Central Beagle Club's trials. L. O. Seidle, Sec'y.

Nov. 16.—National Fox Hunting Association's third annual trials, Bardstown, Ky. F. J. Hagan, Sec'y.

Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—E. F. T. Club's trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Nov. 17.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's trials. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.

Nov. 20.—Thomasville, N. C.—Philadelphia Kennel Club's trials. Dr. Alexander Glass, Sec'y, 2125 Sansom street, Philadelphia.

Nov. 23.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. F. T. Club's fall trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Dec. 14.—Athens, Ala.—Dixie Red Fox Club's second annual trials J. H. Wallace, Sec'y, Huntsville, Ala.

COURSING.

Oct. 28.—Kenmore Coursing Club's annual meeting, Herrington, Kan. C. A. Robinson, Sec'y.

Oct. 13.—American Coursing Club's annual meeting, Huron, S. D F. B. Coyne, Sec'y.

1897.

Jan. —.—Tupelo, Miss.—Continental Field Trial Club's quail trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y.

Jan. 18.—West Point, Miss.—U. S. F. T. C. winter trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.

The Dog and the Picture Again.

ALLOW me to succinctly recapitulate the contents of the letter from the Rev. Peter Claude Creveling, upon which I based the claim that a dog can cognize a portrait—the publication of which letter, with comments from me, in FOREST AND STREAM some months ago, brought on, the reader will remember, quite a controversy, which was very pleasant to me.

Mr. Creveling took Tiger (Mr. Creveling's dog) into Mrs. Creveling's studio, where she had placed upon an easel a just finished crayon portrait of her husband. The dog cognized it at once, and attempted to lick its face, in which attempt he failed, because the portrait was covered with glass. The failure surprised him. He tried again. Again he failed. Then he lay down upon the floor, placed his head between his paws, and whined piteously. This was his first experience with a portrait, and he evidently mistook it for his master. But the mistake was corrected by his master's speaking. Turning to his master, he recognized him, and though he (Tiger) weighs 105lbs., he leaped upon his master's lap and almost smothered him with kisses.

It is evident that Tiger cognized the portrait; it is also evident that he recognized his master; and it is just as evident that he cognized the difference between the portrait of his master and that master himself. But I did not take up my pen to call attention to these facts of cognition and recognition; I did so to say that, on the 30th of September and the 1st of this current month, I was with Mr. Creveling at the Diocesan Convention. As soon as I saw him I asked him about Tiger. His reply was: "My wife says that I am in great danger of becoming as much of a crank about dogs as Adams!" This was said more to the surrounding clergy than to me, of course. They laughed, I joined in the laugh. I am willing to be the butt of any sort of a joke, the tendency of which is to give me a chance to teach biophilism. The laugh over, I recapitulated Mr. Creveling's letter to me, as I have done in this paper, and asked him if that letter was not simply a statement of facts. He replied that it was, and then went on to say that Tiger has since cognized portraits over and over again. He instanced as objects of Tiger's cognition the portraits of a couple of little children—whom he sees frequently—the children of the janitor of the church of which Mr. Creveling is rector. Why Mrs. Creveling crayoned these children, unless it is because she is fond of them, as Tiger is, I do not know; but they are good subjects, and she succeeded in making speaking portraits of them. When Tiger saw these portraits he wagged his tail, snapped his chops, looked at them lovingly, then at Mr. Creveling, then back at them, and did so over and over—giving every evidence that he knew them. There was glass over these portraits, as glass was over the portrait of Mr. Creveling. But Tiger had learned from experience. He did not lick this glass. So again Tiger has cognized not only one portrait, but two portraits. And that is not all.

It will be remembered that up to this I have never claimed that a dog can recognize a portrait, though I believe that I have said that I thought that he could. Now I know that he can, for I asked Mr. Creveling whether when Tiger saw the portraits of the children again he knew them, and he answered, "Yes, time and again."

So Tiger has not only cognized a portrait; he has recognized two portraits—and has done so "time and again." A wonderful dog, that Tiger! It is no wonder that when Mr. Creveling leaves home with his family he does not leave Tiger behind. The death of such a dog would be a calamity, not only to his master, and to those who know him, but to other dogs and to humanity; for he has illustrated many things held to be true by biophilism.

I do not say that other dogs have the power of cognizing and recognizing a portrait, I only say that Tiger has that power; and if one dog has it other dogs may have it. Which is equal to saying that it is essential to the dog mind. Which is saying much for the dog as to both time and eternity. CHARLES JOSIAH ADAMS.

ROSSVILLE, Staten Island.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

A SOCIETY FOR DOG PROTECTION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In giving you a brief review of the Minnesota Society for the Protection of Dogs, its organization and its workings, it will open up a new field for the attention of sportsmen and owners of hunting dogs throughout the length and breadth of this great country, and must meet the approval of dog owners everywhere.

In a game country, several months before the open season every owner is conditioning his dog for the hunt, and every fellow who doesn't own a dog is figuring how he can either borrow or steal the canine property of the other fellow.

The formation of our own society, the pioneer of such a protective movement, was brought about in this way: Toward the close of last year's open season five gentlemen who had been enjoying the sport met by chance at the railway station of a little Minnesota town. In the party was that genial sportsman and correspondent, Mark Biff. The comparison of shooting notes was the foundation of a catchy article in a St. Paul daily by the newspaper man, and in it the good qualities of their dogs were extolled. Now, this article must have engaged the attention of an organized gang of St. Paul dog thieves, for within two weeks from that date each of these gentlemen lost his dog. Then the need of a dog protective association was agitated, and a representative crowd of Twin Cities dog owners met at the Windsor Hotel on Dec. 2 and effected what is now an organization. Your correspondent, from his connection with the Game and Fish Protective Association, was asked to take the secretaryship of the new movemnt. Our membership has grown to more than 300, and we are protecting nearly 500 valuable dogs in the North Star State at this writing. We have had nineteen losses and seventeen recoveries, but not one chance for a prosecution, as our methods of advertising and procedure make it almost impossible for any dog thief to retain possession or to ship such dog from the

Minnesota Society for the Protection of Dogs.

CERTIFICATE OF REGISTRATION.

Register No. ____ St. Paul, Minn. ____ (B) ____

Book No. ____ Folio ____

THIS IS TO CERTIFY, That ____

of ____ having been admitted to membership in the Minnesota Society for the Protection of Dogs, has this day caused to be registered with the Secretary one ____ dog—which described as follows.

Breed ____ Coat ____

Name ____

Sex ____ Whelped ____ Feather ____

Head ____

General Appearance ____

Muzzle ____ Eyes ____

Ears ____ Legs ____ Condition ____

Body ____ Special Markings ____

Height ____ Weight ____

which entitles him to the protection set forth in the Constitution and By-Laws of this Society.

____ Secretary. ____ President.

State. Consequently the dogs have been returned to us within a day or so after loss, and we have paid but one $5 reward for such service. The society is decidedly a popular one. Our forms for application and registration, together with metal tag, are far ahead of those in use by any city in the country in its methods of dog licensing. If you have the space for publishing one of our inclosed forms it will be more self-explanatory than a long worded description.

The results of our work are these: On inquiry of our daily papers we find that the number of lost dog "ads." has fallen off 50 per cent. since we entered the field, for since dog thieves can neither dispose of nor keep their property, there is no longer any incentive for stealing them. We put no premium on dog stealing by offering rewards for the return and no questions asked, but our rewards are payable for information and conviction of person detaining or stealing the dog, and in some cases reasonable expenses for their care and safe return.

I have mailed our forms and caused the organization of like societies at Nashville, Tenn., and Winnipeg, Man. The one at Winnipeg is in an exceptionally flourishing condition, having for its patron General Superintendent Whyte, of the Canadian Pacific Railway; and as secretary the successful barrister and sportsman, R. Masson Smith, of Winnipeg.

The objective point for which we are working is to see every State with its protective society, and from these to form a national association; thus making it impossible for anyone to steal a dog in one State and dispose of it in any other. It must be considered that thousands of dollars are invested in hunting dogs annually, and such protective work is the demand of the hour from every owner of a first-class dog.

I regret that my own time is so fully occupied by office work that I will be obliged to relinquish the secretaryship at our annual meeting. While I have all the heartfelt interest in my nature for things that appeal to a sportsman's fancy, and at the same time will conserve our game and fish supply from an economical standpoint as a good product for a general public, I am not in a position to give up my private interests in other lines to carry out all protective measures I would see put in practice,

WM. L. TUCKER, Sec'y.

Protective Societies.

THE letter of Wm. L. Tucker, secretary of the Society for the Protection of Dogs, St. Paul, Minn., published elsewhere in our columns, is deserving of the most earnest consideration of all dog owners and fanciers. The moral effect of that society on the dog thieving classes, and the material success in the recovery of lost, strayed or stolen dogs which is shown by the secretary's report, establishes the fact that the society has the ability to carry out its purposes.

Every large city is afflicted with numbers of dog thieves, some of which are well organized, with branch organizations or business connections with similar organizations in other cities. By such business arrangements, a valuable dog stolen in one city may at once be shipped to some other large city, to be disposed of by confederates, and stolen dogs may thence be sent back in exchange, thus affording a much safer system in every way for the sale of the dog and freedom from detection than if the dog were disposed of in the city in which he was stolen. In fact, without any protective organization there is not one chance in a thousand for an owner to recover a stolen dog without the offer of a reward large enough to satisfy the cupidity of the thieves.

It is possible to form city and State organizations which would reciprocally work for each other's benefit, and such organizations would make profitable dog stealing almost impossible.

The constitution of the Minnesota Society sets forth its mission as follows: "The purpose and business of this Society shall be to protect its members in the possession and ownership of valuable dogs; to secure the return of the same when astray or stolen, and to prosecute and by all legitimate means assist in the punishment of dog thieves." Again: "The membership fee, which shall include the payment upon initiation, shall be $1 per year. A further fee of 25 cents per dog shall be paid, for the registration thereof, to the Secretary."

For exact information in case a dog be stolen or lost, a blank form, with two outline drawings of dogs, on which can be filled in all the markings of the dog registered, is furnished members, and this, kept on file in the secretary's office, affords all needed information for describing the lost dog.

In case a member's dog is lost or stolen, the Society immediately sets all its machinery at work to recover him. That the organization is a success in its practical workings is shown by its records.

A similar organization which existed some years ago and which probably still exists in the West and South, but which was organized to prevent horse and cattle thieving, had a membership over a wide territory and did much to make horse and cattle thieving a dangerous and unremunerative occupation.

EASTERN F. T. C.'S ENTRIES.

All-Age Stake.

GREENFIELD HILL, Conn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Thirty entries: twenty setters, ten pointers.

MOLLIE B.—Dr. J. Spencer Brown's b., w. and t. setter bitch (Roderigo—Lilly B.).

VON GULL—Ashford & Odum's liv. and w. pointer dog (Kent Elym—Fannie V. Croxteth).

GLEAM'S RUTH—Manchester Kennels' b., w. and t. setter bitch (Count Gladstone—Gleam's Maid).

LEO NOBLE—A. L. Shonfield's b., w. and t. setter dog (King Leo—Minnie T.).

SAM T.—George Croxteth's b. and w. setter dog (Luke Roy—Bettie B.).

TORY JESSAMINE—F. R. Hitchcock's liv. and w. pointer bitch (Duke of Hessen—Westminster Blonde).

TORY LILY—F. R. Hitchcock's liv. and w. pointer bitch (Duke of Hessen—Westminster Blonde).

FAIRY KENT—Paul H. Gotzin's l. and w. pointer bitch (Lad of Kent—Baski).

RANIE II.—Irving Hoagland's b., w. and t. setter bitch (Gladstone's Boy—Bonnie Vista).

CINCINNATUS PRIDE—E. A. Burdett's b., w. and t. setter dog (Cincinnatus—Albert's Nellie).

NABOB—Charlottesville Kennels' b., w. and t. pointer dog (Rip Rap—Dolly D.).

INDIA—Charlottesville Kennels' l. and w. pointer bitch (Rip Rap—Dolly D.).

GEORGE CROXTETH—W. D. Henry's liv. and w. pointer bitch.

BLACK RODS—S. D. Ripley's b. and w. setter dog (Ray of Hope—Lulie).

LOU—Dr. G. G. Davis's red Irish setter bitch (Finglas—Currer Belle).

MAUD NOBLE—N. Wallace's b., w. and t. setter bitch (Rowdy Rod—Pearl Noble).

JOE GLADSTONE—Piedmont Kennels' l. and w. setter dog (Gladstone's Boy—Buena Vista).

ODD SIDES—W. A. Wimsatt's l. and w. pointer dog (Lap of Pearl—Graceful II.).

LADY GRACE II.—W. A. Wimsatt's b., w. and t. pointer bitch (Roger Williams—Graceful II.).

WANG—Geo. S. Saylor's l. and w. pointer dog (Roger Williams—Graceful II.).

TONEY'S GALE—Fox & Blyth's b., w. and t. setter dog (Antonio—Nellie G.).

FORZANDO—Fox & Blyth's b., w. and t. setter dog (Gath's Mark—Countess Rush).

HAROLD SKIMPOLE—W. H. Beazell's b., w. and t. setter dog (Whyte B.—Nellie Bevin).

HARWICK—H. R. Edwards's b., w. and t. setter dog (Topsy Rod—Opal).

HARVARD—H. R. Edwards's w. and t. setter dog (Dan Burgess—Opal).

MARIE'S SPORT—H. B. Ledbetter's b., w. and t. setter dog (Gleam's Sport—Marie Sport).

DOMINO—D. E. Rose's (Agt.) b., w. and t. setter dog (Antonio—Ruby's Girl).

GREENWAY—D. E. Rose's (Agt.) b., w. and t. setter dog (Antonio—Ruby's Girl).

ARAPAHOE—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. setter dog (Eugene T.—Maiden Mine).

RUSH MARK—Piedmont Kennels' b., w. and t. setter dog (Gath's Mark—Countess Rush).

Eastern Subscription Stake.

Open to all pointers and setters. Fifty per cent. of subscription, payable Oct. 1, entitles the owner to start any dog he pleases, whether his property or not. It is transferable to any person not objectionable to the club. Following is a list of the subscribers, eight entries: Messrs. Ashford & Odom one entry, Del Monte Kennels two entries, Edward A. Burdett one entry, Charlottesville Kennels one entry, H. R. Edwards one entry, H. B. Ledbetter one entry, N. T. Harris one entry.

S. C. BRADLEY, Sec'y-Treas.

Continental F. T. Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Oct. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Owing to the fact that the Champion Field Trials Association ran its trials last year at West Point, Miss., following the trials of the U. S. Club, and not wishing to interfere with their date, the Continental Field Trials Club has decided to start its trials at Tupelo, Miss., Monday, Jan. 11, 1897.

P. T. MADISON, Sec'y-Treas.

UNION F. T. C. ENTRIES.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Oct. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Herewith find list of entries to the Derby and All-Age Stake of the Union Field Trials Club's annual trials. The trials will begin at Carlisle, Ind., Monday, Oct. 26. Mr. J. H. Johnson writes me that birds are very plentiful, therefore I anticipate a very pleasant meeting.

All the Derby entries were born in 1895.

Derby Entries.

SARAGOSSA BELLE—Philip M. Essig's b., w. and t. setter bitch (Gleam's Pink—Maud E.).

TARTAR—S. L. James's b., w. and t. setter dog (Count Gladstone IV.—Rod's Sylph).

POTOMAC—Fox & Blythe's b., w. and t. setter dog (Antonio—Countess Rush).

SARSFIELD—J. P. Greene's b., w. and t. setter dog (Rodfield—Opal).

DAVE EARL—Theo. Goodman's b., w. and t. setter dog (Count Gladstone IV.—Dan's Lady).

ALBERT LANG—Theo. Goodman's b., w. and t. setter dog (Count Gladstone IV.—Dan's Lady).

SPOT—Albert Lieber's b. and w. setter dog (——— ———).

SAM HILL—Dr. Jas. McDowell's b., w. and t. setter dog (Rodfield—Indiana Belle).

EASTER LILLIE—Charles Fox's b., w. and t. setter dog (Dan R.—Bonnie Doo)

FLORENCE GLADSTONE II.—James D. Poston & Co.'s b., w. and t. setter bitch (Antonio—Florence Gladstone).

RIPPLE—Hampton S. Smith's liv. and w. pointer bitch (Rip Rap—Pearl's Dot).

BILLY T.—Frank Richards's (agt.) b., w. and t. setter dog (Revenue—Daisy Bondhu).

KENO N.—John T. Mayfield's (agt.) b., w. and t. setter dog (Count Lucifer—Dashing Mamie).

GLEAM'S ROY—John T. Mayfield's b., w. and t. setter dog (Gleam's Sport—Marie Avent).

RODFIELD'S BOY—John T. Mayfield's b., w. and t. setter dog (Rodfield—Sue Gladstone).

KING LEE—L. W. Blankenbaker's liv. and w. pointer dog (Kent's Joe—Lad's Lady).

NEVA GLADSTONE—Richard Merrill's b., w. and t. setter bitch (Paul Gladstone—Lady Lucy).

NORA GLADSTONE—Richard Merrill's b., w. and t. setter bitch (Paul Gladstone—Lady Lucy).

RUDGE GLADSTONE—Richard Merrill's b., w. and t. setter bitch (Paul Gladstone—Lady Lucy).

ROD GLADSTONE—Wm. Pollard's b., w. and t. setter dog (Rodfield—Sue Gladstone).

JOSIE FREEMAN—John A. Gude's b., w. and t. setter bitch (Antonio—Nellie Hope).

VIM GLADSTONE—Fishback & Baughm's b., w. and t. setter dog (Gladstone's Boy—Gath's Belle).

ÆOLIAN REX II.—C. P. Mingsh's b. and w. English setter dog (Antonio—Columbia).

COLUMBIA—C. F. Hartinetz's c. and w. English setter bitch (Gath's Mark—Queen Blade).

TONY'S GALE—J. H. Johnson's (agt.) b., w. and t. English setter dog (Antonio—Nellie G.).

FORZANDO—J. H. Johnson's (agt.) b., w. and t. English setter dog (Gath's Mark—Countess Rush).

MARK OF LIGHTFIELD—Joseph Bicker's b., w. and t. English setter dog (Lightfield Rhivillis—Queen Regent).

LADY PEY II.—Richard Merrill's liv. and w. pointer bitch (Rip Rap—Lady Pey).

DAISY RIP RAP—Richard Merrill's b. and w. pointer bitch (Rip Rap—Lady Pey).

STRIDEMORE—Richard Merrill's liv. and w. pointer dog (Strideaway—Hops II.).

NOBLE—Richard Merrill's liv. and w. pointer dog (Spotted Boy— ——)

CINCINNATUS PRIDE—E. A. Burdett's b., w. and t. setter dog (Cincinnatus—Albert's Nellie).

ANNE OF ABBOTSFORD—E. A. Burdett's b., w. and t. setter bitch (Gladstone's Boy—Bohemian Girl).

CRACKER JACK—J. L. Adams's liv. pointer dog (Lad of Rush—Cyclope).

CYNOSURE—Norvin T. Harris's b., w. and t. setter bitch (Roderigo—Norah II.).

BONNIE BELL II.—Norvin T. Harris's b. and w. setter bitch (Tniers—Lilly B.).

PRINCE—Norvin T. Harris's b. and w. setter dog (——— — ———).

ANTO GLADSTONE—Jas. D. Poston & Co.'s b., w. and t. setter dog (Antonio—Florence Gladstone).

P. T. MADISON, Sec'y-Treas.

The Philadelphia Kennel Club.

WE have received the following announcement of the policy and stakes, etc., of the club; as follows:

The Philadelphia Kennel Club is the only organization in the kennel world that combines in its membership those interested in field trials as well as bench shows. The Philadelphia Kennel Club has always been run on the broad-gauge policy, and counts among its members those who have been for years prominent in field trial matters, as well as those who patronize the bench shows.

It is an open secret that bench shows of this club have always been an expensive luxury, but there is that—shall we say—*esprit de corps* among the members that secures from the field trial men financial support for the bench shows. As a fact, many of the members whose interests lie only in the field trials annually go down into their clothes to help pay the deficit in the bench shows.

This organization of sportsmen are welded together in the strong ties of good-fellowship and a fondness for man's best friend. The meeting at the field trials of the Philadelphia Kennel Club have a charm all their own. The members as a rule have their special car, and all start as near as possible in a body, and have their quarters and arrangements all perfected in advance. With few exceptions the members handle their own dogs and the trials are run, as we have contended trials should be run, as a friendly, sportsmanlike competition between good dogs. The judges are secured usually from their own members, and up to quite recently the trials have been only open to members of the club.

A meeting was held on Tuesday, Oct. 13, when the date for holding the next trials was fixed, which will commence with the running of the Members' Stake on Friday, Nov. 20. This stake is open to all members of the Eastern Field Trials Club, and the entries are closed the night before the running. Professional handlers are barred.

The prize will be the famous *Item* bowl, which has been

contended for many years, and which has as often been filled by the owner of the victorious dog at the annual meeting the following January at the Aldine Hotel.

The Derby and All-Aged Stake is open to members of the club only. The club has secured 11,000 acres of the very best shooting ground at Thomasville, N. C., and has, it is conceded, one of the best stocked shooting preserves in America.

Blanks and other information relative to the running of the stake mentioned can be had by addressing Dr. Alexander Glass, Secretary, No. 2125 Sansom street, Philadelphia.

TROOPING COONS.

CALIFORNIA.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I was raised on the banks of the Columbia River, and for youthful companions I had none but the young Siwashes of the Cathlamets, and the Wahkiakums, and for good times none had better. Among the Cathlamets were two mighty coon hunters, Gull and Tick by name, and from them I learned the ways of the coon, and I tell you he has more than one way. If he is hard pushed there is no telling where or what his cunning will call into play. You no doubt have been a party to a fox hunt, and know from experience that the sly old fox will double his trail or leap a brook three or four times to baffle the hounds. A coon can stick his nose in his fur and laugh at the best tricks of the fox.

A fox is nothing if not a sneak at his best, while a coon is bold and fearless, and all his movements, whether by day or night, are characteristic of that of every animal in the green forest.

I must now take you away with me on one of our coon hunts along the banks of the Columbia.

Most coon hunts are conducted by moonlight, with rifle, aye, and hounds, but our way was just the reverse of all others on the river. We would hunt down our coons by broad daylight. We did not break our necks or bark our shins tumbling over fallen timber before a fat pine torch, or work like beavers cutting down a treed coon; but we took to our canoes and paddled noiselessly up the river about four or five miles, and just at break of day two of us would land. The third man, as agreed upon beforehand, would paddle the canoe down the river again about one or two miles, then land and work on up until we met. The coons had been running all night, and to find a "sign" is as easy as falling off a log, and there the trail commences; but to keep that trail is what calls in all the faculties, and the knowledge and habits of the animal in pursuit of, not saying anything about the lay of the land, for thickets of briar and bramble are met with on every river bottom. "Direction" is the main trail to success on this coon hunt. The parent coons together with the young coons have been out on a forage all night; they have left no stone nor leaf unturned in their efforts to satisfy the cravings of an empty stomach. They have been up and down the margin of the river catching minnows in the shallow eddies. They have been by the silent pool dispatching the innocent frog. They have rambled far and wide, and in their playful moods have chased each other among the tree tops until the gleam of breaking day told them by instinct to gather for their home. In a troop they travel on in their well-worn path to their home in a hollow tree, or among the roots of a prostrate pine.

To follow the "sign" of coons takes good judgment, especially so at different times of the seasons. In the fall and winter they are trooping; it is so called among trappers, because you will find the male and female together, and often one will come across a troop of coons in broad daylight. The females will lead, with the males coming on behind, fighting, snarling and tumbling for supremacy nearest the females; if one has got his eyes and ears open, and is in a position to the windward of their approach, he will have some fun by blazing away on the leading coon. As soon as the shot is fired every male coon will take to a tree in the near vicinity and every female coon will take the back track until their fright be over, then double and take for home. Now, if one be a good rifle shot, he can get the last one of those coons that treed. I have shot as many as nine coons out of one troop in that peculiar manner. Of course, it takes a good man in the woods to trail up a troop of coons, and I believe that there are not ten men in 1,000 that can do it, for the coons have a cute nose, a fine ear and a pair of keen eyes, and will surely detect the babe in the woods

Gull, who was the chief of the Cathlamets, and old Tick, chief of the Wahkiakums, and I, have bagged as many as twenty-five coons in one hunt.

I believe, to make a success of trailing a troop of coons, one must know every inch of the country he is hunting in, and have a natural instinct for trailing just as a hound has, otherwise he will spy never more than two or three coons at one time. I have tried trooping coons away from large river banks, but with indifferent success. The Columbia River, I believe, is the only stream, because of its sparse settlements along its banks, where trooping coons can be followed with any success by a good trailer.

The coons come from far and wide to the banks of the river to gather the food, which a river of so large a volume can only give.

This mode of hunting coons may seem strange to you or your readers; but it is nevertheless true, as any one who has studied the habits of the coon will attest. I have followed hunting and trapping ever since I was a boy, and I can give you facts that seem yet stranger than this. The best part of my hunting days are over, game is no more as plentiful as it was; but memory lends a charm, and we must fight our battles over again.

HANK PETERSON.

A Stray Shinplaster

Comes to us once in a while for a copy of "Game Laws in Brief;" but shinplasters nowadays are scarcer than Moose in New York; and 25 cents in postage stamps will do just as well.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

At a meeting of the Metropolitan Kennel Club, held Oct. 17 in New York, the following resolution was passed: "The executive committee considered it to the interest of the club to hold a bench show in Brooklyn Thanksgiving week, and would urgently request the presence of all members at Rockwell's, 140 Lexington avenue, New York city, on Wednesday, the 21st inst., at 4 P. M."

The Armstrong *Republican*, of Kittanning, Pa., mentions an extraordinary large litter as follows: "A female St. Bernard owned by A. C. Bailey, the well-known merchant of Ford City, recently gave birth to nineteen pups. This is the largest number ever known to have been born at one time, and is exciting considerable curiosity among dog fanciers."

Mr. P. T. Madison, secretary-treasurer of the Continental F. T. Club, is deserving of the thanks of all field trial patrons for his forethought and energy in arranging a scale of prices favoring visitors at Tupelo. With hotel rates at $1.50 per day, double teams with driver at $3 50, and saddle horses at $1 per day, the expense account of the trial will be materially reduced to all concerned. What Mr. Madison has done other directors can do if they choose to try. FOREST AND STREAM years ago called attention to the unjust discrimination against sportsmen at field trials, where it seemed that the more that attended and the longer they remained, the higher the rate charged. Hotels having weekly rates would abolish such rates so far as field trial patrons in the field trial season were concerned, though a patron might be seated beside a local patron who was paying but little more for a week's board than the field trial man paid for a day's.

Mr. Joseph H. Hunter, the well-known sportsman, whose skill at the traps, in the field or with fishing rod, are well known, writes us the unpleasant information that he will not give field trials much attention in future. Some scoundrelly fellow poisoned his favorite shooting dog recently. Black Wonder was famous in field trial records and was of extraordinary high merit in field shooting. The Messrs. Hunter brought to the competition many times dogs of the highest merit, the best perhaps being Daisy Hunter, and she was among the best ever brought to a field trial. Sad to relate, she disappeared in a neighborhood with which she was familiar and nothing was heard of her afterward. It is no wonder that such hard luck should be discouraging.

The Boston Terrier Club Book, Vol. II., 1896, is replete with information concerning club matters and matters concerning the Boston terrier. It contains a list of officers and members, and constitution, standard, trophies, produce stakes, prize winners, registrations, etc. Secretary, F. G. Davis, Boston.

The prices at Mr. Lorillard's sale ruled low. Antevolo sold for $20; Rancocas Belle, $310. Others from $35 to $5 and $2, mostly the smaller prices.

We learn that there is much interest in the superintendency of the prospective Brooklyn show.

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirable.

"BICYCLE REPAIRING."

"BICYCLE REPAIRING" is a book of 160 pages of solid mechanical facts, from the press of the *Iron Age*, New York. All the various bicycle ailments are touched upon and directions given for setting them right. Special chapters are devoted to the most important parts of the bicycle, such as the handle bar, tire, wheel, valve, fork and frame; and enameling, brazing and nickel plating are treated of from the standpoint of the repair man. The chapter on "Miscellaneous Hints," however, contains perhaps the greatest amount of useful information in compact form.

The methods of repair described are, as a rule, the simplest possible compatible with good workmanship, and a considerable amount of space is given to simple home-made contrivances designed to perform the work of more expensive machines. For instance, a case-hardening furnace, suitable for use where small objects only are to be treated, is constructed from an old fruit can and a tin tobacco box in combination with a Bunsen burner, while a brazing furnace is made from half a dozen joints of ordinary gas pipe.

The book is designed for the use of professional repair men, but there is much in it that will prove of interest to the wheelman who is of a mechanical turn. Even if the wheelman attempts no repairs himself, it is just as well for him to have a general idea of the various processes employed, as the knowledge will be of service when his wheel is placed in the hands of a professional. The unprecedented growth of the bicycle trade has resulted in many inferior mechanics and botchers taking up the business of repairing, and it is easily possible for these men to ruin a good wheel while attempting a simple repair. If the owner knows exactly what is wanted himself he will be better able to judge of the capacity of the man to whom he intrusts his wheel. A little knowledge of its mechanical construction is never wasted. As a case in point, a wheelman took his bicycle to a repair shop to have an eight-tooth rear sprocket replaced by a seven-tooth one. He waited for his wheel, and as the job seemed to take an unnecessarily long time, walked back into the work shop to find out what the trouble was. He found the repairer armed with a large wrench wrestling with the check piece, which was screwed into the axle on the outside of the sprocket. The man mopped his brow, and asserted it as his belief that check nut and sprocket were brazed on the axle.

The owner recollected that he had heard that in that particular make of wheel the check nut was a left-hand screw, and here was a mechanic, professedly acquainted with the bicycle in question, who had spent twenty minutes trying to ruin an axle for him. He told the man that he had better leave the sprocket on, and took it to a repairer that a friend had recommended a few days before. This man had no trouble in completing the job satisfactorily, but he had to get a new check nut, and a minute more of the first man's work would have made a new axle necessary.

In the introduction to "Bicycle Repairing" the author remarks:

"The wonder is not that the bicycle occasionally breaks down, but that it lasts as well as it does. When we consider the relative weight of the wheel and its rider, and think of its apparently frail construction, and then remember the severe strains to which it is subjected in service, we are compelled to admire its design, the strength of its parts and the perfection of its workmanship. When a machine of this character, so delicate in its component parts and so finely adjusted, is in need of repair, it should evidently be taken to one who will understand the difficulty and who knows how to apply the proper remedy.

"This seeming delicacy of the bicycle has been of the utmost importance to the bicycle trade as a whole. To it, and to it alone, can be ascribed the wonderful scarcity of really poor wheels. The bicycle is a chain, and every part constitutes a link which must of necessity bear its portion of the strain. To weaken one of these links or parts by the introduction of inferior material means the speedy destruction of the wheel. To keep up the strength by using a greater quantity of cheap metal would meet with no demand, because the rider of to-day will not mount a heavy wheel, and the bicycle itself is the best safeguard against imposture."

INGENUITY OF TWO FARMER BOYS.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Oct. 8.—One day last June, during the time the National Bicycle meeting was in progress here, L. W. Wheeler, a farmer boy nineteen years of age, living in Grant county, about thirty-five miles from this place, rode into the city on a wheel constructed of wood, made by himself with such tools as are generally found on a farm in Arkansas. The advent of this juvenile wheel manufacturer in the city at a time when the cyclists from all over the State were gathered there naturally created quite an excitement among them, and he at once became the center of attraction. One of our local dealers saw a good thing in this wheel as an advertising medium, and offered to exchange a modern high grade safety for the farmer boy's crude and cumbersome machine. And it is needless to say that his offer was promptly accepted.

After several days spent in the city he returned to his home on the farm, the proud possessor of a modern wheel, and the envy of all the boys in the neighborhood. His fame and success had preceded him, and he was pointed out with pardonable pride by all the people in his county. His wheel was constructed on the principle of the machine of to-day. The wood used was native timber, and no little ingenuity was displayed in the construction of the wheels, which were wrapped with thin strips of split hickory, and of course were puncture proof.

To-day saw the advent in our city of the second one of the wooden home-constructed bicycles, the maker and rider of which was J. J. Mooney, also of Grant county, a lad seventeen years old. This boy, unlike his predecessor, did not ride his wheel from home to the city, but brought it the thirty-three miles on his father's wagon with a load of cotton, after which mounting it he proceeded to view the city. He too attracted considerable attention, not only by his wheel, but also by his attire. When approached on the subject of disposing of his machine, he was very modest, and thought that an exchange of a $100 wheel would be a fair trade—thinking doubtless that if his neighbor found no trouble in disposing of his on such terms, he should be equally as successful. In this he was disappointed, however; for the bicycle season is now about over, and the novelty of such a machine having worn off, there was little in it as an advertisement. He lives within three miles of the inventor of the first wooden cycle, and was doubtless spurred on by the success of his neighbor, imagining that he would encounter no difficulty in effecting a similar exchange.

This machine was constructed on the lines of the old ordinary, and though considerable ingenuity was displayed by its youthful maker, and it was also better finished, it was hardly up to the high standard of skill shown in the construction of the other wooden wheel. To the first undoubtedly belongs the credit of originating this style of wheels, while the other was only an imitator. Both were unsophisticated country boys, who lived where few bicycles are to be seen, and the tools used to construct their machines were very crude. PAUL R. LITZKE.

Mother Shipton's Prophecies.

PORT HAMMOND, B. C.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Under the heading devoted to Wheeling there is an article in your paper of Aug. 15, "The School for all Ages." The writer states that Mother Shipton may have preseen the locomotive engine and some of the uses of electricity, but the bicycle was beyond her ken. I send you a clipping from a local paper in which I claim the riding astride refers to the bicycle.

The quotation is as follows:

"In those wonderful far-off days
Women shall get a strange, odd craze,
To dress like men, and breeches wear,
And cut off their beautiful locks of hair,
And ride astride with brazen brow,
As witches do on broomsticks now."

R. C. BROOKE.

NOTES.

Evidences of the adaptability of the bicycle to new uses continue to multiply. The bank robber who is up to date dashes up to his bank on a wheel, and when he has looted it departs in the same way. Scorchers are so common almost everywhere that the robber "hitting it up" to escape his pursuers does not attract a quarter the attention that he would if mounted on a foam-flecked horse. Then, too, the bicycle leaves a misleading trail, and from this alone it is impossible to say which way the rider went. Jesse James would turn in his grave to see the way the thing is done nowadays, but the modern robber knows that the use of the bicycle adds largely to his chances of escape.

In the Adirondacks the bicycle is responsible for such paragraphs as the following:

"Charles H. Palmer, foreman in the office of the *Post and Gazette*, is out on his annual deer hunting vacation. He left town on his bicycle yesterday, bound for North Hudson, his face beaming with happy anticipation. We await the realization, hoping and trusting that his fondest expectations will come to pass."

In Maine, according to the Bradley, Me., correspondent of the New York *Sun*, a thrifty skunk trapper uses the bicycle to hunt skunks. He formerly hunted them at night with a dog. Now he lights a lantern and mounting his bicycle rides through the mown grass fields, and whenever he sees a skunk dismounts and kills it with a club. On his first bicycle hunt he is reported to have killed eighteen. He likes the new method, and says that for results a good bicycle is away ahead of any dog he ever saw.

Circumstances alter cases. An old horseshoe with nails in it is not considered a lucky find by wheelmen.

In the matter of good roads New Jersey is one of the foremost States in the Union. Hundreds of miles of fine macadam roads have been constructed within the last ten years, and the results of this progressive movement now serve as an object lesson for less enlightened communities. The story of one of the small towns in a farming and trucking locality will serve as an example. Originally the roads were about the average of country roads, and at certain seasons of the year were practically impassable. As a rule the maximum load for four horses was fifty-five bushel baskets, or about two and one-half tons of produce, on a wagon weighing 1,900lbs. Two men accompanied this to market and it took a day to make the round trip. Under these conditions farms were a drug on the market, and there were no buyers for real estate.

A few years ago, however, the community woke up. The town issued $4,000 worth of bonds and applied the proceeds to building good roads. As a result the neighborhood experienced a new prosperity. Two horses are now able to do more work than four on the old roads and with greater ease. Ninety to 125 bushel baskets are not considered too large a load for two horses, and it is a common thing now for one man with two horses to take four and a half tons of produce to market on a wagon weighing 2,300lbs., or about double the old four-horse load, and instead of one trip a day he makes four.

According to these figures one horse on the improved stone roads does the work of sixteen on the old mud roads. A remarkable commentary on the value of road improvement.

The tabulated report recently issued by the Illinois State Board of Equalization, compiled from the returns of the assessors of 102 counties, shows a heavy decrease in the valuation of horses, due to the influence of the bicycle and electricity on the market. In 1895 the returns showed the number of horses in Illinois listed by the local assessors to be 1,169,360, valued at $15,014,342, or on an average $12.84 per head.

The returns for 1896 show the number to be but 1,112,094, valued at $12,599,783, which reduces the average valuation per head to $11.32. From these figures it will be seen that in a single year the number of horses in Illinois decreased 57,266, while the loss in valuation was $2,414,560. With fewer horses in the State, each horse is worth $1.51 less than it was last year.

Yachting.

THE movement now under way about New York for the improvement of racing rules is of special importance as indicating a feeling on the part of the clubs and of individual yachtsmen that some change is imperatively necessary, and also an evident disposition among all concerned to work in harmony toward the desired end. At the present time three important yachting bodies are engaged in the same task—the Yacht Racing Union, the New York Y. C. and the Larchmont Y. C. While the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. has taken no individual action, it is closely identified with the Yacht Racing Union, and will in all probability accept the amendments adopted by it.

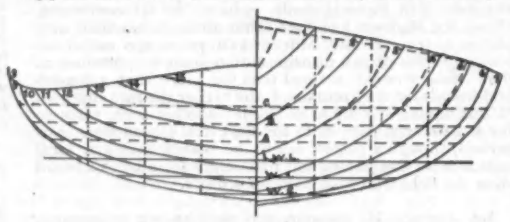
The movement as a whole is not only being carried out with that unity and harmonious action which is in every way desirable, though often lacking in the past, but it has been inaugurated at the proper time, immediately at the end of the racing season, and not in the spring, as has been too often the case, at so late a date as to prevent any action for the next season.

The changes proposed in the New York Y. C. rules, which we print this week, show the general details of the movement, most of which will be recognized as desirable. The classification will be uniform in all of the clubs in the Yacht Racing Union, including the Seawanhaka and Atlantic, in the New York Y. C. and the Larchmont Y C. The various special classes, such as the misnamed "34-raters," etc., will be abolished, the yachts finding their places in the different regular classes; the allowance table will be uniform; time allowance will be abolished among yachts built after the present season; the crew limit and the class designations will also be uniform. In this latter detail a very good plan has been adopted, of allotting a letter of the International Code to each class as a permanent signal for the class; the answering pennant being pressed into service as "A" for the largest class.

But one result can follow these changes. Yacht racing will be made more thoroughly systematic, the last traces of the old haphazard, go-as-you-please methods will be eliminated, and the sport will be far more interesting and exciting, with greater inducements to owners to follow the races regularly through the season.

THESE changes, important as they may be, are after all matters of detail. The one main point of the present movement involves a question which must exert a very strong influence on the yachts which it is confidently hoped may be launched in the near future—the limitation of draft. Yachtsmen the world over have recognized for the past three or four years the mischievous tendency of modern designing, the increase of dimensions and the decrease of displacement, the substitution of the long lever and light weight for the shorter lever and greater weight as the means of carrying sail; the extreme light construction, the faulty lateral plane and the increased sail plans. Many remedies have been suggested, and one has even been tried with small success. That some remedy must be found is indispensable; in spite of the fact that the practicable limit of draft has already been passed, it is still possible to outbuild the most extreme of new yachts by others a little deeper in draft and of reduced displacement. At the same time it does not follow that the case is now so bad that it cannot be made very much worse, or that any change must be for the better. In studying carefully the important step now proposed by the clubs mentioned, the imposition of an arbitrary limit of draft, we cannot avoid the conclusion that the work has been carried on too hurriedly, that very important considerations have been ignored, and that if any general revival of building takes place under the rule, the resulting type will be most undesirable and detrimental to yacht building and racing.

The proposal, as elsewhere stated, is to place an arbitrary limitation on the draft of yachts in each class, with a certain penalty for any excess. The very first idea that would suggest itself in this connection is the imperative necessity



TZIN—BODY PLAN.

of protecting both the keel and the centerboard types from unfair discrimination, in accordance with the whole policy of American yachting in the past, permitting fair play to both. That this point has not been considered in framing the proposed limitation is very evident upon inspection; and it is equally plain that any competition under the rule must produce one type of yacht, and that, we believe, a very undesirable type.

Taking first the single-masted classes, which in all clubs but the New York Y. C. run from 15ft. racing length to 70ft., not including the unlimited class, the limits of draft proposed are plainly derived from actual practice, as found in existing yachts, and for keel boats they are very satisfactory. If they applied solely to the keel type, with a separate provision for the centerboard type, no fault could be found, but they do not; the only proviso is that the centerboard shall not be measured in the draft. One need not look ahead very far to see what the result must inevitably be; the rule is a direct premium on what may be called the "Jubilee" type: the canoe hull, the narrow fin, with the bulb carried at the extreme limit of draft, and in addition a plate board of more or less weight housing in the fin. The rule in its intent does not go far enough in penalizing the fin type and promoting the yacht of greater body, even as applied only to keel boats; but with such a limitation it could do little harm. With the centerboard thrown in free, there can be no chance for the restoration of such a type as yachtsmen are now looking for, of reasonable dimensions and accommodation, and yet fairly fast.

It may be that in some classes the conditions will result in a keel boat—for instance, something between the Wasp and Uvira types—and not in the centerboard-bulb-fin, but we doubt it; and we do not look for any healthy development of the keel yacht.

At the same time it is still more certain that under such a limitation there is no chance whatever for another useful type; the deep centerboard boat of good body, such as may be designated as the "Harpoon" type—such a yacht of say 9ft. draft for a measurement of 60ft., would have no chance whatever against a craft of 11ft. 6in. draft, and also equipped with a centerboard.

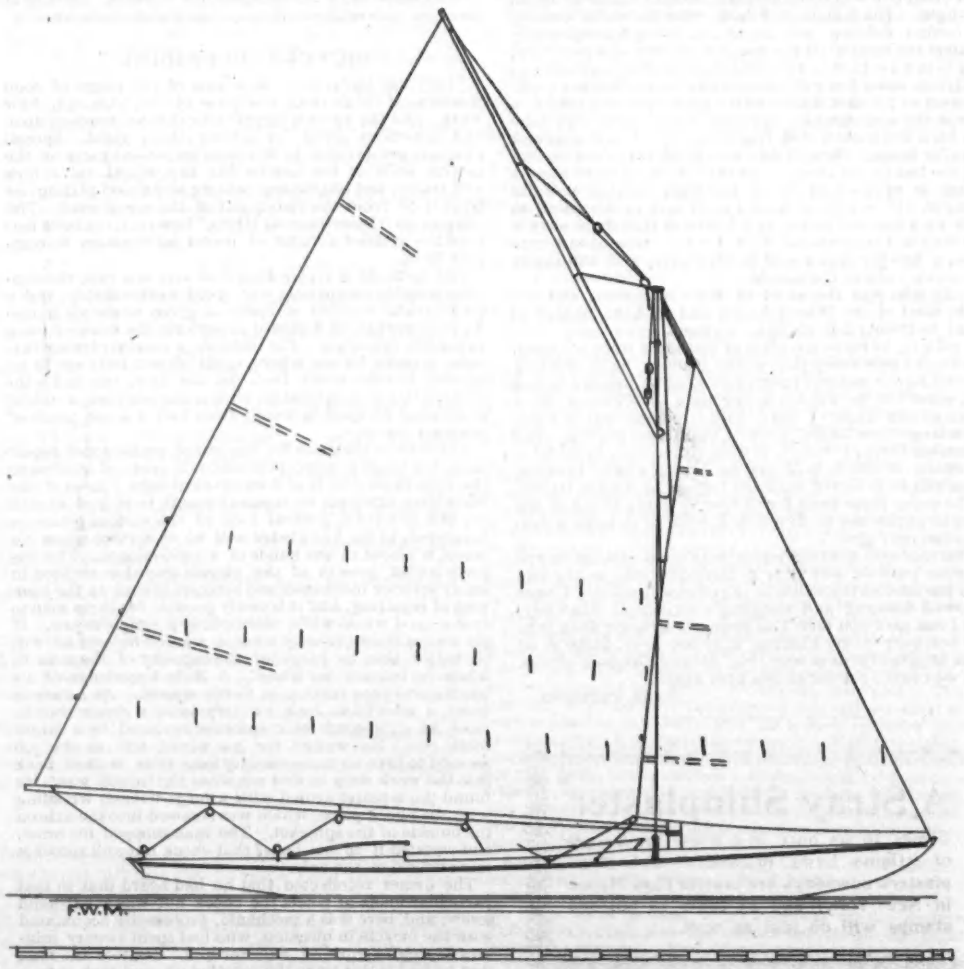
If it is desirable either to encourage the keel boat alone of such general type as indicated by Minerva, Uvira and Gloriana, or to encourage side by side with it the moderately deep centerboard boat of the type of Nymph and Harpoon, then a different plan must be adopted. The limits as already set will answer well enough for keel boats, but it should further be provided that centerboard boats shall not exceed in draft a certain fraction, say 70 per cent., of the limit for keel boats in the same class. Such a limitation as this would recognize and estimate at about its proper value the difference of draft existing in actual practice prior to the introduction of the bulb-fin, as in the old 30ft., 40ft., 46ft. and 70ft. classes; it would be unfair to no one, and would undeniably exercise a radically different influence on designing, as compared with that of the proposed rule.

In the schooner classes the general result is the same, though under somewhat different conditions. The schooner is less of a racing boat than the cutter, and has never reached the same point of development in speed, while more has always been expected of her in cruising and general all-round use. Owing to her greater size, the proportionate limit of draft has been kept below that of the single-stickers, and the centerboard has been used in all racing schooners. In this rig, whatever the class, the centerboard has been proven far more valuable and practicable than the keel type for racing, just as the reverse has been the case with the single-stickers. If the tendency of the proposed change were merely to bar the keel schooner, we should make no objection to it, as we recognize the superiority of the centerboard type as exemplified by such yachts as Quickstep, Iroquois, Ariel, Lasca and Volunteer. Such, however, is very far from being the case. Under the rule as it is proposed there is no possibility of the restoration of this general type in a modernized form; but it must give place to the "Jubilee" type, the centerboard-bulb-fin, with all of its disadvantages. It is obvious that, while in the single-stick classes the figures are based on existing practice in keel craft, in the schooner classes nothing has been considered but the most extreme point yet reached in the centerboard type—Quissetts, Amorita and Colonia. The limitation in the 75ft. class is the designed draft of Amorita, about 3in. less than her present draft; that of Quissetta being about in the same proportion, 11ft. on 66ft. l.w.l.; and in the 95ft. class it is but little under the draft of Colonia as a schooner.

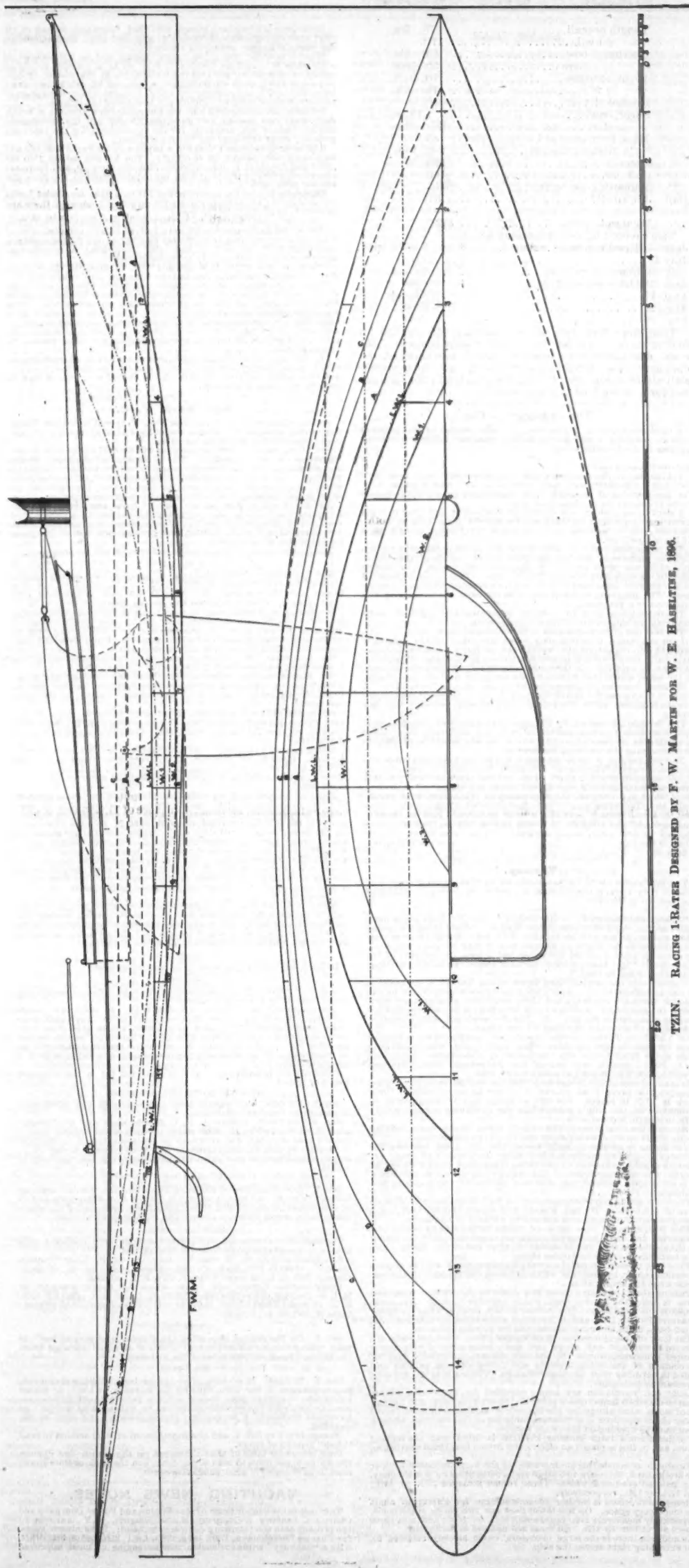
The result of the rule in the smallest schooner class is something for yachtsmen to contemplate, a boat of about 62ft. l.w.l. for her class limit of 65ft. racing length, and drawing 11ft. In the next class come Amorita and Quissetta, with 12ft. draft. What chance is there for the once popular and useful all-round schooner such as Shamrock or Quickstep?

If the end in view is not the direct encouragement of a bastard fin type, but the general good of yachting, and the promotion of yacht racing by inducing men to build and race yachts of moderate types, then the limits in the schooner classes might better begin at 7ft. in place of 11, and end at 12ft. in place of 14, with intermediate figures of 9ft. for the 75ft. and 10ft. 6in. for the 85ft. classes; while in the single-stick division the present limits should apply solely to keel craft, with a decrease to 70 per cent. for centerboard boats.

If it be decided that such a change is desirable, there is



TZIN.—SAIL PLAN.



little in the way of vested interests to interfere; in the single-stick division the field is practically clear, there are none but old boats in the racing; in the schooner division are Colonia, Amorita and Quissetta, all of which may be rated by some arbitrary arrangement against any new yachts built to the lessened limit.

At best the limitation of draft is a very inadequate attempt at the solution of the present difficulty, and the good which it can do is limited to two details. In the first place, with the limits as now set, it can prevent the building of anything more extreme than Amorita and Quissetta, but these two are so far beyond what is good and desirable that it makes little difference whether the next new boat is worse or only as bad.

In the second place, if the limit of draft be made small enough in each class, it will discriminate to a certain extent against the fin type and tend to promote a better and roomier type; the lever being shortened to an appreciable extent as compared with the extreme fin, the designer must take more weight, in the form of displacement, in order to carry an effective sail plan, unless, indeed, he chooses to take more length and less sail with an easier form. It will be seen, then, that the good results of the proposed change are but doubtful at best and of limited extent, while the possibilities for evil, in the placing of a direct premium upon the bulb-fin type with centerboard added, are almost unlimited.

THE new idea of allotting a designating number to each class, based on the Commercial Code, is an excellent one; but as it is proposed to apply it the objection arises which we have so often made in the past against the prevailing system of class nomenclature. The proper designation for a racing class is not an abitrary symbol of any kind, but the figure denoting the upper limit of the class, as the "40ft.," "10 ton," "30-rating," etc. This is exact, definite and self-explanatory, and it is not necessary to commit to memory a list of twenty or more classes. The practice in the past has been as bad as it could be; a yacht might be in Class IV. in one club, in Class F in another, in Class 7 in another, and so through the list, a few clubs, as the Seawanhaka, using the proper designation, 40ft. class. The case is not quite as bad under the proposed system; there being but one set of arbitrary designations instead of a dozen, yachtsmen will be able to commit them to memory more readily; but it would be better in every way if each class were known by the figure of its upper limit.

THE arrangement of the classes, with graduated intervals, is now very satisfactory, far better than has before existed, and one or two useless classes have been dropped. It is still the case, however, that there are two many classes on paper; and now is the time to remedy the matter before the same trouble is materialized in wood and steel. The matter is a very easy one to deal with; all that is necessary is an announcement on the part of the clubs that they will give prizes only in certain classes, to which men who would race must build. In the smaller sizes there is a need for numerous classes, and the very large number of yachtsmen of limited means can support these classes. In the larger sizes, however, there is every necessity to concentrate the building on a small number of classes, as better prizes can be given and there will be more entries in a given class. Looking at the question with a view to actual figures, all of the smaller classes, 15ft., 20ft., 25ft. and 30ft., should stand as at present, as they will find ample support among the numerous smaller clubs. The 36ft. class (the old 30ft. l.w.l. class) might be retained; then the next, 43ft., might be allowed to lapse; the proposed new boats of the 51ft. class (a modification of the old 40ft.) will establish it; and the next, 60ft., may well be dropped, tending to revive and strengthen the 70ft., a far more desirable class.

Similarly, in the schooner division there is no need whatever for the creation of the proposed 65ft. class, in which no boats now exist; the 75ft. class has already two new yachts, Amorita and Quissetta, and of course will stand; the 85ft. class may well be dropped, leaving the 95ft. as the largest regular schooner class. A look at the list of yachts which raced this past season will show that this change will affect unfavorably but very few, these few being liable to outbuilding in any event by new boats in their classes. So far as new yachts are concerned, there can be no objection to such action on the part of the clubs; given, for instance, the three sizes, 36ft., 51ft. and 70ft., a yachtsman intending to build for racing should welcome an arrangement which tended to strengthen both in entries and prizes these classes, rather than the old system of innumerable classes, inadequate prizes and few entries.

TZIN.

Racing One-Rater.

THE present development of yachting in the middle West is marked by two interesting features. The sport is growing strongly and rapidly on the numerous small fresh-water lakes in the States of Wisconsin and Minnesota, being supported by many wealthy residents of Chicago, Minneapolis and other Western cities who make their summer homes about these lakes. Competition is very keen, not only on each lake, but between the clubs of different lakes, the leading cracks being sent by wagon or rail to other localities for match races. On these lakes are found racing craft by all the leading designers—Herreshoff, Linton Hope, and others equally well known—while in competition with them, and often defeating them, are boats by local designers.

This large fleet was originally almost entirely of the sand-bag type, imported from Long Island Sound and Boston, first the noted New York boats being purchased, and later orders being sent East for new boats by the same designers to beat them. Within the past season a marked change has taken place in the partial abandonment of the old type, with shifting ballast, and large if not unlimited crews, in favor of yachts of 15 to 20ft. racing length, much the same as the old English one-raters and half-raters, and sailed with fixed ballast and crews of three or four at most. While different rules for the new class have been made by the various clubs, the boats are approximately of 15ft. and 20ft. measurement by the Seawanhaka rule.

The design here illustrated, for which we are indebted to the designer, F. W. Martin, superintendent of the Racine Yacht and Boat Works, was made for the new class of the Green Lake Y. C., of Dartford, Wis.; being owned by W. E Haseltine, secretary-treasurer of the club. She is one of a number of 20-footers and 15-footers built by the R. Y. & B. W. last winter at their works at Racine Junction, Wis., the others, with one exception, Pleasant Pain being

double-skin mahogany construction, with hollow spars, silk sails and very elaborate finish. Tzin, however, was built of Michigan or Canada white cedar, an inner diagonal skin of $\frac{3}{16}$in., and an outer fore and aft skin of $\frac{1}{4}$in. There were no frames, only a few hackmatack floors at mast and abreast the trunk, but the bilge was stiffened by two bilge clamps of cedar $\frac{3}{4}\times\frac{3}{8}$in., while the main clamp was of American elm, $\frac{7}{8}\times1\frac{1}{4}$in. The keel was of elm, rabbeted; the diagonal planking was copper-nailed and riveted to the keel, the clamp and the bilge clamps; it was coated with a mixture of rosin, beeswax, pine tar and linseed oil, worked on hot; then a thickness of Egyptian cotton cloth was laid on, and the mixture sweated through. The outer strakes were each treated with the hot mixture before being fastened in place, being finally copper-nailed and rivcted over a special make of burr adapted to the soft nature of the cedar.

The centerboard trunk was made of $\frac{3}{4}$in. cedar in two whole pieces, tapering to $\frac{1}{4}$in. at the top, which was stiffened by a ledge to carry the floor beams; no headledges were used, one-half of the slot being worked out of each plank, the two being then riveted together at the ends. Where the pin of the centerboard passed through, the cedar was reinforced by a piece of oak dovetailed in across the grain.

The deck beams are of cedar, $1\frac{1}{2}\times\frac{1}{2}$in., spaced 30in. apart, with two light, bent carlins spaced between each pair of beams. The deck planks are of $\frac{7}{16}$in. cedar, 6in. wide, and under each seam is a ribband of cedar $\frac{3}{4}\times\frac{3}{8}$in., gained in flush with the tops of the main beams and lying on top of

TZIN.

the carlins. The deck is covered with wide sheeting, sweated down into the mixture already mentioned, and then painted, three coats being put on, each well sandpapered down, finishing with varnish. The outside of the planking was finished in English white enamel.

The watertight, self-draining cockpit was built with a cedar floor, the seams battened; but from the swash through the trunk when under way and the drying when at anchor the floor shrunk and could not be kept tight. At the middle of the season, after the yacht had raced for a time, Mr. Martin fitted a copper lining to the cockpit, the sides being carried up and made watertight under the coaming, with a light wooden grating to protect the bottom. This proved perfectly watertight and very satisfactory. Small hand-hole plates, as used for hatches in canoes, were placed to ventilate each compartment. The centerboard is of $\frac{1}{4}$in. steel, of the shape shown. The original design called for a 300lb. board, but the thin one was finally decided on, and two pigs of lead were shipped and lashed amidships to make up the loss in weight. The rudder has a steel stock and a wooden blade. The deck fittings are all very light, including two forged steel travelers and a stem band. The tiller is of second growth hickory, bent to shape, and stepped in a bronze socket which fits the rudderhead. The rudder trunk is of steel bicycle tubing, flanged and brazed into a special bronze plate at the bottom of keel, and counter-bored into a bronze bearing on deck. The chainplates are bent steel straps, with special deadeyes at deck, running down to the keel and there fastened to the mast step. The mast, boom and gaff are of balsam pine, solid, but very light and strong. The sails are of Egyptian cotton. The blocks are of wood, rather large, but light. The standing rigging is of steel, set up by lanyards. The entire weight of hull, without centerboard and rudder, was 470lbs. in the shop.

The yacht was originally designed with an over all length of 32ft., as shown in the plans, but at the annual meeting of the club in Chicago last winter it was decided to prohibit more than one-third of the waterline length in overhang as a means of protection to the old-time boats with short ends and great beam, with accompanying big sail plans. As it happened, this step proved fruitless, the newer and smaller boats outsailing the old sandbaggers by about one minute to the mile over the club course, 12 miles.

Owing to this restriction on the overhang, Tzin was built to the dotted lines shown, the ends of the original design being reduced considerably. Another yacht, however, was built to the full length, 32ft. over all, for Signor S. P. Fachutar, of the Pewaukee Y. C., being named Carmula. She is one of the finest yachts built by the Racine Yacht and Boat Works last season, both skins being of mahogany, as well as the plankshcer and partners; while the deck, of $\frac{1}{4}\times\frac{3}{4}$in. pine, was bent to shape and blind-fastened. The centerboard was of phosphor bronze, 300lbs. weight; the spars were hollow, and the sails were of Union silk, the rig being a lug with roller jib. The deck fittings were very elaborate, including a light rail around the entire deck. Though fast, she is rather overweighted with fittings, etc., for the class.

Tzin's dimensions are:

Length over all	27ft.	7in.
¢ l.w.l.	17ft.	
Overhang, bow	4ft.	9in.
stern	5ft.	10in.
Beam, extreme	7ft.	3½in.
l.w.l.	5ft.	6in.
Freeboard	1ft.	
Sheer, bow		10½in.
stern		2in.
Mast, from stem at l.w.l.	4ft.	
deck to hounds	18ft.	10in.
Boom	22ft.	
Gaff	16ft.	
Mainsail, area, sq. ft.	336	
Jib, sq. ft.	76	
Total sail	412	

Tzin's record for her first season is:

July 4, Revel cup race	Fouled buoy.
July 18	First.
July 25, Commodore's cup	Second.
Aug. 8, Oakwood cup	First.
Aug. 17	Second.
Aug. 22	First.
Aug 29	First.

Total, four firsts, two seconds and once disqualified for fouling mark, giving her the championship pennant of the club. Her owner states that she is good to windward, but does her best work reaching and running, and in a moderately strong breeze. She is a good sea boat, and not specially wet for a racing boat in rough water.

The America's Cup.

A CORRESPONDENT of *Engineering* (London) writes to that paper as follows, outlining a new and definitely organized scheme for the regaining of the America's Cup:

Editor Engineering:

I think that if the America's Cup is to eventually come here, as I feel sure it ultimately will, the conditions under which a yacht, built for the purpose of securing it, is constructed should approximate those prevailing on the American side.

I want to see the Cup won on the old course first, and then to insist on neutral ground being fixed equally distant from both shores, so that the labor of reaching the scene will be fairly apportioned to each of the competitors.

The suggestion I wish to make is that you invite public subscription for the purpose of building say four racing yachts of the length limited by the "deed of gift," designs for such yachts to be thrown open to the designing talent of the country. These could be referred to a committee composed of scientific men assisted by expert yachtsmen. The designs considered best to be the basis of the building, and might carry a premium.

The boats when built to be tested separately and together, interchanging the skippers to eliminate the personal element.

The best out of three contests to be considered the winner.

I am convinced that it is only when the talent of the country is brought into requisition the "event" can be fairly considered "international;" otherwise it is merely a private trial of rivals. The public at large, by entering into the scheme, having direct personal interest in the issue, would thus stimulate the designers to their best efforts.

Without desiring to prescribe the names of the "committee," I venture to express the conviction that it would be incomplete without the inclusion of Mr. Yarrow and Mr. Froude, provided they are willing.

The former gentleman, by his great experience in high-powered, light-scantlinged vessels, and the latter by his deservedly high place in researches on resistance and forms of vessels, would be invaluable in determining the merits of the designs.

This suggestion is made sincerely, conveying no reflection on the present designers of yachts. It is made in no one's interest, but on public scientific grounds alone. I am certain there are many in this great maritime country who merely want the chance of exhibiting their talent to prove that the supremacy of this nation, both practically and theoretically, in every field covered by the term "naval architecture," when it is awake, can be maintained just as proudly and easily by the children of Nelson in this day as their ancestors showed so brilliantly, under entirely different conditions, that it could in the past.

J. J. O'NEILL.

Sept. 21.

Varuna.

THE new steam yacht Varuna, designed by Watson for Eugene Higgins, of New York, is described as follows in the European edition of the New York *Herald:*

"I fancy she does credit to her builders," said Mr. John Inglis modestly, adding, "and of course to her designer. She's indeed a bonny boat, and her owner will be satisfied with her. We have, of course, kept strictly to Mr Watson's designs, and it may be there are some details with which I should not agree had I been the designer of the boat myself. But that's neither here nor there. If he and Mr. Higgins are satisfied so am I."

Undoubtedly the most striking figure of the Varuna is the vastness of her accommodations. Apart from the owner's suite of rooms and saloons, there are two large and three somewhat smaller staterooms below the main deck, besides a room intended for bachelor guests extending right across the ship. Mr. Higgins need not stint himself in the matter of company on board his new yacht.

Of 1,520 tons, Thames measurement, the Varuna, which is built of steel throughout, the top sides being flush plated, with continuous edge strips fitted inside, has the following dimensions: Length on l.w.l., 260ft.; length over taffrail and figurehead, 300ft.; extreme breadth, 35ft. 2in.; depth (to bridge deck), 28ft.

It is to the size of her bridge deck that the Varuna owes, in greatest measure, the exceptional character of her accommodations. This deck is 168ft. in length. For 40ft. at either end it is supported on stanchions at the ship's sides, while the remaining portion, nearly 90ft. in length, is covered in.

Here are the chief rooms: The owner's suite, dining room, fencing room, chart room, drawing room and two large staterooms.

The dining room also extends across the ship, lying between the boiler and engine rooms, from which latter the two sets of triple expansion engines, with which the Varuna is supplied, can be viewed at work. The measurements of the dining room are about 18ft.×34ft. It is fitted up in paneled oak, and will possess all the requisite furnishings.

From the dining room entrance can be had to the library, with an area of some 187sq ft., and a total wall length of over 50ft., quite enough to allow of bookcases containing a plenty of literature

This library is aft of a series of rooms for maids and valets, and lavatories and bath rooms for guests arranged alongside the casing on the starboard side, and alongside the after end of the dining room is a vestibule floored with rubber tiling.

Here is to be seen a novelty—a watertight gangway, with an accommodation ladder, by means of which entrance can be had to the vestibule when the ship is afloat.

Passing abaft the engine room, you come to the drawing room and what is called the fencing room, which together form an after deckhouse on the main deck. The former is 18ft. square, while the latter measures 16ft. by 17ft., and is provided with cabinets, racks for foils, dumb bells, clubs and other accessories for physical exercise.

The floor of this gymnasium is of rubber tiling, while the walls are paneled in wainscot oak, above this dado being covered with neatly painted Tynecastle canvas. By the way, the same material is used for the ceilings of the dining, drawing and owner's rooms, painted and gilded in harmony with the other fittings. The walls of the drawing room are in mahogany.

Light and ventilation are amply provided for, there being no less than twenty-two large square ports in the drawing room and fencing room alone, while altogether the number of sidelights fitted to rooms under the bridge deck is fifty-seven, inclusive of the fourteen already mentioned as opening on the owner's suite.

Furthermore, a large circular skylight is fitted over the fencing room, and in this is placed an electrically driven Blackman ventilating fan.

Finally, to conclude this enumeration of the accommodations under the bridge deck, there are two large staterooms fitted up in mahogany, and painted enameled white. These rooms measure 15ft. by 14ft., and 14ft. by 14ft., respectively.

Going below, there is further accommodation for guests all abaft the machinery space. On this lower deck are two large staterooms, respectively measuring 14ft. square and 11ft. by 17ft.; and also three others about 10ft. by 11ft. All these are paneled in mahogany.

In addition there is the large bachelors' cabin already referred to, and extending right across the ship.

Here there are two bath rooms, with tiled floors and dadoes of tiling; while contiguous is the doctor's room, and abaft accommodation for valets in a room measuring 9ft. by 17ft.

When it is added that these guests' rooms will be upholstered in some cases in luxurious fashion, and in all in a manner providing sound, solid comfort, and that the latest ideas in the matter of conveniences and fittings will be utilized, a number of well-known firms being engaged to supplement the work of Messrs. Inglis it is apparent that Mr. Eugene Higgins's guests will be favored individuals.

Between the bridge deck and the forecastle deck there is a break deck, level with the rail, and underneath which are the storerooms, clothes lockers and magazine for the ammunition for the rapid fire guns and other ordnance the Varuna will carry.

It is scarcely necessary to say of a modern steam yacht that she will be lighted throughout by electricity. The Varuna carries two engines and dynamos, coupled together, for this purpose, and there are also storage cells in the after hold for requisition when the dynamos are not running.

Electricity is also the motive power for fans that are placed in the owner's rooms, the saloons and all the guests' rooms, while there are electric bells throughout the vessel.

Going up to the bridge deck—by the way, a peculiarity of the Varuna is that all her gangways run athwart, instead of, as is usually the case, with the ship—we find, immediately in front of the funnel casing, a deckhouse built entirely of teak, and comprising a wheelhouse, chart room and entrance way to the main deck.

This deckhouse is 21ft. in length and 18ft. in breadth. Its various divisions are all paneled in oak and the floor laid with rubber tiling.

Then, on the bridge deck, but abaft the funnel casing, is a second deckhouse 2ft. longer than its counterpart forward, the measurement being 23ft.×13ft., and, like the other one, built entirely of teak. This second deckhouse consists almost wholly of a room described as a breakfast or smoking room, the walls of which are paneled in mahogany and the floor laid in feather or groove-jointed oak, elaborately planed and waxed. Here is an entrance way to the after rooms on the main deck.

The Varuna is a twin-screw vessel, carrying two sets of triple expansion engines, four cylinders, 22½, 38, 40 and 43in. in diameter, each set, and two boilers 11ft. 9in. long and 17ft. 6in. in diameter, placed back to back in the center of the ship.

New York Y. C.

AN important meeting of the New York Y. C. will be held on Thursday of this week, as will be seen from the following notices of proposed amendments to the racing rules.

The fifth general meeting of the club will be held at the club house, Thursday, Oct. 22, at 8:30 P. M. The committee to nominate officers and standing committees for the year 1897 will be balloted for at this meeting. The following amendment to Chapter IV. of the by-laws, passed at the second general meeting, and laid on the table at the third general meeting, will be taken up for final consideration:

Add at the end of first paragraph: "Yachts complying with the foregoing conditions, except as to capacity, but having a capacity of less than 15 tons and not less than 10 tons, ascertained and certified as herein provided, shall be entitled to representation for all purposes except voting at meetings."

The following amendments to the racing rules will be presented:

RULE I.

Sec. 2, to read: Schooners—Class A, all over 95ft. racing length. Class B, not over 95 and over 85ft. racing length. Class C, not over 85 and over 75ft. racing length. Class D, not over 75 and over 65ft. racing length. Class F, not over 65ft. racing length.

Single-masted Vessels and Yawls.—Class G, all over 70ft. racing length. Class H, not over 70 and over 60ft. racing length. Class J, not over 60 and over 51ft. racing length. Class K, not over 51 and over 43ft. racing length. Class L, not over 43 and over 36ft. racing length. Class M, not over 36ft. racing length.

Sec 3, to read: The regatta committee, with the approval of the commodore, may establish special classes for any regatta.

Sec. 4, to read: Limit of Drafts.—The maximum draft of any yacht when in racing trim shall not exceed that specified for her class in the following table, exclusive of centerboard, except as hereafter mentioned.

Schooners.—Class A, over 95ft. R. L.; draft, no limit. Class B, not over 95ft. R. L; draft, 14ft. Class C, not over 85ft. R. L; draft, 13ft. Class D, not over 75ft. R. L.; draft, 12ft. Class F, not over 65ft. R. L.; draft, 11ft.

Single-masted Vessels and Yawls.—Class G, over 70ft. R. L.; draft, no limit. Class H, not over 70ft. R. L; draft, 13ft. Class J, not over 60ft. R. L; draft, 11.5ft. Class K, not over 51ft. R. L.; draft, 10ft. Class L, not over 43ft. R. L.; draft, 9ft. Class M, not over 36ft. R. L.; draft, 8ft.

Any yacht whose draft exceeds that allowed in her class shall be eligible to race in such class, but the amount of excess shall, in computing her measurement for racing length, be multiplied by two and added to the L. W. L.; provided, however, that in no case shall such excess be more than 10 per cent. of the draft allowed in her respective class. On all yachts launched after Nov. 1, 1896, there shall be placed upon the hull, and immediately over the point of greatest draft, a metal plate or other distinct mark. Such mark shall be placed over the L. W. L., and within 6in. of it; and the owner shall furnish to the regatta committee a certificate of the vessel's draft to such mark, signed by himself, the designer or the builder of the yacht.

Change Sec. 4 to Sec. 6.

New Sec. 5. To read: Any yacht launched after Nov. 1, 1896, except in classes A of schooners and G of single-masted vessels and yawls, shall not be entitled to any time allowance from other yachts in her class, except as provided in Sec. 3 of Rule IV. and in special races, when it must be so stated in the notice of the race.

RULE II.

In third line, change the word 94 to read 93 per cent.

RULE IV.

Sec. 3. To read: The regatta committee may refuse or accept any entry made after the time of closing.

Change present Sec. 3 to Sec. 4 and to read: At least two yachts must start in each class to entitle a yacht to a prize. Any yacht alone in her class may sail in the class next above, but in such class such yacht shall assume and be entered as of the minimum racing length specified for the class in which she so enters; but this shall not be so construed as to permit a single-masted vessel or yawl to enter in a schooner class.

Eliminate the present Sec. 4, as it is provided for in the proposed Sec. 3 of Rule I.

RULE VI.—BOATS AND LIFE BUOYS.

Sec 1. To read: All yachts shall carry at least two serviceable life buoys on deck ready for use.

Sec. 2. To read: Classes A, B, C of schooners and G of single-masted vessels and yawls shall carry on deck a serviceable round-bottom boat with oars and rowlocks or tholepins lashed in, not less than 14ft. in length, and classes D and F of schooners and H of single-masted vessels and yawls a boat as above not less than 12ft. in length.

RULE VII.

Sec. 1. Add at the end of the third line after the words "kept on board," to read: All yachts, except in classes A of schooners and G of single-masted vessels and yawls shall keep their galley and forecastle fixtures and fittings on board and in their proper places.

RULE VIII.—CREW.

To read: The number of men permitted on a yacht during a race shall not exceed that given by the following table:

Schooners.—Class A: 1 man to every 2ft. of R. L. or fraction thereof. Class B, 95ft. R. L., 35 men. Class C, 85ft. R. L., 30 men. Class D, 75ft R. L., 25 men. Class F, 65ft. R. L., 20 men.

Single-masted Vessels and Yawls.—Class G, 3 men to every 5ft. of R. L or fraction thereof. Class H, 70ft. R. L., 20 men. Class J, 60ft. R. L., 15 men. Class K, 51ft. R. L., 12 men. Class L, 43ft. R. L., 9 men. Class M, 36ft. R. L., 7 men.

RULE IX.

Sec. 3. On the second line, after the words "and display her" to read, racing number above the reef points at an equal distance from the luff and leach on both sides of the mainsail.

RULE XVII.

Sec. 3. To read: If a yacht, after having been officially measured, makes changes in her trim, causing an increase of l.w.l., or makes alterations in her sail plan, should enter a race without remeasurement or notifying the regatta committee in writing that alterations have been made, and a request for remeasurement, she shall be disqualified.

Change Sec. 3 to Sec. 4, and the fourth word of said section to read "shall" instead of "may."

Page 163, under table of time allowance, on the eighth line change the words 50 per cent. to read 80 per cent., and the table of time allowance to be changed in accordance therewith.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

THE new consolidated firms of Gas Engine and Power Company and Charles L. Seabury & Company, Morris Heights, N. Y., have up to the present date the following contracts in hand: Steel steam yacht for Charles Fleischmann, 170ft. long, 138ft. l.w.l., 21ft. beam, 8ft. draft, with a "Seabury" triple expansion marine engine of most approved

design, and a "Seabury" patent safety water tube boiler of latest type. The guaranteed speed is eighteen miles. The yacht will be lighted by electricity and heated by steam throughout, and will carry a 25ft. naphtha launch on davits. She will be fitted with steam windlass, deckhouses on forward and after decks, and will be ready for service by June 1, 1897. The next yacht is for E. S. Woodward, of New York; 85ft. over all, 73ft. l w.l., 13ft beam, 5ft. draft. With a flush deck she will have very fine accommodations for cruising. The owner's quarters will be aft, including two large staterooms, main saloon, toilet room, large wardrobe, wine locker, etc. The dining room will be in deckhouse forward, with dumbwaiter from galley below. The machinery will include a triple expansion engine of "Seabury" design and "Seabury" safety water tube boiler. The guaranteed speed is 15 miles. She will be ready for delivery by May, 1897. The next is a 65ft. twin screw naphtha yacht for the U S Lighthouse Department, which is to be used as tender at the Charleston (S. C.) district. This boat will be fitted with two 12 h p naphtha motors, twin screw, and will have a pilot house, saloon, toilet, galley, crew's quarters, engine room, after cockpit, etc. She will be copper sheathed on bottom, and will be ready for delivery in three months. The firm have also in hand a 40ft. steam launch for Messrs. Flint, Eidy & Co., for export, to be finished by Nov. 15, 1896. This boat has 6ft. 10in. beam and draws 2ft. 6in; fitted with a simple engine and a "Seabury" safety water tube boiler arranged to burn wood; the speed being 10 miles. She will be shipped to Mexico. There is also on the stocks a 40ft. cabin naphtha launch for a private party and several smaller launches for customers.

The firm are also building a number of the famous "Seabury" boilers and engines for yachts and launches.

Marvel & Co., of Newburgh, N. Y., have in hand a steam yacht of peculiar design for a New York yachtsman. The yacht was designed by H. C. Whitinghame, and will be of steel, with twin screws, the dimensions being: Over all 125ft., l w l. 116ft., beam 30ft., depth 10ft. 3in., and draft 5ft. The pilot house will be 13ft. ×9ft., and the main deckhouse 34ft.×13ft. The interior arrangements are very convenient. The engines will be of triple expansion type, 6¼, 10 and 16×10in. The yacht will make a cruise to the South as soon as completed.

The Almy Water Tube Boiler Co. has issued a very neat catalogue of its boilers, which are now in high favor with yachtsmen. The firm has now in hand a new boiler for the yacht Puzzle. It is also making a new feed water regulator for stationary and marine boilers.

The Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C. has just leased a large city house on the north side of Twenty-second street, east of Broadway, and will soon be once more established in permanent town quarters. The house will be fitted up specially for the accommodation of the club, with billiard room, meeting and lecture rooms, etc., and, in addition, the rooms on the upper floors will be rented to members.

The Lincoln Park Y. C. has joined in the general movement for a consolidation of all the Chicago yacht clubs. At the regular monthly meeting at the Sherman House on Oct. 13 a committee was appointed to confer with the committees from the Columbia and the Chicago clubs to take steps toward that end. The committee consists of Geo. Warrington, Thos. Simpson and C. O. Andrews. At present no definite plans for consolidation have been evolved, but it is hoped to unite under the common name of the Chicago Y. C if the charter can be procured. Little other business was done except the election of the following new members: Gen. J. T. Torrence, F. L. Danforth and F. Matheson. The committee will report on the matter of consolidation at the next monthly meeting.—*Chicago Record.*

On the morning of Oct. 11, while the big northeaster was at its height, the steam yacht Oneida, with ex-Com. Benedict aboard, arrived at Greenwich to lay up. During the morning the sloop Addie O., of Greenwich, with her owner, W. B. Owens, and four others aboard, started out for a sail, and when off Captain's Island she was completely overpowered by the sea, her crew losing all control of her. Seeing her danger from the shore, Com. Benedict called his captain and one of Oneida's crew and put out in the small vapor launch to the rescue. After much difficulty and danger a line was finally passed to the sloop and an attempt was made to tow her into Greenwich, but in the face of the gale and with the sloop partly waterlogged, the launch was unable to make way, and both boats were in danger of going on the rocks. Their position was seen by the crew of the Oneida and the larger launch was sent out, a second line was passed to the sloop and the two launches towed her into the harbor.

Canoeing.

THE proposals for amendment of the A. C. A. rules which we publish this week suggest that this work is now in order, and that all having proposals to be laid before the executive committee next month at the annual meeting should submit them immediately to E B. Edwards, chairman of the regatta committee, Petersborough, Canada. In order to be acted on at the meeting, such proposals must be incorporated in the report of the regatta committee and published in the FOREST AND STREAM for two weeks previous to the meeting. Through neglect on one hand or the other, this is seldom done, the work of amending the rules being left to a mail vote.

We would suggest to all who have proposals to submit that they look up the Year Book and make their proposals in the form of a carefully worded amendment to the proper rule, instead of a mere general suggestion that a change be made.

A. C. A. Racing Rules.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. R. O. King, of the Toronto C. C., now residing in Cambridge, Mass., suggests the following changes in the rules governing paddling races:

Referring to A. C. A. Year Book, 1895:

I. For events 15, 17, 19, 22, 23, 24, 25, 27, 28 and upset race, canoes not to be more than 16ft. long, nor less than 30in. beam, nor less than 12in. deep. Weight not less than 40lbs. Single blades only to be used.

N. B.—In the upset race double blades might be allowed if decked canoes enter.

II. For Event 4 canoes must not be more than 16ft. long, nor less than 28in. beam, nor less than 8in. deep. No limit to weight. Single or double blades.

III. Events 26 and 18—Canoes not to be more than 20ft. long, nor less than 12in. deep, nor less than 30in. beam, nor less than 70lbs. in weight.

Rule I. has been in force in Montreal and vicinity for a number of years and has given great satisfaction.

Rule II has not been changed except to be made more definite. In fact, very few changes have been made that will rule out any existing canoes. The whole has been made definite, which, as will be admitted by those reading the present rules, is a very desirable thing.

J. W. MCKENDRICK.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Calumet Heights Riflemen.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 10.—The scores made to-day by the members of the Calumet Heights Gun Club that use the small-bore were as follows:

Class A: 200yds., off-hand, standard target:

	No. 1.		
Paterson	2000204044	—16	
Hobbs	4544444143—40—2—38		
Davis	5404444458	—35	
Norcom	2333400044	—23	
		No. 2.	
Paterson	2203333022—19—2—17		
Hobbs	4444344444—38—2—36		
Davis	4944464454	—38	
		No. 3.	
Paterson	3220340200	—17	
Hobbs	3332444444	—36	

Black	0000000345	—11	
Harlan	3544644444—41—2—39		
Lamphere	4343343334	—35	
Norcom	5220332332	—27	
Black	5342300448	—26	
Harlan	4340344455—31—2—29		
Davis	3302344333	—28	
Harlan	2434443455—32—2—37		

Class B: Ladies, 100yds., Creedmoor target reduced, Fest:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Miss Ervin	5545544424—40	42	39	..
Mrs R B Carson	4454454545—42	40	40	38
Mrs C W Carson	5454455554—44	41	45	41
Mrs A W Harlan	4443323445—35	..	..	..

PATTY.

Shell Mound.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 12.—Many marksmen visited Shell Mound Range yesterday. The weather conditions were only fair until late in the afternoon, when they improved. The most notable score made was that of F. O Young. With a Sharps military rifle on the circular 8in. bullseye he made 49 out of 50 possible.

Enthusiasm among the members of the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club was at a high pitch. In this club there is a lively contest among the ladies for the trophy presented by William Glindemann; and it was acknowledged that the score of 26 made two weeks ago by Mrs. M. J White would be very hard to beat. Mrs. Crane started out yesterday with the determination to better the score, which she did, by Creedmoor rules. She tied Mrs. White's score on points and beat it with a 3, where in the other score there was a 6. Mrs. C. F. Waltham has also entered the competition, and promises to put up a good score before the year is over. Mrs. L. D. Adam and Mrs. J. F. Cosgrave are also among the most enthusiastic of rifle shots, and give promise of becoming experts ere long.

The scores made yesterday by members of the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club on the Columbia target were as follows:

Rifle, for class medals—Champion class, 10 shots: A. Strecker 89, F. O Young 76, D. W. McLaughlin 87.

First class: A. Gehret 84, A. B. Dorrell 92, F. E. Mason 94, George Schultz 141.

Second class: E. Jacobson 79, E. H. Bushnell 100, G. Bailey 113, A. H Hess 134, M. J. White 145

Unfred diamond medal, 5 shots: D. W. McLaughlin 13, A. H. Pape 15, Dr. L. O Rodgers 15, F. O. Young 17, A. Strecker 17.

Rifle, record medal, 10 shots: Dr. L. O Rodgers 59, F. O. Young 58, A. B. Dorrell 68, D. W. McLaughlin 70, H. R. Crane 84, F. E. Mason 94

Glindemann musket medal, 10 shots, Columbia target, Creedmoor count: F. O Young 49, Ed Hovey 47, Col. S. I. Kellogg 45, F. H. Bushnell 44. F. Robertson 42.

On the pistol range, 50yds., Columbia target, the following scores were made on the club's class medal record:

Champion class, 10 shots: Ed. Hovey 49, J. E. Gorman 51, F. O. Young 53, S. I. Kellogg 55, A. H. Pape 55, C. M. Daise 59.

First class: Dr. L. O. Rodgers 51, F. E. Mason 56, F. Baumgartner 62, A. Gehret 63, D. W. McLaughlin 68, A. B. Dorrell 69, M. J. White 80

Second class, 10 shots: G. W. Barley 55, F. H. Bushnell 68, O. A. Brenner 91, J. P. Cosgrave 123, A. H. Hesse 138.

Open to all comers, re-entry, 5 shots, pistol, Blanding medal: C. M. Daise 8, F. O. Young 8, A. H. Pape 9, J. E. Gorman 10, F. H. Bushnell 15

All-comers, re-entry, .22cal. rifle, medal, 5 shots: E. Jacobson 11, Mrs. L. J. Crane 13, Mrs. M. J. White 19, Mrs. C. F. Waltham 21.

Glindemann ladies' trophy, 10 shots: Mrs. L. J. Crane 26, Mrs. C. F. Waltham 39, Mrs. M. J. White 57.

GERMANIA RIFLEMEN.

The members of the Germania Schuetzen Verein made the following scores to-day in the monthly contest for the club medal; 20 shots, German ring target:

First champion class: First prize, Dr. L. O. Rodgers, 481 rings; second prize, A. Mocks, 436. First and second classes not filled. Third class: First prize, H. Helbing, 402; second prize, J. D. Heise, 378. Fourth class: First prize, D. Solfield, 387; second prize, William Garms, 239. Best first shot, Dr. L. O. Rodgers, 24. Best last shot, F. P. Schuster, 23.

SAN FRANCISCO SCHUETZEN VEREIN.

In to-day's contest for the club's medal, members of the San Francisco Schuetzen Verein made the following scores on the German ring target, 20 shots, 200yds. range:

Champion class: A. H. Pape 496 rings. First class not filled. Second class: George Schultz 396. Third class: J. Gefkin 390. (Gefkin becomes the permanent owner of this medal.) Fourth class: John Tiedemann 367. Best first shot, D. B. Faktor 24; best last shot, H. F. Linkendy 24.

NORDDEUTSCHER SCHUETZEN CLUB.

The scores of the Norddeutscher Schuetzen Club in to-day's shoot were as below:

Bullseye contest, 20 shots, bullseye target, best centers measured by a machine: F. Rust 755 points, F. P. Schuster 555, A. F. Weyer 541, J. de Wit 977, H. Huber 1,067. HOEBL.

Revolver Shooting in England.

LONDON, England, Sept. 25.—On Sept. 22 the South London Rifle Club had its usual weekly shoot at Staines's ranges. The wind blew half a gale, and made revolver work very uncertain. Early in the day it was calmer, and Mr. Howe took advantage of the lull to put on a 41 at 20yds.; and a few hours later Mr. Winans, during a lull, made the best on record score for the two ranges, 20 and 50yds., as follows:

50yds.....677667—39 20yds.....777676—40—79

He put on four more bullseyes after he had finished the score. The rest of the day the wind utterly prevented any accuracy in revolver shooting. Below are details of score:

	Stationary target, 20yds.	50yds.
E Howe	777776—41	666567—35
Walter Winans	777676—40	677667—39
Clement-Smith	667767—36	
Capt T W Heath	655566—33	554664—29

The scores for the revolver championship of the club now stand as follows, Mr. Winans's scores standing first, as he has the best scores to add to them in case of a tie. Sept. 29 is the final shoot.

	20yds.	50yds.
Walter Winans	41 41 40 40 40	39 38 37—316
Capt T W Heath	42 41 41 40 40	38 37 37—316
E Howe	41 41 41 40 40	37 37 36—313
C Knapp	40 39 39 39 38	36 35 35—301
Clement-Smith	38 38 37 37 36	38 35 34—293
Malsinger	38 30 39 27 26	29 25 24—228
W B Reid	36 35 34 34 31	35 33 ..
Lieut J Howard	38 33 36 36 35	25 .. ..
Mrs Simmons	25 21 20 18 16	16 .. ..
A Wilson	35 33 33 29 ..	.. .. ..
C F Lowe	41	.. .. ..
F Rand	39	.. .. ..
A W Simmons	17	.. .. ..

On Sept. 23 a gale of wind was blowing, and the North London Rifle Club's revolver competition in consequence did not give any scores worth anything.

Fifty-yard target:

C Knapp	047777—33	Holmes	337455—27
Capt T W Heath	654465—30	Britton	054445—29
Capt Evans	746464—31	T B Howe	202244—14
Tilbury	463546—28	Lieut Curley	534233—19

Scores for revolver championship of the club now stand:

	Series 1.	Series 2.	Series 3.	Series 4	Total.
Walter Winans	42 41 41 40 40 40	38	39	37 36	—394
A W Carter	40 38 36 36 36 36	31	35	34 34	—363
C Knapp	39 37 37 36 36 34	39	31	33 33	—355
Holmes	38 37 36 35 33 30	38	34	34 33	—348
Lieut Howard	41 38 38 38 36 34	36	24	34 29	—348
Capt W Evans	38 35 36 36 35 34	32	29	33 31	—347
W Luff	37 37 36 35 35 34	36	30	31 31	—344
Maj H Palmer	41 40 39 38 37 ..	..	..	.. ..	

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Oct. 23-24.—MARION, N. J.—Merchandise shoot of the Endeavor Gun Club. Targets. Entries in 100 target handicaps close Oct. 22, to A. R. Strader, 371 New York avenue, Jersey City, N. J., or to Carl von Lengerke, 8 Murray street, New York city. Entries to be accompanied by $2 forfeit.

Oct. 26-27.—LIBERTY, Ind.—Tournament of the Red Owl Gun Club. Live birds and targets. R. A. Creek, Sec'y.

Oct. 27-28.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Eighth bi-monthly tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club. First day, targets; second day, live birds.

Oct. 28-29.—IRONTON, O.—Third annual tournament of the Iron City Gun Club. Targets.

Oct. 29.—MACON, Ga.—All-day shoot at live birds, under the auspices of the Macon Gun Club. F. C. Etheridge, Sec'y.

Oct. 29-30.—DEXTER PARK, L. I.—Tournament under the auspices of the Emerald Gun Club, of New York. First day, targets; second day, live birds.

Nov. 7.—HACKENSACK, N. J.—Cup contest, under the auspices of the Bergen County Gun Club. C. O. Gardiner, Sec'y.

Dec 1-5.—TRENTON, N. J.—Proposed contest for live-bird championship; 100 live birds per man, $100 entry. Under the management of Charles Zwirlein.

1897.

Jan. 4-5.—PRESCOTT, Arizona.—Fourth annual tournament of the Arizona State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Prescott Gun Club. Roy Hill, Sec'y.

January.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Second midwinter tournament, under the management of Oscar Guessaz, etc.

March 23-25.—NEW YORK CITY.—The Interstate Association's fifth annual Grand American Handicap at live birds.

April 15-17.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Tournament of the San Antonio Gun Club. Open to amateurs only. Willard T. Simpson, Chairman Ex Com.

May 11-14.—OIL CITY, Pa.—Seventh annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. Targets and live birds. Black powder barred. Special event: 25 live birds per man, $25, $1,000 guaranteed. Send entries to H. C. Reeser, Sec'y Oil City, Pa.

June (third week).—CLEVELAND, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 318 Broadway, New York.

The Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, N. J., has issued the following circular in regard to its two days' shoot, Friday and Saturday, Oct. 23-24: "We, the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, N. J., herewith beg to notify you that we are about to give a two days' shoot for merchandise prizes, for the benefit of amateurs. We fully appreciate the desire for a shoot of this kind, and have therefore set about to obtain prizes for this occasion, and our success has been far beyond our anticipations. Among the many prizes received up to date (Oct. 1) are two handsome silver cups, a repeating shotgun, a pearl scarf pin, a case of wine, bicycle tires, paintings, carving sets, hunting shoes, shooting jackets, clothing, and other valuable prizes too numerous to mention here. The main event each day will be a 100-bluerock handicap shoot, in which every amateur trap-shooter will have an equal chance to win a prize. The entrance fee for these events will be the cost of targets only. If you are a 50 per cent. man you will be allowed to shoot at enough extra targets to put you on an equal basis with the best man in your club; thus we will give you a chance to win as good a prize as your neighbor. Besides the 100-bird event, two extra events of smaller size will be shot, in all of which we offer nice and suitable prizes for sportsmen. Our programme, which will give a full list of prizes, will be ready about Oct. 15, and can be had for the asking. Entries for the 100-bird event must be in by Oct. 22, and shooters must be on the grounds ready to shoot at 12 30 each day or forfeit their right to shoot. We will also give prizes each day to the club sending in the largest number of entries for the event. Remember that all this shooting will mean an outlay to you only for the price of targets, 2½ cents each. Remember the dates, Friday, Oct. 23, and Saturday, Oct. 24, at Marion, N. J."

It is hard luck to lose a good story. Good stories are hard enough to get anyhow, and it's tough to have to give one up. Harry P Feesenden, one of the shooting stars of the Emerald Gun Club, of New York, has just returned from a camping trip with one of the best moose stories we have ever heard. We had written that story up in our best style, making up by elegance of diction for the loss of action with which the story is replete when told by the hero. The story, however, will never see light in these columns now—but it's not our fault. The following postal card is the cause for its consignment to oblivion and the waste basket: "NEW YORK, Oct. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Dear Sir—Mr. Ed. Banks has some information in regard to a moose hunt I had in ——. Please instruct him to publish *nothing about it*, and oblige H. P. FEESENDEN." Such is fate, and posterity, as well as ourselves, suffers.

The Endeavor Gun Club, of Marion, N. J., and the East Side Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., have arranged a series of the best two in three matches at live birds. The conditions of the races are 15 birds per man, 6 men to a team, 28yds. rise, 50yds. boundary, A. S. A. rules to govern except as to boundary, loser team to pay for the birds. These matches were the outcome of an informal meeting that took place after the team race at targets between the two clubs, which was shot on the East Side Club's grounds Thursday afternoon, Oct. 15. Capt. Piercy, of the Endeavors, won the toss for choice of grounds for the first shoot; as a result the first match will be shot on the Marion grounds, the probable date being Thursday, Nov. 19.

The Austin Powder Co., through its agent, J. L. Winston, has donated to the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, N. J., a cup to be competed for on Nov. 3 on the grounds of that club. The shoot is to take place at 1 P. M., the conditions being 50 targets per man, expert rule. The winner of the cup is liable to challenge every thirty days, but the cup finally becomes the absolute property of any one successfully defending his title to the cup for a period of six consecutive months. The entrance fee for the above 50-target race is only $5, which sum includes the price of the targets and shells to be used in the shoot. The "147" load must be used by all contestants.

Mr. C. J. De Roo, secretary of the Holland (Mich.) Gun Club, sends us the following item of news: "The Holland Gun Club, of Holland, Mich., has accepted a challenge from the Valley City Gun Club, of Grand Rapids, Mich., to shoot for State team championship and *Shooting and Fishing* silver trophy on Friday, Oct. 30, 10 A. M., at the Holland Gun Club grounds. A programme has been arranged for sweepstake shooting to come off after the main event, and shooting men are invited to take part."

FOREST AND STREAM has always advocated team races between local clubs. Such meetings are of the utmost benefit, not only in keeping up the enthusiasm of club members in trap-shooting, but they also do much good by bringing together men who would otherwise probably never meet, but who, having a mutual bond in their love of the gun, form friendships that outlast the days when they "break 'em all."

The new club house and grounds of the Herron Hill Gun Club, of Pittsburg, Pa., have proved an entire success. A large sum of money has been laid out on them, but every penny is stated to have been well spent, while all of the appointments are of the very highest order. The members find no trouble now in being able to shoot a live-bird match on the shortest notice, while the target shooting members have also been well looked after.

Five tournaments are scheduled for next week: Oct. 26-27, Red Owl Gun Club, of Liberty, Ind.; Oct. 27-28, Elizabeth, N. J., Gun Club's eighth bi monthly; Oct. 28-29, Iron City Gun Club's third annual, at Ironton, O.; Oct. 29, Macon, Ga., Gun Club's all-day shoot at live birds; Oct. 29-30, tournament at Dexter Park, L. I., under the auspices of the Emerald Gun Club, of New York city.

Charles Zwirlein, of Yardville, N. J., has been making some big improvements in his pigeon coops, having built them 30ft. longer, with a cage of wire netting, in which the birds can take all the exercise necessary to keep them in good health and condition. He writes us that he has a lot of fine birds on hand, and only wants some one to come down and try them.

The Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, N. J., defeated the East Side Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., in the second team shoot between the two clubs, making the score 2 straight for the Endeavors. The conditions were 25 targets per man, known traps and angles, 6 men to a team. The Endeavors won by 14 breaks. The best scores made for the winning team were Collins and Edwards 24 each, Schortemeier 23.

Preparations for Charlie Zwirlein's big live-bird shoot at the Interstate Fair Grounds, Trenton, N. J., Dec. 1-5, are progressing favorably. The large majority of those to whom letters have been sent asking them to take part in the shoot have not as yet had time to answer the questions put to them. Jim Elliott, who has left for the West, stated positively that if the championship event was a go he would come from Kansas City to take part in it.

It seems a hard matter to galvanize that slumbering organization the New Jersey State Association, into life. We have, however, better hopes now of seeing New Jersey once more in line. A meeting will be called at Taylor's Hotel, Jersey City, in the near future, at which a solid movement will be made with a view to holding a State shoot in Jersey under the auspices of a State organization.

The Endeavor Gun Club's merchandise shoot on Friday and Saturday of this week should be well attended. Experts are to be heavily handicapped, which means that the weaker brethren will have every chance to win a good prize on a small investment. It is worth $2 anyhow to see how many targets you can break out of four 25-target events.

In regard to a Driver and Twister that appeared in last week's issue Paul North writes us as follows: "If anybody mistook you for the writer, or got the writer mixed up with Jack Robbins, we do not see any necessity for heralding the fact broadcast throughout the trap-shooting fraternity. The writer has some little reputation left, and wishes to have it carefully guarded. Any more breaks of this nature will be thoroughly revenged."

There will be a 25-bird race at the grounds of the Elizabeth (N. J.) Gun Club on Wednesday, Oct. 21, the second day of the club's bi-monthly shoot. The conditions are: 25 live birds, $10, birds extra, handicap rise. Under 19 entries, 3 moneys; over 19 entries, 4 moneys.

Oct. 20. EDWARD RANEN.

In New Jersey.

AT THE ELKWOOD PARK TRAPS.

Oct. 10.—There was some good shooting to-day at the traps in Elkwood Park. Fred Hoey was in great form, and shot more like his old self than he has done in many moons. The wind, which was blowing strongly from the east, made things unpleasant for the shooters, and in a measure assisted many birds to get away. The most important event on the programme was the Little Silver handicap. The conditions were 15 birds per man, $15 entrance, handicap rise, Elkwood Park boundary, high guns. This event resulted in Hoey and Al Ivins tieing for first and second moneys with 14 kills each. Winston was third with 13 kills. The scores were:

Hoey (30)	222212222202222—14	Daly (30)	222211202222200—12
Ivins (30)	122221122221222—14	Patten (28)	222012201222022—11
Winston (30)	220222222222220—13	Woolley (27)	121222202020022—11

The second event was 5 birds, $3. The money went to Hoey and Winston on 5 kills each. The scores were: Hoey and Winston 5, Phil Daly, Jr., 4, Ivins and Woolley 3, Daly and Patten 2.

Charles Woolley, who is a member of the Central Gun Club, of Long Branch, won the third event, a $5 miss-and-out, with 3 straight kills. The other scores were: Daly and Patten 2, Hoey, Winston and Ivins 1 each.

Woolley was also to the fore in the next event, same conditions as No. 3. Scores: Wooley and Daly 7, Hoey and Patten 6, Ivins 3.

Event No. 5 was at 10 birds, $10 handicap rise. As in the Little Silver Handicap, Hoey and Ivins took first and second moneys, but this time they had 10 straight kills to their credit. Scores:

Hoey (30)	1222212222—10	Woolley (28)	2122221220— 9
Ivins (30)	2112221122—10	Patten (28)	0110102022— 6
Daly (30)	2002220112— 9		

The sixth event was another miss-and-out, $5 entrance. It was not a long contest, Hoey and Daly dividing the pot on the second round. Scores: Hoey and Daly 2, Patten, Woolley and Ivins 1.

CLIMAX GUN CLUB, OF PLAINFIELD.

Oct. 14.—The attendance at the regular monthly shoot of the Climax Gun Club, of Plainfield, held this afternoon, was very small. Those who put in an appearance did some good shooting, as the following scores will testify.

Club shoot, 25 targets, unknown angles, extra targets as handicaps:

M Herrington (8)	1111111011111111111101011111	—25
J Goodman (7)	11011011001111111111111111110110	—25
T Brantingham (0)	0111111011111111111111111	—23
R Manning (1)	11110111111111111110110111	—23
Scott (3)	0110111111110111111111001110	—22
J Darby (7)	10110001100110110101010101000110	—17

RIVERTON GUN CLUB.

Oct. 17.—The two days' shoot of the Riverton Gun Club, of Philadelphia, Pa., was held on the grounds of the club at Riverton, N. J. There was an excellent programme of events, the attendance of shooters being proportionately good. On Friday, Oct. 16, the first day of the shoot, the number of spectators present was proof of the interest taken in the shoot. To-day, Oct. 17, the attendance of spectators was very large. The birds provided by the club were of extra good quality, many being as good as ever left a trap.

First Day, Oct. 16.

The 25-bird handicap resulted in a division of first and second moneys between J. H. Davis (30) and H. Yale Dolan (29) with 24 each. Four men tied for third money on 23. The shoot-off, at 8 birds, then miss-and-out, ended in a division between Count and Macalester. The conditions of the race were:

Twenty-five live birds per man, $25, handicap rise, ties to be shot off at 8 birds, then miss-and-out; cup and 50 per cent. of the purse to the winner; 25 per cent. to second; 15 per cent. to third, and 10 per cent. to the club. Half the birds to be shot at on the "old grounds," balance on the "new grounds."

		Tie for third money.
J H Davis (30)	2221112212221212011121112—24	....
H Yale Dolan (29)	2211220122122121122112222—24	....
Count (27)	1212112112222222220022212—23	21121212
C A Macalester (30)	2011022112122122121112222—23	22121211
P Daly, Jr (29)	0222222221122222222120222—23	22222220
E H Godchalk (29)	2112222201122222222112221—23	22210
D A Upson (29)	2e121112e2222222111222e21—22	....
Barker (29)	2e22222222222222222222201—22	....
Hazard (30)	2002222222222212121122222—22	....
Toland (27)	1211110112221110222120111—22	....
J Denny (27)	2011222122222 e2111120w—18	....
George Work (30)	2112221112122e11022e0w —17	....
C Dolan (29)	2201202222222200021212w —16	....
Hoey (29)	0222022202021210w —11	....

The 10-bird race resulted in five ties for the three moneys. Ties had to be shot off at 5 birds, then miss-and-out; Barker and Upson divided first and second at the end of the fifth round; Work took third money. The conditions were:

Ten live birds per man, $10 entrance, handicap rise; cup and 50 per cent. of purse to winner. 25 per cent. to second, 15 per cent. to third, and 10 per cent. to the club:

		Ties.	
J Barker (28)	2221111222—10	21222—5	.....
D A Upson (29)	2212212222—10	22112—5	.....
G Work (30)	2221221211—10	12101—4	21212—5
Count (27)	2221222122—10	01212—4	2222e—4
Denny (27)	1222121222—10	22120—4	.....
L Hazard (30)	0222222222— 9	.....	.....
H Yale Dolan (29)	2120122211— 9	.....	.....
J H Davis (30)	2211012112— 9	.....	.....
P Daly, Jr (29)	0122111222— 9	.....	.....
E Godchalk (29)	0102222110— 7	.....	.....
C Dolan (29)	01112ee111— 7	.....	.....
Toland (27)	10111e0 — 4	.....	.....
C Macalester (30)	11210 — 4	.....	.....
Johns (27)	12000 — 2	.....	.....
Hoey (29)	200 — 1	.....	.....

Second Day, Oct. 17.

This was the day set for the 50-bird race. In some respects it was a poor day for live-bird shooting, a strong wind blowing right in the face of the man at the score, and consequently all against outgoing birds. Half the match was shot on the "old grounds," the other half on the "new grounds." First money went to T. S. Stokes with 47 out of 50; Macalester lost his 50th bird, a left-quartering incomer, dead just out of bounds over the wire. Conditions:

Fifty live birds per man, $50 entrance, handicap rise. Cup and 50 per cent. of entrance moneys to the winner, 25 per cent. to second, 15 per cent. to third, and 10 per cent. to the club:

T D Stokes (29)	121210222e221222222122222—23
	1212221222212022222222222—24—47
C A Macalester (30)	121212211211122210122021e—22
	2112222211112121211111122e—24—46
J H Davis (29)	1112121e111122222222222122—24
	1121112112111200221120212—22—46
C Dolan (29)	22e2222222220112220222122—22
	2220221221221222222122222—24—46
Count (27)	0112122222222201222 1222—22
	2222222222211222120021212—23—45
L Hazard (30)	20222202222222ee222e2222—20
	22212222222222222e2222—24—44
D A Upson (29)	2212222222211210102121200—21
	2022212221121102122112121—23—44
Clarence (28)	1120111002011100221011200—16
	220201120121101022020e02—16—32
G Work (30)	2001222222222012122201222—21
	220222122112111102101221w-21—42
P Daly, Jr (29)	1012212122222222220200222—18
	22122222212012220102111w-21—39
Barker (29)	2220202202222002222222002—18
	20221222221022222221 0222w-21—39
J O'H Denny (27)	000210100122220 w — 8

NEW JERSEY AMATEUR TRAP-SHOOTERS' LEAGUE.

Oct. 17.—The fifth shoot of the New Jersey Amateur Trap-Shooters' League was held on the grounds of the Oritani Field Club this afternoon. Each club composing the League was represented by a team of six men in the team race, the members of the teams making a goodly muster of shooters on the grounds. Those present had all the shooting they wanted, the management of the shooting department of the Oritani Field Club having placed an extra set of traps in position in order to give their guests all the chance possible to fire as many cartridges as they brought with them. As a result, very few carried any cartridges away with them.

The weather was unfavorable, being dull and threatening rain all the afternoon. The traps did not work as well as usual, and this combined with the bad light made shooting hard and straights scarce.

The team race resulted in a close finish, the Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, coming in first from scratch with 140 breaks out of 180 shot at. The Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, also a scratch team, tied for second place with the team of the Bergen County Gun Club, of Hackensack, the members of the latter team shooting at 3 extra targets per man; both clubs scored 138 breaks.

The teams were split up, squads being made up with men from different teams. Each squad shot first at 15 targets, known traps and angles. After every man had shot at this 15 targets the squads were called up in rotation to shoot at 15 targets, unknown angles, the handicap allowances being also shot off at unknown angles. It will thus be seen that the final result was in doubt until the last shots had been fired. The optional sweep gotten up in connection with the team race was divided as follows: Schortemeier first money with 29 out of 30, Edwards second with 28, Gus Greiff and C. R. Wise third with 26 each. The optional sweep only went on the first 30 targets, handicap allowances not being counted.

[Contrary to custom, and to our expectations, we have received no copy of either the scores in the team race or in the sweeps up to the time of going to press.]

On Long Island.

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

Oct. 17.—Only four members of the New Utrecht Gun Club turned up at Woodlawn to-day, but they had a treat. The 174 birds used were the finest lot I have seen trapped in some time, being quick to start and lighning when on the wing. President Furgueson was called away on account of sickness at home in the 4th round of first miss-and-out. Dr. Littlefield and J. E. Jones kept shooting until their shells gave out. Scores:

Club Shoot.		Ties.
C Furgueson, Jr (A, 30)	1222222221—10	......
Dr Littlefield (A, 28)	1001e21212— 7	......
J E Jones (B, 29)	2120202122— 8	2222e—5
Conny Furgueson (B, 27)	220221122e— 8	22222—6

Two team races were shot as follows:

	No. 1.	No 2.
C Furgueson, Jr.	2222022e w—7	22122—5
Conny Furgueson	10022021w—6—13	1e212—4—9
J E Jones	21222222e —8	2220e—3
Dr Littlefield	2e222222 —8—16	22220—4—7

Miss-and outs, $2 entrance:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
C Furgueson, Jr.	2122			
J E Jones	2210	0	20	212222210212
Dr. Littlefield	2221	2	22	112222220110

In a match, 5 birds, L. I. rules, 30yds. rise, Dr. Littlefield won by scoring 2 out of 4; his opponent, Jones, losing 4 out of 5.

G. E. Pool, Sec'y.

Position of the Gun vs. Sportsmanship.

Paterson, N. J., Oct. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am a constant reader of your paper, and I, like many of my fellow townsmen and brother sportsmen, have been very much impressed for some time past by the way in which things pertaining to sport in general and trap-shooting in particular are taken up and discussed in your columns.

Hardly a week passes but some fresh subject of interest to shooters is noticed, and week by week I find myself opening my Forest and Stream and glancing through to see what new matter it has brought forward.

In your issue of Oct. 10 there is a most interesting letter from "48-grains" which contains a great deal more than 48grs. of common sense. I am a trap-shooter myself, as well as a game shot, and I can thoroughly indorse all that "48-grains" says. The advocates of "gun below the elbow" forget that this was originally the position with all trap-shooters. The change of position came as an improvement on the old, and for good reasons. It must be remembered that trap-shooting is of English origin.

The old rule calling for use of one barrel and gun below the elbow also placed the shooter at 25yds. from the trap only. At that time but one trap was used, or if more than one, the shooter knew which trap he was going to have pulled. The change was then made to using five traps, 5yds. apart, and the shooter not to know which trap he was going to get. The use of both barrels was allowed, and the usual distance for the shooter to stand at from the center trap was 30yds. These changes were made chiefly for the following reasons:

First, to stop cheating, which had in some cases become very common under the old rule. Second, to more nearly assimilate the conditions to those of shooting in the field, where the use of both barrels is allowed, and when you do not usually know exactly from what point a bird will spring. Third, to make the shooting more varied and less mechanical, for it has been found that any man who practiced the one barrel and gun below the elbow position could beat the game shot, if the latter faced the traps, far more than can be done when holding the gun as at present and using both barrels.

The change was first made to "gun below the shoulder," and for many years that was the position used at all the best clubs, but it was found that even that position was open to the same old objections, *viz:* That it was almost impossible for a referee to say exactly whether the gun was being held properly or not at the moment of firing, especially if a man was shooting in a loose-fitting coat, as then the butt of the gun could scarcely be seen by the referee unless he stood in front of the shooter, which was out of the question.

Also a field shot or a new pigeon shot was kept thinking whether he had got his gun right or not, and did not in consequence do himself justice. Then, too, an appeal would sometimes be made to a referee as to the way in which the gun was being held, simply in order to distract or worry the shooter. For these and several good and sufficient reasons the man who had the control of pigeon shooting on such grounds as the *Cercle des Patineurs*, at Paris; Monte Carlo; the Gun Club, Notting Hill; and at Hurlingham, decided to allow a man to hold his gun in any position he chose, as can be done in the field.

The advocates for going back to the old rule, I find, are generally under the impression that a man who has practiced the position which so many men use of gluing the gun to the shoulder before and after the word "pull" is given, has an advantage over the man who does not do so.

In reply to this, I would say that the best amateur pigeon shots in this country, and I believe abroad as well, do not keep the gun up to shoulder, but throw it up on calling pull; this is certainly the case with George Work, Edgar Murphy, Fred Hoey, Chas. Macalester, Lou Thompson, Joe Knapp, Bobby Welsh, etc., etc., etc.

An Old-Timer.

Limited Gun Club's Tournament.

On Oct. 6-8, at Indianapolis, Ind., the Limited Gun Club gave one of its mammoth tournaments. Those who failed to attend lost a treat, for nowhere can one have a more enjoyable time than at the said grounds.

Frequent reference has been made to the manner of trapping the targets here, so that any further mention is not necessary. Suffice it to say that every newcomer at once falls into the style and admires it correspondingly.

I reached the grounds on the day before the opening one, and on looking about found the pilot and mainstay of the club away down in one of the pits busily engaged fixing up the traps and pulls. Any one who has been to these grounds knows very well of whom I speak, but for the benefit of those who have the misfortune of not having been there I will state that the man is Royal Robinson, and that's enough, for no one can go to those grounds and come away without having under his vest a very warm side for that gentleman.

Owing to a pretty stiff breeze on all of the first day the scores are not as high as one generally sees on these grounds, and then again the reverse pull system is hard to catch on to, as many aspirants have found out. The scores therefore of Messrs. Rattle, McDonald, McVey and Clark are really very good, while Mr. Robinson made a great effort in the Grand Hotel cup match when he tied Mr. Eblesisor.

To say that the sparrows were lively and artful on the third day does not in any sense cover the case. I have never seen sparrows trapped as well as in Indianapolis, and Mr. Hill, the purveyor, is certainly an adept as well in catching as in trapping these little chaps. By an ingenious method he places 15 traps in a line, so that 5 men are called up at a time, each one facing three traps, 2½yds. apart. This system allows the shooting to go on much faster, as the 15 traps are loaded by five boys all at one time and one shoots in squads as in target shooting. Some great shooting was done here, notably by Messrs. Chadwick, McDonald and McVey, who centered the little rascals "coming and going" and every other way.

It is a real pity that the shooting of sparrows is not more universal, as it affords great and difficult sport, and actually teaches a man something that afield may benefit him in the handling of his gun. The man who can score 90 per cent. on Hill's sparrows from three unknown traps, 25yds. rise, is a very good shot indeed, especially on a windy day and in the autumn, when the color of the grass and that of the birds blend so well together.

In the first few rounds the pigeons were slow to start and offered very easy marks; later on they improved, and good shooting was had. In this nine traps were used, 2½yds. apart, 37yds. rise, traps pulled all at once. One man up in the middle, unknown traps, 5 birds to the round; hence in the 10-bird event one went to the score twice and in the 15 three times. There being nine traps even after firing the fifth shot, there were still four traps full; so it was just as much unknown traps as from any other way of shooting. To avoid the bird's suffering when one was shot, but not killed outright, it was dispatched by some one detailed for that purpose, while all doubtful birds were instantly gathered before being scored.

Mr. McDonald went out in flying colors, having scored his 25 straight, followed closely by Chadwick with 24, and Lyons and Voris with 23. The pigeons in the 15-bird event proved good, strong flyers, and Messrs. McDonald and Chadwick deserve special mention for their good work, both men making brilliant kills.

Should the Limited Gun Club, with its convenient, cosy club house and beautiful grounds, give during the winter a live-bird tournament, it would doubtless be a most attractive affair, as very few places could offer as many advantages, both as to location and arrangement of the grounds. I hope that such may be done in the near future, as certainly no club is deserving of better patronage, nor can any offer such comforts or advantages.

The scores made in the three days of the tournament follow:

First Day, Oct. 6.

CLASS A.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9		
Targets:	*15*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*15*	*20*	*15*	Shot at.	Broke.
McVey	14	13	17	11	15	11	11	17	11	150	120
Partington	13	12	18	9	..	9	10	..	..	95	71
Clark	13	13	18	12	14	12	..	13	10	135	110
Rattle	13	14	19	15	19	14	15	19	15	150	143
McDonald	11	13	17	9	19	13	10	13	13	150	128
Dando	13	12	15	..	..	..	..	13	14	85	65
Tripp	..	..	..	8	15	13	..	..	..	50	36
Robinson	..	..	..	11	16	12	..	..	..	50	39
Du Bray	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	15	8
Norton	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	13	35	25

CLASS B.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9		
Targets:	*15*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*15*	*20*	*15*	Shot at.	Broke.
Parry	12	13	16	12	16	13	13	18	12	150	127
Tripp	15	13	19	..	..	..	12	19	12	100	90
Bacon	12	13	16	14	17	10	11	..	..	115	93
Norton	8	14	16	11	18	13	15	..	..	115	95
Waddell	12	14	19	15	14	14	13	15	15	150	129
Robinson	13	13	19	..	..	..	13	..	..	65	58
Rip	10	10	..	..	18	15	11	..	..	80	64
Lockwood	14	13	18	13	18	14	14	16	..	135	120
Thomas	..	..	12	12	13	..	..	..	..	55	37
Head	..	..	18	12	16	13	13	12	..	105	84
Du Bray	..	..	14	10	17	11	..	..	..	70	52
Kiley	..	..	..	12	16	12	11	13	11	100	80
Griffith	..	..	..	13	13	11	..	..	..	50	37
Dietrich	..	..	..	12	17	10	14	16	13	100	82
Link	..	..	..	13	15	12	14	15	15	100	84
Buckley	..	..	..	13	17	14	12	17	11	100	84
Dando	..	..	..	11	11	10	7	..	..	65	39
Cooley	..	..	..	..	13	12	15	15	14	85	68
Livenguth	..	..	..	..	13	13	10	16	14	85	71
Slow	..	..	..	..	15	12	13	18	12	85	70
Whistler	..	..	..	..	10	4	13	15	..	70	42
Rosenbaum	..	..	..	..	16	6	12	17	11	70	62
Forbis	..	..	..	..	13	12	12	11	10	70	58
Gleckner	..	..	..	..	12	11	..	..	..	35	23
Buck	..	..	..	..	10	13	9	14	9	85	55
M Thompson	..	..	..	..	19	14	13	18	13	85	77
Williamson	..	..	..	..	19	11	11	14	12	85	67
Bender	..	..	..	..	18	14	8	14	13	85	67
F Thompson	..	..	..	..	..	10	12	14	14	65	50
Mullen	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	15	8
Tack	..	..	..	..	..	10	10	17	13	65	50
Grube	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	15	10
Clark	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	15	12
Winchester	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	12	..	35	24
Myers	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	14	12	50	33
Smock	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	10	..	35	18
Scowell	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	15	9
Coons	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	15	..	35	25
King	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	11	..	35	25
Anson	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	15	10
Deschler	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	10	..	35	22
Kraft	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	20	15
Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	15	9

No. 6 was for the Grand Hotel cup. Conditions: 50 targets, unknown angles, no handicap: Eblesisor 46, Robinson 46, Norton 45, Tripp 42, McVey 41, Bacon 40, McDonald 40, Partington 40, Coolidge 38, Thompson 38, Clark 38, Kiley 37, Dando 37, Comstock 37, Waddell 36, Parry 35, Bender 34, Lockwood 34, Grube 32, Williamson 31, Livenguth w, Tutewilder w, Du Bray 28.

Eblesisor won from Robinson in shooting off the tie.

Second Day, Oct. 7.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12		
Targets:	*15*	*20*	*20*	*20*	*20*	*25*	*15*	*20*	*25*	*20*	*15*	*50*	Shot at.	Broke.
McDonald	13	19	18	16	18	20	15	18	19	18	15	46	265	235
Dando	12	18	18	18	19	23	12	16	20	20	13	43	265	227
Norton	13	16	18	18	20	24	10	14	23	19	11	41	265	227
Tripp	13	18	17	17	18	18	11	12	21	17	12	39	265	213
Clark	10	17	19	17	19	25	11	17	23	17	13	41	265	229
Parry	11	15	15	16	18	20	13	14	22	14	..	..	200	154
Thomas	10	11	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	50	31
McVey	10	15	14	12	17	22	10	13	22	17	12	41	265	193
Partington	13	17	19	16	15	24	12	18	22	17	13	39	265	225
Kiley	12	15	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	55	40
Corbett	13	17	16	..	14	..	11	16	..	16	13	..	145	116
*Dietrich	9	19	15	11	17	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	120	90
Bacon	12	15	16	20	19	18	13	14	22	16	..	39	250	204
Foy	6	13	18	19	10	19	10	..	..	..	..	..	135	90
Rattle	12	17	18	20	17	20	14	19	24	18	15	45	265	237
Robinson	10	13	11	17	..	20	12	..	..	..	7	42	180	134
Bender	..	18	13	12	18	..	12	18	..	..	..	..	115	91
*Rip	..	18	17	..	12	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	55	47
Deschler	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	18	..	..	60	43
Griffith	..	18	16	18	19	19	15	15	19	..	..	..	180	139
Link	..	15	14	16	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	80	61
Lockwood	..	15	17	15	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	80	62
Livenguth	..	..	20	15	17	22	13	16	..	17	15	38	205	175
Du Bray	..	..	17	13	6	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	75	45
*Albert	..	..	15	..	..	..	13	15	..	10	6	..	90	59
Burr	..	..	12	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	40	26
*Buck	..	..	..	11	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	40	18
*Long	..	..	..	..	18	16	12	16	..	..	..	..	80	64
Tack	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	17	23	16	14	..	95	82
J Snipe	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	16	..	..	..	..	35	26
Coons	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	16	..	..	35	25
Hearsey	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	15	..	13	11	..	70	52
Anson	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	16	13	15	14	42	145	112
Mullen	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	20	14
Kraft	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	24	16	12	..	60	52
Jones	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	20	6

* Known angles. All others shot unknown.

Third Day, Oct. 8.

	Pigeons.		Sparrows.					
Birds:	*10*	*15*	*10*	*15*	*20*	*10*	*15*	*20*
J Snipe	8	10	..	14	14	8	..	..
Dando	8	13	8	9	17	9	14	16
Chadwick	10	14	7	15	14	10	..	..
Lyons	10	13	9	8	..	..	..	..
Riggs	7	10	7	11	..	..	..	..
McDonald	10	15	7	12	18	10	13	18
McVey	9	12	9	12	17	9	11	16
Rattle	9	13	8	13	19	8	..	..
Du Bray	8	14	8	7	18	9	13	19
Robinson	9	11	..	..	17	..	..	16
Adams	6	13	..	..	..	..	..	..
Voris	10	13	..	..	18	9	15	..
Stillwell	8	12	..	..	..	..	..	..
Cromwell	9	13	..	..	..	8	13	18
Roberts	8	14	8	12	15	..	14	..
Webster	..	13	..	..	..	7	14	15
Webb	..	7	..	..	..	7	8	..
Clark	8	..	..	..	16	5	..	15
Burr	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Frost	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Norton	7	..	..	..	..	7	13	..
Mullen	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hearsey	..	..	..	..	..	8	11	14
Burt	..	..	..	..	..	7	9	18
H Vories	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..
Holliday	..	..	..	..	..	8	13	..
Deschler	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..

Gaucho.

The Oil City Gun Club, of Oil City, Pa., under whose auspices the seventh annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association will be held, is early in the field with the following announcement: "May 11-14, 1897.—Oil City, Pa.—Seventh annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. Targets and live birds. Black powder barred. Special event: 25 live birds, $25 entrance, $1,000 guaranteed. Send entries with $10 to H. C. Reeser, secretary, Oil City, Pa." The above announcement does not state whether the special event is to be handicap or not. We are also left in doubt as to what day of the shoot the above event will be started.

Programmes and Tournaments.

In the course of a year FOREST AND STREAM receives some 250 to 300 programmes of tournaments for trap-shooters. As a matter of course, and in accordance with the old proverb of "Many men, many minds," there is a great variety of styles in these programmes. We are not speaking of typographical or artistic styles; with them we have nothing whatever do, and outside of some little benefit to advertisers in those programmes it really matters very little how the programmes are gotten out. A neat little book or pamphlet, good paper, clean and artistic presswork—such things go a long way toward making a programme attractive, and therefore of more intrinsic value to advertisers who have paid so much a page for a notice in the programme. What we are about to deal with is the variety of styles in the composition of a programme.

When a club first decides on holding a tournament it generally appoints a tournament committee whose duty it is to carry that club safely through the quicksands and shallows of a shoot, much as a pilot is taken aboard an ocean steamer for the purpose of bringing it safely into port. If the ship is wrecked, the pilot is blamed; and in like manner, if the tournament is a failure, the tournament committee is given its by the balance of its fellow-members. There is a saving clause in both instances: If the elements—an act of God, as it were—are the cause of the wreck or failure, mitigating circumstances may be pleaded.

TOURNAMENT COMMITTEES APPOINTED WITH CARE.

Gun clubs, as a rule, recognize the importance of the duties of the tournament committee, and the chairman of the meeting at which a motion is made to appoint a tournament committee is careful to appoint only such men as are well known to be in sympathy with the movement and full of enthusiasm for the good cause. Gun clubs, like kindred organizations, are unfortunately too often the victims of cliques. In such cases the appointment of a tournament committee is a ticklish matter, and the chairman of that committee should be a man of tact—one capable of handling the body of men he is chosen to control. The size of the committee depends largely on the size of the club, and the tournament it contemplates holding. As a rule a committee of from three to five members is large enough, but we would suggest the latter number in all cases wherever possible. Three make a quorum to five, and such a number is almost always easy to get together.

We will suppose that a committee has been appointed "to report on the advisability of holding a tournament at the next regular meeting" of the club. The duties of each member of this committee would be to see personally all the members of the club he can call on or meet and ascertain their views on the point; then get together, compare notes and prepare a report. If it is favorable and is adopted, a motion would be in order, under the head of new business, to appoint a committee to carry out the views of the above committee. This would be a "tournament committee."

CONFLICTING DATES.

When deciding upon dates for your tournament, scan carefully the list of forthcoming events in our Fixtures column and avoid all possible chance of a conflict of dates. Claim your dates well ahead; be first in the field and thus, by courtesy, obtain a prescriptive right to those dates.

During the past twelve months we have had more than one instance of the unfortunate results attached to a conflict of dates. Of course, it is perfectly right and proper that two gun clubs, with 1,000 or 1,500 miles between them, should hold shoots on the same dates. Such tournaments would not affect the attendance at either the one or the other; that is, not to a serious extent, unless one of them happened to be one of the large tournaments on "the circuit."

The months of May and June are favorites with promoters of tournaments. While there is always a danger of conflicting dates in any month of the year, there is far more danger of such a mishap occurring during those two months than in the whole of the other ten. Our advice is: Watch the Fixtures column closely and avoid trouble.

Passing over for the present all the other duties of this tournament committee, such as arrangements for holding the shoot, the soliciting of advertisements to pay for the cost of printing the programme, etc., we will now deal with the most important duty of all—the composition of the programme.

A CHANCE TO GET EVEN.

The old days, when it was only necessary to state in FOREST AND STREAM that such and such a club was going to hold a shoot in order to get a crowd of shooters together, have gone by. The boys get a lot of shooting nowadays, and are very chary of going far away from home to meet others in front of the traps. Gun clubs were scarce then; they are numberless now, and all of them hold weekly or fortnightly shoots which afford lots of sport. Times were good then; they are hard now, and the boys have to stick to business very close, with but few five-dollar bills to throw away without a chance to get even. That's the point: The chance to get even! To draw a good attendance at any shoot you must give the boys a chance to get even. The outlay of a man who is not paid to attend tournaments is considerable, even before he gets his gun out of its case and fires a shot. First there is his railroad fare; he should always get a return ticket, so that he may be sure he won't have to walk home. Next, there is his hotel bill and other daily expenses, which cannot be figured at less than $3 per day, or say $10 for a three-days' shoot. His shells are a big item; he will require 600 or 700 for a shoot of this size. At $2 per 100, a low figure, there's $12 to $14 gone again. If the programme calls for 175 or 200 targets, he must put aside from $17.50 to $20 more for each day. Taking the lowest estimate in each case, and figuring his railroad fare at $10, we have an outlay of $84.50. To get even he figures that he must draw out of the purses at least $30 per day to cover contingencies. Unless he shoots an abnormal gait (that is, for him), say over 90 per cent. each day, he cannot hope to do it unless there is a substantial sum of added money to shoot for. The consequence is that when there is no such sum of added money offered he stays away, and lots more do the same, with the result that the tournament is a practical failure.

THE OBJECT OF THE TOURNAMENT.

Another point for a tournament committee to consider is the object for which the tournament is being promoted. We hold that no tournament should be given with a view to making money for the club. Individuals, as a matter of speculation, can do such things; but we are of the opinion that it would be worse than *infra dig* for a club to attempt to do it. For a gun club to go to work, get up a programme, invite shooters to their grounds, talk about giving them a good time and lots of shooting—in fact, jolly them along, with the ultimate view of making money out of them—would be something more than an error of judgment; at least, that's our way of looking at it. As we said before, "Many men, many minds," or, as the French trap-shooter would say, "*Chacun a son gout.*"

A club run on economic principles, with weekly or fortnightly shoots bringing in a steady revenue, added to the yearly dues, ought to be sufficient income to carry a club along from year to year, make all necessary repairs and renew stock, etc. Cut loose from all ideas of making money out of your tournaments, and you will then stand a good show of taking rank among the best clubs in the country. The shooters who have been your guests will go away with the knowledge that they have not been up against a brace game, and you will have little trouble in the future in getting them to came again. There is also a certain pleasure in acting host that is yours, but remember it always costs money to act the part of a host when business interests are attached to it.

THREE CLASSES OF TOURNAMENTS.

That brings us to the next point. The size and wealth of a club will have a good deal of weight in deciding the question as to what sort of a tournament shall be given. There are really three classes of tournaments: the "open-to-all, no handicap," the "amateurs only" and the "open-to-all, experts handicapped." The inducements held out to draw a good attendance of shooters at tournaments of the first and of the last class should be on the same lines. Tournaments for amateurs only are hard things to handle, and few men have the capacity for carrying such shoots to a successful termination.

Of the first class of tournaments we can recall many instances of really successful shoots: Knoxville, the inaugurator of large added money shoots; Memphis, the E. C. tournament at Guttenberg, the Du Pont shoot at Cincinnati, the midwinter shoot of the Big Three at San Antonio and a host of others. At all of these a big amount of added money was hung up; the boys thought they saw a soft thing and went to these shoots time after time; there was a chance to get even. A few got big money, some got even; but the large majority got it in the neck! Yet they'd go there again—every time. They know very well that everybody cannot win, but they are willing to take chances of being among the chosen few. If no big amount of added money had been offered at such shoots, the attendance would have dwindled down to the usual "three squads, more or less."

BIG MONEY—BIG SHOOT.

If you want to hold a big shoot, therefore, don't run away with the impression that it is only necessary to advertise your shoot in the columns of the sporting papers, announcing a moderate sum of added money. Tournament shooting on a large scale is a business as well as a sport, and you must handle it in a business-like manner if you wish success. Tournaments for sport only are touched on later.

If a tournament has ever been held where a large amount of added money was announced, that was not a success in point of attendance, we have yet to hear of it. Whether such tournaments do as much good to the cause of trap-shooting as smaller ones do is another matter altogether outside the question, and cannot be discussed here. The fact remains that if you hang up solid inducements you'll get the boys to come and shoot. They'll come a long way too. You remember the old story about the way the vulture drops apparently out of the skies when a head of stock dies? That's its meat! Well, it's much the same thing with a good purse of added money and trap-shooters, only the division of the spoils is not so equitable in the latter case as in the former.

Tournaments of the third class, "open-to-all, experts handicapped," really require more thought and care in preparation than the simple "open-to-all, no handicap." The Hazard tournament at Cincinnati and Paul North's tournaments at Cleveland belong to this class. At the Hazard tournament held last May shooters were divided into two classes, experts and amateurs. The former class was composed of shooters who had made a record of 85 per cent. or better in a tournament; these men shot at unknown angles from known traps. "Amateurs" were those who had never made a record of 85 per cent. or better in a tournament; these shot at known traps and angles. At Cleveland this year Paul North introduced a new handicap, one devised by Judge Lindsay, of Knoxville, Tenn. This was the scheme, shooters classifying themselves: In the first event each day everybody paid in $3; winners of first money in this event paid $4 as entrance money in the next event they shot in; winners of second money paid $3.50; winners of third paid $3; winners or fourth paid $2.50; winners of fifth and all who had not made a place in the event, $2. This handicap was a sliding one, shooters classifying themselves in each event according to their shooting in the previous race. The handicap is a good one, but is somewhat complicated for rapid work in a cashier's office, until the cashier becomes thoroughly acquainted with the system.

The above are two methods of handicapping that have been adopted at recent large tournaments. At both shoots there were solid monetary inducements to attract the boys. At Cincinnati the Hazard Powder Co. added $2,000 in cash to the purses; at Cleveland Paul North (the Chamberlin Co.) threw all bluerocks free of charge, practically an addition of $600 to the purses if 20,000 targets were thrown during the three days of the shoot. A sum of $770 was also added to the purses.

From the above figures it will be seen that neither E. S. Waddell, of the Hazard Powder Co., nor Paul North, of the Chamberlin Co., were of the opinion that a crowd of shooters could be gathered together without adding money to the purses; in other words, they realised that a handicap alone would not make a shoot.

If, then, you want to hold a big tournament, you must add cash to the purses, remembering that the attendance will be in exact proportion to the amount of added money.

RAISING ADDED MONEY.

There are different ways of raising added money. First to be considered is the sum that may be obtained from the sale of targets. This of course will vary, but if you decide to add $1,000 in cash and to run two sets of traps, 50,000 targets for a three days' shoot would be a very moderate estimate, especially if you take into account the 2,500 to 3,000 targets that should be thrown on "preparation day." At 3 cents each the 50,000 targets would bring in $900; of that sum $850 or $400 should be taken as cost of targets and expenses of the shoot. This would leave fully $500 for added money. You will then have to consider the raising of the additional $500. It is customary to figure on "making" a good sum out of the advertising in programmes. We don't like that idea at all, and have heard many manufacturers and dealers of sporting goods speak of it in unfavorable terms. Several firms, however, put aside a certain sum of money every year to be expended in "taking a page" in programmes of large shoots, and as long as this is done we suppose that the advertisements in programmes will be looked upon as a source of revenue. Many programmes that we have received this year have undoubtedly been the source of much profit to the clubs that issued them. We know of one that netted $850 as per the report of the tournament committee. This programme, however, was the result of energetic work on the part of the sub-committee appointed to solicit advertising, the efforts of the sub-committee being most generously met by the different members of the club that had anything that could be advertised. In other words, many of the members of the club opened their purse strings and donated so much to the fund for added money. Advertisements in programmes of tournaments calling attention to certain brands of powder, shells, different makes of guns, etc., probably do bring a return to the advertiser; we believe that in a measure this is unquestionably so. It is also to the interest of sporting goods dealers and manufacturers to foster trap-shooting tournaments, and on that ground alone the soliciting of advertisements for programmes may be excused. Still it does look as if the request for an advertisement was somewhat after the order of a request for a rake off on the profit of shells, powders, etc., consumed at this shoot.

Suppose that you decide not to solicit any advertising, desiring to get out a plain programme that will just tell the facts and call attention to the "$1,000 added." The club's exchequer should be good for something and could be counted in; remember "it's the club's treat!" A canvass of the club members should also result in the addition of many $5 bills to go into the added money fund. Certain parties who will be directly interested in the coming of the visitors will no doubt subscribe to this "entertainment fund" more liberally than others who have only the welfare of the club and the success of the shoot at heart. Add the $500 calculated to be raised from the price of the targets to the amounts from the club's exchequer and the members' subscriptions. If this does not amount to $1,000, secure the raising of the balance required by "guarantors"; that is, ask any members of the club who may be willing to do it to "guarantee to pay a proportionate sum of the balance of the $1,000 added money not raised by the sale of targets and the funds above mentioned." If $1,000 is added to the purses in any shoot, there'll be little, if anything, for the guarantors to make good; the 50,000 targets would be increased by some thousands if that amount of money is offered.

The above would be the method of raising added money that we should suggest to a club asking information on that subject. We don't expect that many people will agree with us on this point, as it is a hard matter to break away from all old ties. We do think, however, that thousands of trap-shooters will agree with us that visiting shooters should be treated as guests, not as breadwinners for the benefit of the home club.

THE 3-CENT TARGET A STUMBLING BLOCK.

The 3-cents-a-target will probably be a stumbling block to some of our critics. They will say possibly: "If you treat visiting shooters as guests, why rob them of nearly 2 cents more than it costs to trap and bury the targets?" Gentlemen, this is no robbery; every shooter who comes to such a tournament as above suggested knows that 3 cents a target will be deducted from the purses; the programme tells him so. He also knows that it will take every cent of profit derived from the sale of targets to make good the amount of added money. The charge of 3 cents a target may therefore be described as a compact between the club and its visitors.

It may be urged: "Why not charge 1½ cents per target and add no money?" Our answer is: "To a man who goes to shoot through a programme of 200 or 175 targets the extra charge of $1.50 or $1.25 per day for targets cuts no figure in comparison with the larger amount of added money offered in lieu of targets at half price."

So much for added money as a factor in securing a good attendance at shoots of the "open-to-all" kind. For an amateurs' shoot, experts barred, you will have to add money to draw a crowd; for, say what you will, the amateur is after the long green just as much as his more expert brother; the only trouble is that he doesn't get it so often or in such quantities.

EXPERTS OR AMATEURS.

Trap-shooters may be divided into two classes—experts and amateurs. Mr. Waddell's definition of the two classes is a good one: All who have a better average than 85 per cent. in any tournament are experts; the others are amateurs. Both classes contain men who are considered as professionals by many shooters, though to our mind men who can be rightly classed as professionals are found only in the expert class.

The most important duties to be performed by the tournament committee are the question of, and raising of, the amount of money (if any) to be added; and the sort of shoot to be given, whether open-to-all or not. Once these matters are fixed, the rest is comparatively easy work.

The style of shooting has to be determined. We believe in a varied programme of events at known traps and angles; at unknown angles; and at traps pulled in reversed order. Our idea in advocating a variety of styles is to do away with the monotony of pounding away at one style of shooting. Then again, known traps and angles lets all the boys in; many shooters who are not quick-sighted enough to make a good score on unknown angles can come to the front when a known angle event is started. We are well aware that many people will say at once: "I can't shoot known angles as well as I can unknown." Perhaps that is so in some cases, but we assert that nine out of ten men can make better, that is, higher scores at known traps and angles than at unknown angles, if they will only pay as strict attention to their shooting at one style as at the other. Known angles are more monotonous than unknown angles; one has to plug away all the time; once relax the tension and the fatal skip comes. Reversed order is good practice for crossing shots, while the start which the straightaways get from Nos. 2 and 4 traps makes a shooter learn to be quicker on that most deceptive of all targets, the straightaway. How often one hears it said after a man has broken a straightaway: "I could break 1,000 like that." How many shooters can break 100 straight, or 50, or even 25?

MAKE THE SHOOTING VARIED.

Our advice therefore is: Make the styles of shooting varied, and do away as far as possible with the reproach on target-shooting that it is so mechanical and monotonous. A good scheme is to run on a side set of traps a few extra events at expert rule and at pairs. We don't believe in incorporating such events in a programme where there is average money offered, as it is hard to get one's fellow members at practice shoots to do anything in this line. The styles of shooting are too hard for them; they don't make big enough scores at them, and they are slow, delaying the game; in fact, a fellow can't shoot often enough to please him if there are many of such events shot during the afternoon's practice.

The length of a programme is an important matter to consider, and much depends on the amount of added money and the number of sets of traps already decided upon. If a large entry is expected, that is, if a large amount of money is added to the purses, 160 to 175 targets is ample for a day's work. If there are more than 175 targets on the programme it would be fair to except the last affair from consideration in the matter of average money. This would be particularly so in tournaments held early or late in the season when the days are short; otherwise those who shot in squads No. 1 and No. 2 would have a great advantage over those who shot in the last squads, when the light would be manifestly poorer and the targets harder to locate than an hour previous.

AVERAGE MONEYS SHOULD BE "HIGH GUNS."

The mention of average money brings us to a most important feature, perhaps the most important feature in the whole programme, yet one that is too often overlooked. Average money for each day's shooting and average money for general averages bring the boys out early and keep them shooting. Daily averages we consider a wise provision because a good man may fall down one day and shut himself practically out of all chance for the general average moneys. If there are daily averages as well, he will go to bed and dream of straights without end, and be on deck early next morning, anxious to redeem himself and "get a place."

In apportioning average moneys be sure and always state plainly that they are for high guns. A division of average moneys on the old and inequitable system in use for class shooting prior to the advent of the Rose system should not be thought of. Under that system we should again have the anomaly of a man who had broken more targets than another receiving a less reward for doing so. Make the average moneys, therefore, high guns all the time.

"INFORMATION FOR SHOOTERS."

To make your programme complete the page of "Information for Shooters" should always include the following items: Where to ship guns and shells; how to reach the grounds; the headquarters for shooters—that is, the hotel for the boys to stop at where a special rate has been secured. A commercial rate, if nothing better, can always be secured for shooters, especially where the distance of the grounds from the hotel precludes the chance of going to the hotel for dinner or lunch.

If possible go to work and obtain a special rate over the railroads running into your town or city and state that fact in your programme. A matter like that has quite a bearing on the attendance at your shoot. It is just so much saved from the original outlay referred to above.

The secretary's name and address should always be given, in order that any inquiries in regard to further information that may be desired can be sent to him. This is perhaps a small matter, but like many others it helps to make a harmonious whole.

We have about disposed of the programme and can now turn to a few hints on the preparatory work for the tournament.

AMPLE ACCOMMODATION IS NECESSARY.

If the weather is likely to be warm you can scarcely have too much shade in the shape of tent flies, etc. If the tournament is to be held in weather that is doubtful take care to have plenty of warm shelter for the shooters. There is nothing more disagreeable than to have a crowd together into a small space where the air is bad, and where non-smokers have to swallow tobacco smoke second hand. Chilly hands and damp, cold feet make poor scores, and poor scores make the boys disgruntled and apt to kick. Shelter them well from heat, cold or wet, and they'll not forget you. Don't leave anything to chance, but cover your retreat, as it were. At the scores have a good solid platform, or something that is equally good, a well-beaten track, and shelter the shooters at the score from the rays of the sun or from the rain. The expense of these luxuries is not much, while the luxuries themselves mean a great deal to your guests.

OFFICIALS MUST BE CAPABLE.

Your referees should be men with good eyesight, a thorough knowledge of the shooting rules, and backbone enough so as to do away with all chance of their being "worked." Members of your own club, men who are fond of shooting, but who perhaps do not shoot well enough to attempt shooting through the programme, are the very best material you could select from which to choose your referees. Blackboards as well as manifold scores should be kept. Instruct your referees that "the blackboard goes all the time," and see that it does "go." Shooters can see their scores being chalked up on the blackboards, while no one except the manifold man himself knows what he is doing to the scores; he may be one or two men behind, and no one any the wiser. The positions of blackboard scorers and manifold men can be easily filled with suitable parties.

The trappers are a very important feature at all tournaments. We recommend the employment of men in the place of boys all the time; they cost a little more, it is true, but they soon pay for that extra cost by better work. It is a severe strain on a boy to set him to trapping targets for two or three days, and sooner or later boys become careless and full of the old Harry. They are harder than men to keep in order, and the balks that often result from their work are very trying to everybody's temper. Employ no trapper under nineteen or twenty years of age, and put each set of trappers in charge of a member of that set. Make him a kind of captain over the others, and make him responsible for the good behavior of his regiment. Premiums for good work at a tournament often go a long way toward insuring good and quick trapping.

The cashier's department should include the following staff: Cashier, assistant cashier and entry clerk, and a squad hustler. A good manager knows that one of the secrets of success in running a tournament is to have the cashier's office in the hands of capable men. A "ball-up" in that department is something that must be avoided at all hazards. The cashier and his assistant should therefore be men who can keep their heads, take entries correctly, and pay out promptly and accurately. This sounds easy, but ideal cashiers are scarce. For a squad hustler we would suggest that you pick a man with a strong voice, tireless feet, a good memory for faces, and, if possible, an acquaintance with a majority of the shooters whom you expect at your tournament. He should also be good-natured, with plenty of it! There is nothing more annoying than to go down a line of shooters calling for one man, and on your return to the end you started from have a shooter look you mildly in the face and ask: "Are you calling me?" And this happens every day.

GOOD MANAGERS ARE FEW IN NUMBER.

The position of manager is the hardest post of all to fill properly. He is the general who directs everything, and who should have complete and absolute control in all matters pertaining to the running of your shoot. Managers are born, not made; and unfortunately there are very few good managers of tournaments on top of the earth. If you have nobody in your club who is capable of taking charge of the shoot, and of denying himself all the pleasure that may be derived from taking part in the sweepstakes, go elsewhere and secure the services of some outside party. A manager who shoots can run a tournament, and run it well; but there are one thousand and one things that are constantly demanding his attention, and if he shoots at all he nearly always shoots poorly. We assert this as an axiom: No man can do both things well at the same time—work and shoot.

The question of paying your help is another thing. We say: pay all the help you can, and pay it well. A paid man has to be attending to his business, and you have control over him; a volunteer is another article altogether. He requires delicate handling, and that's something he won't always get at a shoot, large or small.

LUNCH AN IMPORTANT FACTOR.

Before leaving for good the subject of large tournaments, we would call your attention to one other point—the luncheon provided at the grounds. As a rule, the privilege of serving lunches, and too often the privilege of running a bar, is farmed out to somebody, the club receiving a stated sum for the same. Just as sure as that somebody pays something for the privilege, just so surely is he going to try and get even, as he has a perfect right to do. Shooters do not mind paying a high price for an article so long as it is worth the money, but they do object to paying Delmonico's prices for something on the Bowery order of things. Select your caterer for qualities that endear him to the hearts of your epicurean citizens, and ask him to take charge of that part of the tournament that relates to the satisfying of your guests' inner man. This is another little matter, but it counts largely in the ultimate success of your shoot.

MERCHANDISE SHOOTS.

So far we have treated only of matters concerning the running of large tournaments. By large tournaments it must be understood that we mean tournaments where a good amount of cash is added to the purses. There are other large tournaments, such as those promoted annually by Lou Erhardt, of Atchison, Kansas, where a great proportion of the purses are merchandise, and where amateurs alone are allowed to compete for those prizes. In conjunction with the amateur programme, a schedule of events open to all was a feature of these shoots. The successful running of such tournaments re-

quires considerable executive ability, while the programme itself admits of far more variations than can be introduced into the programme for a crackerjacks' tournament pure and simple.

The planning and preparing for a tournament at which it is not proposed to add much money or to give merchandise prizes is really quite anxious work. A tournament with a large sum of added money can be made a success by carefully planning beforehand everything that will add to the comfort of the shooters or to the smooth running of the shoot. Add the money and the boys will be there; you can depend on that. But how are you going to figure on the attendance where there is little or no added money or merchandise prizes? You may be able to muster three squads if the weather is good; if it is bad and stormy, it's 10 to 1 that your shoot is a fizzle and the club out of pocket. There is, however, one thing to be said in favor of the small local tournaments: In good weather there is far more sport, more good-fellowship and real genuine fun at shoots of this nature than at one of the big tournaments.

WHY CHARGE 2 CENTS FOR TARGETS?

In connection with such tournaments we would point out that, in our opinion, the charge of 2 cents a target is excessive. What do you want to charge 2 cents for anyway? If you have grounds and a club house that will accommodate twenty-five or thirty shooters, the expenses of a tournament of this sort are very small. Five trappers, a cashier, referee and puller are all the help you will require. Say that your targets cost you $6 a 1,000 delivered on the grounds (many clubs are put to far less expense than that); if you throw only 3,000 targets at 2 cents each there is $60 return for $18, a profit of $42, out of which you have to pay less than $30 for your help. Club secretaries and members of tournament committees will bear us out in the statement that at 1 cent a target a tournament can be made to clear itself; 3,000 targets for a day's shoot is a very small number indeed. Many clubs in New Jersey that we know of often throw more than that number in an afternoon's shoot. Examine the scores in each week's issue of FOREST AND STREAM and you will find that we have based all our calculations on the very lowest estimates.

SOME OF "FOREST AND STREAM'S" GOOD THINGS.

The trap columns of FOREST AND STREAM are open to all and any criticisms on the foregoing. We do not pretend to have discussed *every* point thoroughly, but we do claim to have done our best to cover each point and to meet every objection. What we have written has been put on paper with the intention of giving trap-shooters a few new ideas on old matters. We have trodden on no one's toes intentionally, and we have no axe to grind. FOREST AND STREAM was the first and only sporting paper to advocate the use and adoption of the Rose system; the others fell in line when they had to do so. FOREST AND STREAM was the first to adopt the tabulation of the scores—the only intelligible way of giving the news of the tournaments. FOREST AND STREAM gives reports of important live-bird events in a nutshell; the trap score type, showing the flight of each bird, photographs the man and the bird so accurately that a match can be followed bird by bird by a shooter who is sitting in his smoking room, with his feet on the mantel, a cigar in his mouth and a copy of FOREST AND STREAM in his hands.

The above is a partial list of some of the good things FOREST AND STREAM has done for trap-shooting. Some of our stands have been sneered at when first taken, but succeeding events have vindicated us satisfactorily. And now we take another stand, one that will, perhaps, meet with still less approbation when first considered, but one that we feel perfectly satisfied to leave to the good sense of trap-shooters. The stand is this: No tournament should be given by any club with the idea of filling the club's coffers with the proceeds of that shoot. If you add money, raise it at home; don't go abroad for it. If you don't add any money, don't charge 2 cents a target, or you will lay yourselves open to the charge of being after the boodle.

Now, gentlemen, we are ready for you to talk. EDWARD BANER.

A Crack at the Shore Birds.

PORTLAND, Me., Oct. 12.—Jack is a member of the New Utrecht Gun Club and a royal good fellow. He struck Portland one day on board the yacht Susquehanna, and wandered out to the grounds of the Portland Gun Club and proceeded to wipe the boys' eyes in grand style.

Jack and I struck up an acquaintance, and shot a little race at targets, in consequence of which I was badly beaten.

Three weeks later Jack sailed up the beautiful harbor of our city and immediately started for our grounds, and when I arrived there I found him waiting to take my scalp once more; but this time I succeeded in getting his by the narrow margin of one bird in a 30-bird race.

After we got through shooting we arranged a little trip to a neighboring marsh for a forenoon's shooting at snipe, rail and yellow-legs.

We left Portland on the 7 A. M. train over the Grand Trunk, and reached our destination, Falmouth, about twenty minutes later, and struck down on to a promising bit of snipe meadow, which, however, was drawn blank.

In the next strip of meadow we had better success, and Jack succeeded in stopping two snipe to my one.

"Keep down! keep down!" and a bunch of teal that ventured too near our 12-bores paid toll to the extent of three nice, plump birds. Splash!—away goes a black duck out of a salt pond—crack! crack! splash! Down he comes within 10ft. of where he started, stone dead, a beautiful drake resplendent in his fall plumage. But we did not spend much time in admiring him, as we had other worlds to conquer—or at least we thought we had—but the shooting dropped off now, and beyond stepping into occasional pond holes or ditches, for which the Dyke (as this marsh is called) is noted, nothing served to vary the monotony except the pangs of hunger, which were soon appeased by lunch.

As the forenoon was pretty well along now, we started to work back toward home, as Jack had to be back by noon. The walk home was covered very quickly, so deeply interested were we in our discussion on guns and loads. (Jack swears by the Smith gun and E. C. powder, and I shoot a Francotte and Schultze powder.) And when I left him it seemed as though I had known him for ten years. I have not seen him since that day, but I shall always treasure that short forenoon's work with the scatter gun among the marsh birds of the old Presumpscot River and Casco Bay. Verily "The freemasonry of sport is a peculiar thing." MEDICUS.

The Atlanta Tournament.

THE Fulton Gun Club, of Atlanta, Ga., gave on Sept. 23-24 a most enjoyable tournament.

Atlanta has not heretofore gone in for very much trap-shooting for some reason or another, but now that a well organized gun club exists there you are pretty sure to hear of many events being brought off. From its geographical position, Atlanta possesses many advantages over other cities.

The principal work of the whole affair devolved on Mr. Hal Morrison, who was untiring in his efforts, and who succeeded so admirably that at the close of the programme he was given three hearty cheers and a tiger from the shooting men present.

The shooting of Mr. John Conner, of Knoxville, was splendid, with Judge Lindsay, his formidable running mate, not far behind. The Judge has a knack of accurately pointing the old Parker gun, with which Mr. Conner scored 98 out of 100 at New London, Conn., some years ago, that is quite artistic, and shows conclusively what two full-sized heavy-weights can do when properly matched. In the Peters Cartridge Co. contest Mr. Clarence Everett shot beautifully, grinding out his 25 targets like a veteran.

Two sets of traps were used throughout, and so painstaking was Mr. Morrison that but few balks occurred. The grounds were those occupied by Buffalo Bill's Wild West at Exposition Park, and although the background was none of the best, good shooting was done.

The live-bird events on the second day drew forth a good entry list and many spectators. Several of the latter no doubt went away fully convinced in their own minds that had they been shooting never a pigeon could have got away. Strange how one gets upset in such theories by actual experiment.

Mr. Alston made his debut at this shoot as a representative of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., and shot splendidly, using their gun and ammunition. Atlanta being Mr. Alston's home, he naturally wished to make a good showing and in this he certainly succeeded most admirably.

The shooting was all at known traps, unknown angles, for the targets, and from five King traps, 28yds. rise, for the pigeons. Owing to the supply of the latter giving out the 19-bird event was cut down to 7.

THE DAILY AVERAGES.

On the first day John Connor was far and away ahead of all his competitors, breaking 129 out of 135 shot at. Holt was next to him with 120 breaks, Peterman being third with 118. The following table shows the number broken by each man who shot through the programme of 135 targets, and also gives his percentages:

	Broke.	Av.		Broke.	Av.
Connor	129	95.5	Desmond	113	83.7
Holt	120	88.8	Swann	108	80
Peterman	118	87.4	Greene	108	80
Lindsay	116	85.9	Hamilton	106	78.5
Ford	115	85.1	Costello	101	74.8
Rawson	113	83.7	Van Gilder	89	65.9
Etheridge	113	83.7			

On the second day Knoxville was again to the front, Connor tieing with Etheridge for first honors with 68 breaks out of 175. Alston, who missed the first two events on the previous day, but who broke 102 out of 110, again shot well to the front, and was in second place with 67 breaks. Peterman was in the third hole with 65 breaks. The following table gives the record of each man who shot in the five regular programme events:

	Broke.	Av.		Broke.	Av.
Connor	68	90.6	Bizzell	62	82.6
Etheridge	68	90.6	Swann	61	81.3
Alston	67	89.6	Ruble	61	81.3
Peterman	66	88	Rawson	60	80
Lindsay	65	86.6	Ross	60	80
Baker	65	86.6	Hamilton	59	78.6
Byrd	65	86.6	Greene	59	78.6
Desmond	64	85.3	Van Gilder	56	74.6
Angier	63	84	Costello	52	69.3

THE GENERAL AVERAGES.

Eleven shooters shot through the entire programme of 210 targets. Connor, of course, after the work he did on the first day, was well in the lead. Peterman's steady gait landed him in second place, Judge Lindsay taking third place with Etheridge, only three breaks behind Peterman. Below are the general averages:

	Broke.	Av.		Broke.	Av.
Connor	197	93.8	Swann	169	80.4
Peterman	184	87.6	Greene	167	79.5
Lindsay	181	86.2	Hamilton	165	78.5
Etheridge	181	86.2	Costello	153	72.8
Desmond	177	84.2	Van Gilder	145	69
Rawson	173	82.3			

Each day's scores are given below:

First Day, Sept. 23.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	15	15	10	20	10	15	15	15	10
Connor	9	14	15	9	20	10	14	15	15	8
Lindsay	8	14	14	9	19	8	11	14	13	6
Hamilton	8	13	12	8	15	7	11	10	13	9
Van Gilder	4	12	9	8	11	7	14	10	9	5
Rawson	8	10	13	9	17	9	13	14	12	9
Peterman	9	12	13	10	17	10	14	13	13	7
Etheridge	8	9	12	8	17	9	12	14	13	10
Holt	8	13	10	9	20	9	15	14	13	9
Greene	8	11	9	10	13	9	10	14	14	8
Desmond	6	10	13	7	16	10	12	15	13	9
Ford	9	14	13	10	17	8	12	12	11	10
Swann	7	13	12	7	17	8	12	11	12	9
Costello	7	13	12	6	13	9	9	12	13	8
Hook	8	13	10	6	..	6	12	9	10	6
Mynert	9	11	10	8	..	10	..	12	..	..
Black	8	11	..	10	..	10	13	12	..	9
Du Bray	6	13	13	9	14	8	..	12	12	5
Crabb	6	13	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Retze	..	10	..	5	..	7	..	..	..	7
Bourne	..	..	7	8	2	..	8	..	..	..
Byrd	..	10	13	9	18	10	13	13	..	9
Elliott	..	13	14	..	..	..	12	14	13	9
Richards	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Clark	..	9	8	..	..	..	5	..	..	..
Alston	..	..	14	9	18	10	13	14	14	10
Day	..	..	11	6	..	6	9	8	..	4
Bourne	..	..	8	2	..	8	..	..	..	..
Hammond	..	..	..	9	..	7	8	..	..	..
Hall	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Holland	..	..	..	9	17	9	14	10	12	9
Woodruff	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
Haynes	..	..	..	9	16	..	..	..	..	..
Angier	..	..	..	..	..	8	13	14	11	8
Everett	..	..	..	..	..	10	8	15	14	10
McRae	..	..	..	..	..	7	8	13	7	5
Williams	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	11	..	9
Reddington	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	9	..	..
McCune	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..
Arnold	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..
Bizzell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	w	8
Nash	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	8	

Second Day, Sept. 24.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	15	10	15	25	25
Connor	9	14	9	13	23	..
Lindsay	7	14	7	13	24	..
Hamilton	7	15	7	11	19	..
Van Gilder	7	14	7	8	20	..
Rawson	8	15	5	11	21	25
Angier	8	13	10	11	21	21
Etheridge	8	13	8	15	24	w
Baker	7	14	9	14	21	23
Greene	8	11	9	10	21	..
Desmond	7	14	8	10	25	21
Peterman	9	13	7	15	22	..
Swann	7	13	8	12	21	..
Costello	7	11	8	10	19	..
Hook	7	11	7	10	..	14
Byrd	9	13	8	14	21	20
Ruble	8	11	8	13	21	..
Crabb	4	13	8	12	..	21
Ross	7	13	8	12	20	..
McRae	8	..	9	7	..	20
Williams	7	..	7	..	..	21

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	15	10	15	25	25
Callender	6	9	5	11	..	..
Bizzell	10	14	6	13	19	23
Alston	10	12	8	12	23	22
Wilson	..	9	5	..	22	..
Woodruff	..	..	..	8	..	11
Du Bray	..	..	6	9	..	..
Richards	..	..	..	3	..	..
Holland	..	..	..	..	9	19
Mitchell	..	..	..	..	12	21
Haynes	..	..	..	..	12	21
McCune	..	..	..	..	..	11
Orme	..	..	..	..	..	10
Polhill	..	..	..	..	..	21
Styles	..	..	..	..	..	19
Blanton	..	..	..	..	..	23
Hall	..	..	..	..	..	20
Arnold	..	..	..	..	..	10
H N Hall	..	..	..	..	..	20
Everett	..	..	..	..	..	25

The programme closed with a couple of events at live birds. The results given below show that targets are not the only things they can make good scores on down here:

LIVE BIRD EVENTS.

No. 1, 5 birds, $5, $15 added:

Angier	02211—5
Holland	21212—5
Connor	22222—5
Crabb	21211—5
Lindsay	21221—5
Etheridge	22222—5
Bizzell	21111—5
Desmond	12221—5
Ruble	22212—5
Du Bray	11222—5
Peterman	22122—5
Clayton	22212—5

No. 2, 7 birds, $10, $30 added:

Etheridge	2222222—7
Angier	2221220—7
Du Bray	2212222—7
Holland	2221222—7
Clayton	1112221—7
Wilcox	2222221—7
Ruble	2222211—7
Peterman	1121212—7
Connor	1222021—6
Haynes	10222—4
Alston	22202—4
Callender	22202—4
Williams	02211—4
Van Gilder	01111—4
Baker	21201—4
Hamilton	1e222—4
Wilcox	22220—4
Swann	02220—3
Grant	00101—2
Rawson	000e1—1
Meyer	0212221—6
Crabb	1110112—6
Callender	e222220—5
Lindsay	0212202—5
Baker	22200?2—5
Desmond	102111e—5
Rawson	12e0104—4
Van Gilder	001e1e1—3
Alston	e?e100—3

GAUCHO.

Team Race at Farmersville, Tex.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Oct. 16.—One day last week K. M. Moore, of Farmersville, Tex., wrote F. M. Faurote, of Dallas, Tex., the 20-bore crank, to come over and bring his friend Worden, adding that he and his running mate, Hope, would shoot them a race at live birds. He further stated that he had a fine lot of birds on hand, and could guarantee him a game that would be plenty hard enough.

Live birds are Faurote's forte, and naturally he could not resist so pressing an invitation, while Worden, too, said he felt that he could shoot the race of his life.

As though to help Moore make his prediction good, the day that the match was shot was a cold, bleak, cloudy one, with plenty of wind blowing directly away from the shooter. This aided the birds materially, but all of the contestants were in excellent form, and each put up a good score. In fact, so well did they shoot that only 3 of the 100 birds shot at escaped; the other birds scored lost were dead out of bounds. Faurote, with his little 20-gauge, topped the list with 94; Moore was second with 93, his 2 lost birds falling dead out of bounds. Worden and Hope each scored 92. This gave the race to the Dallas team by a score of 46 to 45. The loss of Hope's last bird, dead out of bounds, prevented a tie. The conditions were 25 live birds per man, American Association rules:

Trap score type—Copyright 1896 by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

PAUL R. LITTLE.

Calumet Heights Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 9.—The weekly trophy contest of the Calumet Heights Gun Club took place to-day. The wind was blowing right in the shooters' teeth and made hard shooting. Lamphere was the winner in class A, Metcalfe in class B and Black in class C. Scores:

Class A.

Paterson	1101011010100011w
Lamphere	1111111110111111111110101—22
Knowles	1111011111110111111011110—21

Class B.

Metcalfe	0111011111111110111111111—22
Norcom	1010110110010111010111100—15
Houston	1010110110010111011110101—16
Greeley	1111111111100111111110011—21

Class C.

Black	1110111010110011011111011—18
Harlan	1011011110100000101010100—13
Chamberlain	0001011011111110110110111—17
Davis	1010010110000111000010100—10

Two team races were shot during the afternoon. The conditions were five men to a team, 15 targets per man, unknown angles. The scores in No. 1 were:

Norcom's team: Metcalfe 14, Lamphere 13, Norcom 12, Black 8, Harlan 8—55.

Houston's team: Paterson 13, Knowles 13, Greeley 12, Houston 9, Chamberlain 8—54.

The second race was just as close an affair as the first, Norcom's team winning again by a single break. Scores:

Norcom's Team: Lamphere 14, Norcom 13, Metcalfe 12, Black 9, Harlan 6—56.

Houston's Team: Knowles 15, Patterson 13, Greeley 11, Chamberlain 9, Houston 7—55.

The results in the four other sweeps were:

No. 1, 10 targets, unknown traps and angles: Lamphere 9, Paterson and Black 8, Knowles, Houston and Chamberlain 6, Metcalfe, Norcom and Greeley 5, Harlan 1.

No. 2, same conditions: Lamphere 9, Metcalfe and Norcom 8, Paterson and Knowles 7, Greeley and Harlan 4, Houston and Chamberlain 3, Black 2.

No. 3, 15 targets, unknown angles: Norcom 14, Metcalfe 13, Greeley 12, Houston 10, Harlan 6.

No. 4, 15 targets, snipe shooting: Metcalfe 12, Houston and Greeley PATTY.

Audubon Gun Club, of Buffalo.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Oct. 10.—The Audubon Gun Club, of Buffalo, held its annual merchandise shoot and field day at Audubon Park to-day. The attendance of members was all that could be asked. Forty-one entries in the 50-target events, and twenty-nine in the badge shoot, make a goodly showing for any club, even for the Audubons.

In the 50-target race, the merchandise event, E. C. Burkhardt and Harry Kirkover tied for first place on 46 out of 50. In the club badge contest Johnson was the winner in Class A, Ward in Class B, and Hankins in Class C. The scores in the two events were as below:

MERCHANDISE SHOOT.

E C Burkhardt	45	Bird	37
H D Kirkover	45	C S Burkhardt	36
Norris	44	Friese	36
Hawks	43	Ward	36
F D Kelsey	42	J P Fisher	35
McArthur	41	Krotz	35
McCarney	41	E Smith	34
Brandle	41	Jaeger	34
Hammond	39	Dingens	34
Johnson	39	Dr Sauer	33
W R Eaton	38	Rossiter	33
Tom Tidler	38	J J Reid	33
L W Bennett	38	Oehmig	32
A Forrester	38	Middaugh	32
Schneider	30		
Squires	30		
Downs	30		
U E Storey	28		
Scott	28		
Hankins	28		
Rider	23		
Dr Pierce	23		
Hoyt	23		
A Coombs	22		
Swartz	19		
Uebelhoer	19		
Gebhard	12		

CLUB BADGE SHOOT.

C S Burkhardt	23	Friese	20
L W Bennett	23	E Smith	19
F D Kelsey	23	Bird	19
Forrester	23	McArthur	18
H D Kirkover	23	W R Eaton	18
Johnson	23	J P Fisher	18
Hawks	22	Tom Tidler	18
Hankins	22	Oehmig	18
Brandle	21	Norris	17
E C Burkhardt	20	J J Reid	17
McCarney	17
Dingens	16
Dr Pierce	16
Krotz	16
A Coombs	15
Rossiter	13
Dr Sauer	11
Swartz	9
Schneider	9

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

H. V. H., Reading.—Try Barnegat.

C. S.—See article in our Shot columns bearing on your inquiry about the Long Island ducking law.

W. H. S., Philadelphia, Pa.—Address Price Bros. or D. M. Crane, Canadensis, Monroe county, Pa.

W. R., Plainfield, N. J.—We think that you could find such shooting as you desire near Cold Spring, L. I. Address John Walford, of that place, for information.

C. E. L., N. Adams, Mass.—What will stop a young dog from having fits? He is very weak afterward, froths at the mouth and stiffens right out. Age eight months. Ans. Treat for worms. Give 5grs. of bromide of ammonium and 10 drops of the fluid extract of cannabis indica twice a day.

R. C. B., British Columbia.—The animal you describe as being of "the size of a small rabbit, as fond of water as a muskrat, of an iron-gray color, fine, soft fur, with no tail, and caught on a small creek on top of a mountain in Dry Belt, and from description very much resembles a guinea pig," is probably a sewellel.

J. S., Detroit, Mich.—My dog was scratched by a squirrel in the white of the eye last week. The eye has been all swelled and sore for several days, and now there is a sort of white web over it. I have been washing it with cream and blowing sugar into it, but it does no good, it only relieving the eye so that the dog can keep it open for a while. Ans. Bathe the eye four or five times a day with hot water in which has been dissolved some crystal boracic acid, half a teaspoonful to two pints of hot water. Also put one or two drops of the following in the eye twice a day: Atrophine sulph. 2grs., water ½oz. Mix.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Towards the Setting Sun.

'Tis said that every land has its season, a time when nature smiles in all her scenic beauty. Mexico and California have opened their doors for the winter travel that seeks a milder and more genial clime. The Southern Railway, "Piedmont Air Line," in connection with the Southern Pacific, via New Orleans, offers the most attractive route. Taking a southerly course, no snow or ice, where the winds are soft and mellow, and the very air coaxes one to revel among the thousand charms of nature. The Southern Pullman Vestibuled Limited, operated solid between New York and New Orleans the year round, is one of the finest equipped vestibuled trains, carrying dining and sleeping cars, and, after Nov. 9, the Sunset Limited will resume its schedules to connect, thus giving the most superb service between New York and the Pacific Coast. For further information call or address General Eastern Office Southern Railway, 271 Broadway.—*Adv.*

Woven Wire Fencing.

THE Page Woven Wire Fence Co., Adrian, Mich., publishes a monthly illustrated paper called *The Coiled Spring Hustler*, which gives a lot of breezy information regarding the merits of their product. This will be sent free of charge to farmers or others interested in fencing.

From various articles in the September issue it appears that neither buffalo, elk, cattle, horses, mules, fallen trees, fire, freshets nor battering rams can get the better of this wonderful fence, which gives to the onslaught only to spring back into shape immediately afterward taut as a bow string.

The Page people believe that the Iron Age has passed, and that only steel is good enough for progressive property owners nowadays.—*Adv.*

Wild Rice.

R. VALENTINE, Janesville, Wis., has a good supply of wild rice seed this year.—*Adv.*